

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Edited by *Dr Mitchell Chapple*

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CENTS

JULY
1912



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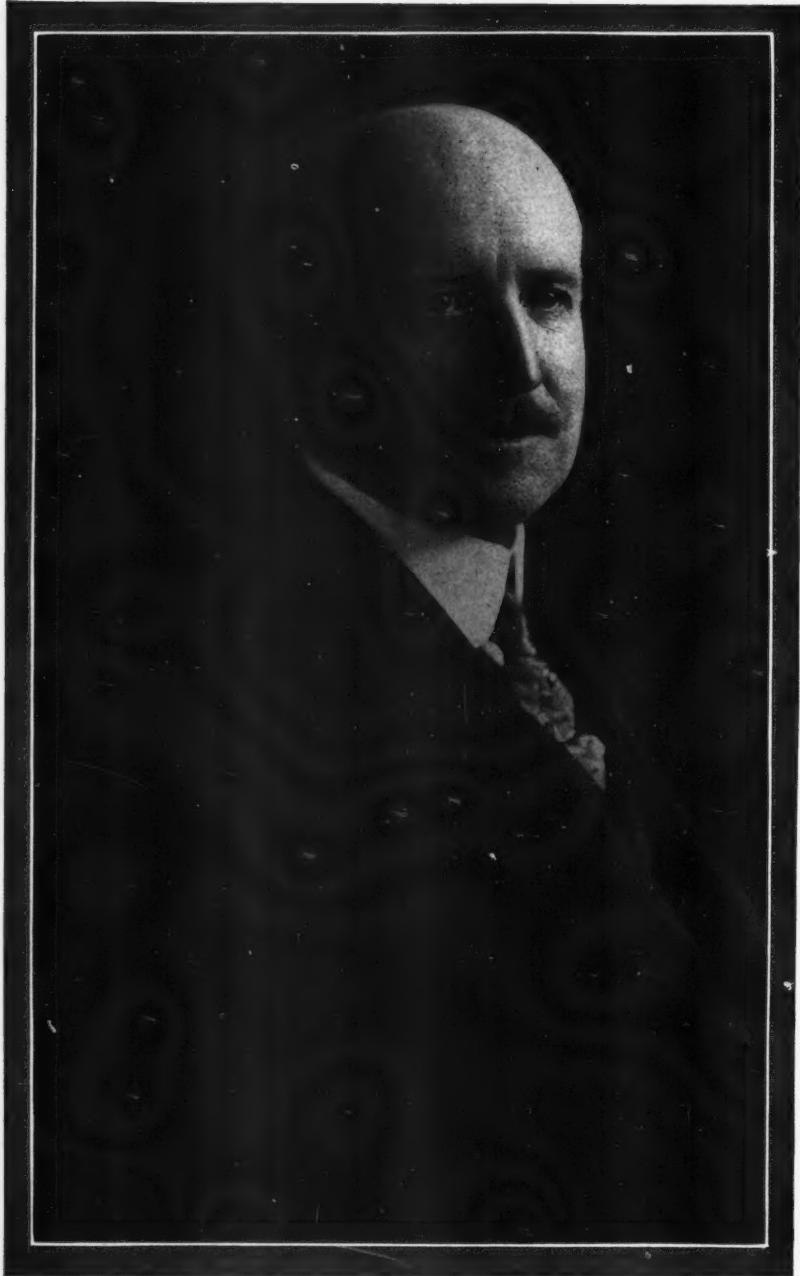
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THE LATE SENATOR GEORGE STUART NIXON OF NEVADA
One of the wealthiest and most popular men in Congress. He rose to high office from a telegraph operator
in Nevada at seventy-five dollars a month

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

JULY, 1912

Waffairs at WASHINGTON

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

WHEN the great concourse of spectators gather to admire the splendid fireworks enveloping the dome of the Capitol and floating off in clouds and eruptions of many-colored lights toward the lofty apex of Washington Monument, there is a special fascination about a National Fourth of July celebration in Washington. When Congress is in session during July there is always a creditable observance of the nation's birthday at the Capital. "A safe and sane Fourth" has rooted deeply in Washington, but although there may be a cessation of political and legislative fireworks, yet the real fireworks, which the boys love and which excite the "ahs" and "ohs" of the gathered throng at the mall are worthy of the National Capital and the day it celebrates.

* * *

THE deep green of the grass of early summer, under the glow of the many rich shades of varied tree foliage, gathers a soberer tint as summer advances. Down the avenue come a group of Democratic Congressmen discussing the day's proceedings, for on the House side of the Capitol just now the Democratic members hold the initiative and voting strength, transferred from the Republicans of the previous Congress. The heads of all the committees are Democratic, and have

made the most of their time in preparing a case to submit to the people in the fall elections.

On a "unanimous consent" day there is a large attendance, but on other days it is a difficult matter to get a visible quorum, for many of the members are gathered in little groups in the cloak rooms, taking a siesta, or at best mildly revolting vexed problems.

* * *

NOW and then the Congressional calendar contains an announcement that is almost as interesting as a play-bill. The remarks of Senator Stone on Damon and Pythias were pointed at the struggle between the President and the ex-President for nomination, and utilized the occasion for a speech for campaign distribution. The discussion on the Panama Canal also drew a large audience.

While the *Congressional Record* may not be read with avidity by the public, there is something fascinating in the habit of reading the *Record* when once acquired. I was talking with a member of the House as he reclined on a sofa, deep in a public document. "We are so used to reading this kind of stuff," he remarked as he threw it down, "that we can't appreciate real literature after awhile. The matter and form of these documents are peculiar in themselves,



SENATOR B. R. TILLMAN OF NORTH CAROLINA
WHO WILL NOT MAKE AN ACTIVE CAMPAIGN FOR RE-ELECTION ON ACCOUNT OF POOR
HEALTH. HE HAS SENT OUT TO THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE ONE OF THE MOST
TOUCHING LETTERS EVER WRITTEN, ASKING FOR RE-ELECTION

and a red-hot, blood-curdling dime novel is the only relief. Ordinary magazine and newspaper stories do not seem to attract after weary hours of poring over public documents and reports."

* * *

IN a perfect-fitting summer suit, and blushing like a schoolboy, Hon. Oscar W. Underwood mounted to the Speaker's chair one sunny afternoon and presided over the House of Representatives. Hon. Champ Clark bowed graciously to his presidential rival as he saw him go up "higher." The debate on the legislative appropriation bill was in progress, but no sooner had the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee rapped with the Speaker's gavel than the house broke forth in applause. Speaker Clark, in "the seat of the deposed," smiled cheerfully, and took an enthusiastic part in the proceedings.

Mr. Underwood handled the gavel in the same business-like way with which he presides over the Committee of Ways and Means, and his friends insist that the fates have executive honors in store for the Alabama Congressman, if not in 1912—well, 1916 is coming, they say.

* * *

THREE was something of the David Harum look in the eyes of two Congressmen as they stood in the corridor of the Capitol and traded jack-knives. They had seen the boys playing marbles that morning and felt the spirit of old schoolboy comradeship strong upon them. Another Congressman joined them after they had clasped hands on the agreement, and repeated a "trade" story that had been told him by two Oklahoma Indians whom he met on the terrace of the Capitol. "I think it was the first time," said the Congressman, "that I ever heard a funny story related by an Indian. They were talking about an Oklahoma brave who met a cowboy paleface and offered to trade horses. 'It is a go,' said Blanco the paleface, and they shook hands. Then Blanco shook with laughter.

"'Tecumseh,' he said, 'I have one on you this time. My horse is a dead horse.'

"'Ha, ha, ha,' replied Tecumseh, in the genial spirit of Hiawatha, 'mine is dead,

too—died this morning; but I took his shoes off. So good luck to you, Blanco, I am two horse shoes to the good.'"

* * *

ONE of the most surprising evidences of enterprise and growth I ever witnessed was presented at Charleroi, Pennsylvania. It was hard to realize that this thriving little town of western Pennsylvania, the "Magic City" of the Monongahela Valley, was less than twenty-two



GOV. JOHN K. TENER OF PENNSYLVANIA
The leading spirit of Charleroi, his home town near the Monongahela

years old. Here were five hundred acres of territory with more than eleven miles of river frontage, a population of ten thousand and an assessed valuation of more than three and a quarter millions of dollars. It seemed almost impossible to believe that all this had sprung up in a little over a score of years. There are five miles of paved streets, with schools, churches, parks and banks—just a lively little town.

Charleroi is very much in the public eye just now as the home of Governor John K. Tener of Pennsylvania. It is twenty years now since young Tener,



THE LATE HOMER DAVENPORT
ONE OF AMERICA'S GREATEST CARTOONISTS

erst of baseball fame, came to Charleroi, settled in business and established the First National Bank. He and other ambitious, home-loving young men determined to build a real town in this beautiful spot, forty miles south of Pittsburgh, and they began by building a street railway to the city. Churches, schools and public buildings soon sprang into being, and the people of Charleroi became known beyond the confines of their charming town. Young Tener, at first elected Grand Exalted Ruler of the Elks, later was sent to Congress, and now he is Governor of Pennsylvania—all within five years. In Charleroi they do things quickly.

Charleroi is not wholly a residential city. Here are located the great furnaces of the Macbeth Glass Company, whose perfect glass is prescribed to protect and diffuse the lights on every lighthouse along the coast, and for all special use in the Navy. The products of Charleroi reflect the glare of the "Great White Way" and of the lamps of the street lights in many cities of the country. Named after a Belgian town, wherein great glass works are located, it was felt when the little Pennsylvania village was planned that it was destined to be the Charleroi of America. Over the Monongahela River, from Charleroi, are shipped nine million tons of coal, and within the radius of ten miles from this lively city, fifteen million tons of coal are mined annually, with a yearly payroll to mines of eleven million dollars.

Walking about the well-lighted streets with Governor Tener one Saturday evening, it was refreshing to note the friendly way in which everyone looked at the big Governor, whose stalwart form towered high above the surging crowds. All the good townspeople were busy and happy that night, and we dropped into a moving picture show which the Governor pronounced a model. The seating plan is exactly opposite to that of the average hall; there are open exits, and above all the little theater has one of the best fire-proof auditoriums in the country. It was the plan of an energetic young Charlerolian, who knew how to build it and who also knows how to run it.

After all the distinctions that have come to him as Congressman and as Governor of a great state, there is nothing that more delights John K. Tener than to wander about the streets of Charleroi among his "home folks." The growth and development of this pretty town are noteworthy, and there is no handicap of tradition to hold back the progressive and energetic young citizens of Charleroi from their determination to make the "Magic City" the wonder of the Sylvan State.



HOMER DAVENPORT'S LAST CARTOON.

By courtesy New York American

THE passing of Homer Davenport recalls my first meeting with the celebrated artist whose cartoons fairly took the country by storm during the strenuous infancy of the Hearst newspapers. It was during the early days of the St. Louis Exposition, and as I plowed my way through the deep mud, I came upon a brother in distress. He was using good expressive Western language, and I learned that he was to speak on the Exposition grounds. "That is," he qualified, shaking the mud from his boots, "if I can ever navigate to the place."

We wallowed along together for a way, and I found that it was Homer Davenport. We talked of many things, and in speaking of Oregon, Davenport grew reminiscent and described his early experiences

as a member of the Silverton Cornet Band. He told about conditions at home, and of the home folks, with a tender word of the dear old father in Oregon, whom he proceeded to represent in a cartoon, which is here reproduced.

"dollar mark suit," he afterward made the acquaintance of "Uncle Mark," became one of his best friends, and when Senator Hanna was dying in Cincinnati pictured Uncle Sam as standing in silent grief above the couch of the dying Senator.



HOMER DAVENPORT'S CARTOON OF HIS FATHER AND "BABY GLORIA"

At the beginning of his career, Homer Davenport went from Oregon to San Francisco and very soon attracted attention by the virility of his cartoons. In presidential campaigns he did much in moulding public sentiment. Although he gave Senator Mark Hanna the famous

Homer Davenport will go down to history in the front rank of cartoonists with John Leech, Du Maurier, Thomas Nast and other world-famous artists whose versatile genius and pointed satire have not only amused the nations but have induced them to think and to act.

Davenport seemed to have a premonition of his own approaching death, for he gave in his last cartoon a tribute to the Titanic dead that makes the gruesome floating iceberg a monument to the memory of the lost.

His gruff manner sometimes concealed the warm grip of his strong friendships, but those who knew him best realized that back of all his busqueness beat a tender and generous heart.

* * *

THE Titanic investigation at Washington is now a closed book, but who could have witnessed those days in the oppressive heat of that Senate Committee room, and not be impressed? Back of the Committee sat the naval experts and to their left were Mr. J. Bruce Ismay, and the surviving officers of the ill-fated ship. On the witness stand was young Harold Bride, the wireless operator on the Titanic, who left the ship to jump into the icy waters and be saved on one of the rafts. The room was largely filled with women, many of whom were in deep mourning, who were witnesses of that great tragedy in the icy waters.

There was almost a funeral solemnity as the questions and answers rang out. In fixing the time of events and locating ships in that vicinity, young Bride in his rich English accent replied with remarkable clearness. There was a quiver in his voice as he told of the last message from Phillips, his chief. He had just turned out for the night, and described how the captain came to his room with that grim look in his face that told too plainly the seriousness of the disaster, and after delivering his message, returned to the bridge to face what was felt to be certain death. The recital of this story and its details by those who had a few days before felt the icy clasp of the briny waters in the awful twilight of that starlit night, made this investigation tragic in its intensity to those who sat or stood touching elbows with the survivors.

With pad and pencil, naval experts and officers figured out the exact minutes and seconds that elapsed between the crash and the final plunge. No other catastrophe has been followed so closely in

detail by the people of all parts of the world, as the stories of the survivors given in evidence at this hearing. An investigation in England followed the one in Washington and even more details were brought forth, but in all its prosaic evidence day by day there gleamed a story of chivalry and heroism such as will illumi-



MISS ELSIE CHUNG
Daughter of the Chinese Minister. She christened
the Chinese cruiser "Fee Hung," recently
launched in Philadelphia

nate history, for the world never grows weary of the heroism that faces certain death to save women and children. The great marine tragedy has brought the nations of the world to a realization of the great need of stricter and more uniform regulations for ocean passenger transportation and its interest to all nations is an emphatic indication of the gradual weld-

ing together of the races of the world into closer bonds of sympathy and nautical laws for the practical protection of human life.

* * *

A PICTURESQUE interest attaches to the career of Senator Henry F. Ashurst of Arizona, who enjoys the distinction of making the race from cowboy to United States Senator. It is said that when a schoolboy at Flagstaff, Arizona, he wrote "United States Senator from Arizona" in one of his text books, much to the astonishment of the schoolmaster. A little later, young Ashurst ardently desired to be appointed a page in the legislature, but was defeated. He figuratively shook his fist in the faces of the members who did not vote for him, and said that he'd "be back in a few years," and when he was twenty-one he "came back," was elected to the legislature, and became Speaker of the House in his second term.

Senator Ashurst is therefore literally a self-made man. He began his career with ardent study of the histories of the United States and England, and has always taken a special interest in the history and art of public speaking. He says he never spoke an evil word about a human being behind his back. He insists that he does not believe in the right of property rule, maintaining that property rights are inconsequential.

Within the last ten years, Ashurst told a newspaper reporter that every day he studied the Congressional Record for one hour, and found in its pages more accurate history and more philosophy than in any other publication in the world. He gave the Record one of the most enthusiastic boosts it ever received, declaring that if his reading was limited to only one periodical that would be the Congressional Record.

* * *

PERENNIALLY before every session of Congress come various immigration bills, and, while restriction is demanded, opinions vary as to the test of fitness to be adopted.

Congressman William Sulzer of New York, in his usual positive way, has de-

clared himself emphatically opposed to any educational test, insisting that illiteracy is not a crime but a misfortune, that it is neither contagious nor incurable. In eloquent outbursts, he declares that the fact that the immigrant cannot read or write is evidence that he is justified in leaving the country of his birth and coming to a country which furnishes educational facilities. He insists that the whole responsibility of illiteracy rests on the country in which people are born and reared. He says that the really



MRS. CHARLES N. PRAY

The wife of Congressman Pray of Montana. She is one of the most popular hostesses in Congressional circles

desirable immigrant is a healthy, law-abiding worker, who comes in good faith, to make this country his home, and is actuated by the same impulse that led the followers of John Winthrop, Roger Williams, Lord Baltimore and William Penn to seek this country as a refuge and a home.

Pointing out that an educational test would not keep out the crooks, because a successful crook always has great facility in reading and writing, Mr. Sulzer presented a convincing argument, and proved that he is never at a loss for words to express his views. His recent

address after the dinner of the American Society of International Law in the New Willard Hotel at Washington has attracted widespread attention.

* * *

WITH the regularity of the succession of quadrennial presidential elections comes up the question of adopting a constitutional amendment, limiting a President to one term of six years. The resolution was introduced in the House by Representative Clayton, from whom it took its name, "the Clayton Resolution," and in the Senate by Senator Works, and the matter was favorably reported to the Senate by a sub-committee, of which Senator Root is chairman. It was surprising how many congressmen, among them prospective candidates for presidential honors, expressed themselves in favor of this resolution. Even President Taft gave it his approval, pointing out that a single term would make it unnecessary for a President, to finish up his work, to go out to stump doubtful states and defend himself against those who sought to prevent his renomination.

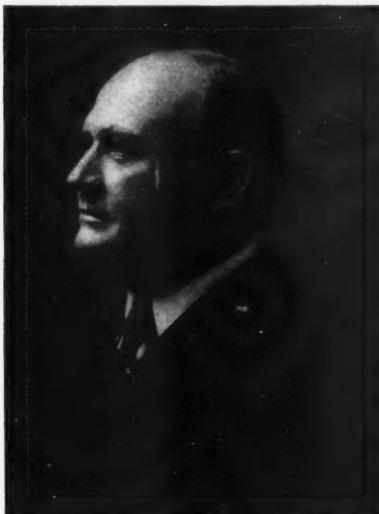
Both Speaker Clark and Representative Underwood, candidates for nomination, have declared in favor of the six year term, which would eliminate all this talk of federal patronage being utilized for renomination. Largely because of the present strenuous race for the nomination the people have manifested more than usual interest in the measure. While the amendment fever is on, it is felt that these propositions will meet with more favor than ever before, and that six years may yet be made the limit of presidential service, including the preliminary nomination and election contests. This would make the real term of action the magic number of seven years given the successful candidate "to have and to hold" the presidential chair.

* * *

AMONG the active and aggressive candidates for Congressional honors is "Dell" Sumner, as he is known among his friends at Washington. Beginning as a page in the Senate, the young Iowan

rose steadily to his present official position, which gives him sixteen years of practical experience in the organization of Congress. Everybody in Washington knows Mr. Sumner, and many a veteran in Congress has watched with keen interest the progress of the bright, dark-eyed boy from Black Hawk County, Iowa.

Rising from page to Congressman is not unprecedented, and Mr. Sumner has many notable examples of success before him. Arthur P. Gorman, who



HON. HENRY D. CLAYTON
Who introduced in the House the resolution limiting a President to one term of six years

finally reached the United States Senate, was once a page in that body. Hon. Dick Townsend, late a representative from Illinois, was once a page. Senator William Alden Smith of Michigan was a page in the legislature of his state. Hon. C. Bascom Slemp, the lone Republican representative from Virginia, proudly announces in the Congressional Directory that he was once a page in the body of which he is now a member.

Adelbert D. Sumner is a native of Iowa and was born at Manchester in Delaware County, which forms a part of the Congressional District where he seeks election.

In Waterloo, where he has resided for many years, he has a wide acquaintance. He became a lawyer at the age of nineteen, is a member of the Iowa Bar and also the Washington Bar and is admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia.

The young man has a host of friends, who are held to him by his open-hearted, frank manner. He is a striking example of the young American who rises by sheer force of enthusiasm and hard work.



MRS. MINNIE MADDERN FISKE
One of America's favorite actresses. Now playing the title role in "Lady Patricia"

EVERY decade seems to bring up its new plan for the adoption or modification of the existing regulations as to command in the navy. Ever since the days of John Paul Jones a picturesque interest has attached to the personnel of commanding officers. Secretary George von L. Meyer also suggests his ideals of naval officers. It is succinct but complete and has been presented in the House before the Naval Committee so that it is now embodied in a printed report.

"We want our flag officers," says Mr. Meyer, "to be strong, alert, active men;

men of the highest professional attainments, and able to endure the physical and mental strain of dangerous and protracted operations during hostilities.

"The duty of an executive on a capital ship is the best training for command of such a ship, but we want him to command some smaller vessel also if possible.

"An officer should never be allowed to reach the grade of rear admiral unless he has commanded a capital ship in the fleet."

The traditional courage and ability of flag officers is intensified by sentiments of this kind, and the records of American admirals are among the brightest pages in our history.

* * *

THE passing of Clara Barton at the ripe age of ninety years removed an interesting national figure. Miss Barton was the founder of the American Red Cross, and her name will ever be associated with that of Florence Nightingale. Clara Harlowe Barton came of Puritan stock, and she was a real Daughter of the Revolution, her father having served in the army of Mad Anthony Wayne. She was born on Christmas day, 1821, at Oxford, Massachusetts, and when very young followed the vocation of her three brothers and sisters and became a teacher. Having taught for some years in the public schools of Oxford, she finished her own school course at the Clinton Liberal Institute, New York. At the opening of the Civil War she dedicated her life to humanity, and founded the American Red Cross, of which she was president for nearly a quarter of a century.

The impressive funeral services at "Glen Echo," where Miss Barton lived, were attended by many people prominent in official life. The casket, covered with the American flag, under a canopy of American Beauty roses, and the pall-bearers, selected from the Grand Army of the Republic, revived memories of her splendid services amid the most terrible and trying scenes of the Civil War.

Among the condolences received after her death was a letter from the aunt of the Kaiser, a daughter of Emperor William. The friendship between these two women began more than forty years ago on the

battlefields of the Franco-Prussian War, and had continued through the years. The tribute from the Grand Duchess was indeed eloquent—"faithful gratitude follows her forever."

In nearly every country of the world Miss Barton was known as the "Angel of the World's Battlefields." Not only was she prominent in the work of saving life in time of war—wherever flood or fire were to be combated, her work and influence were there. In all the great disasters of the past twenty-five years, this noble woman was represented. Taking up the work of Florence Nightingale, she developed it from a merely English movement to benefit English troops, to a great international movement, of service to all humanity.

* * *

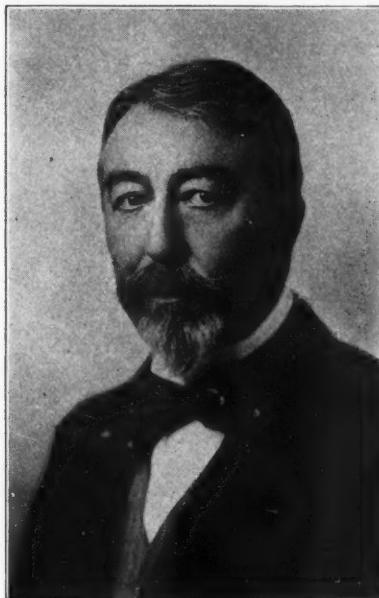
AMONG the names mentioned as candidate for Vice-President on the Republican ticket, is that of Governor Franklin Murphy of New Jersey, who has, for many years, been one of the prominent leaders of his party. He was very active during the '96 campaign, and was given a large vote for Vice-President at the Chicago convention four years ago.

Governor Murphy is a typical American business man, always aggressive and alert; as also in public life, upon which he has brought to bear all his business energy and initiative. He is the head and founder of the Murphy Varnish Company of Newark, New Jersey, and the quality of its product, everywhere acknowledged by the trade, reflects the sterling honesty and thoroughness of the man who makes it. Governor Murphy has been through many a hard-fought political battle, is prominent in the national councils of his party, and is a member of the committee having charge of the arrangements for the national Republican convention at Chicago.

Governor Murphy is New Jersey born and bred. Born sixty-six years ago at Jersey City, he received an academic education at Newark, New Jersey, and at the beginning of the Civil War enlisted as a private soldier in the 13th New Jersey Volunteer Infantry, where he served well and honorably until the close of the war. Upon his return home he founded the Murphy Varnish Company, of which he has been

president ever since. He was chairman of the Republican State Committee from 1892 to 1910; member of the National Executive Committee from 1900 to 1912; was Governor of New Jersey from 1902 to 1905, and received the votes of seventy-seven delegates for nomination to the Vice-Presidency at the Republican National convention at Chicago, in 1908.

The Governor takes a great interest in patriotic and historical associations; is the



HON. FRANKLIN MURPHY
Former Governor of New Jersey and mentioned as
candidate for Vice-President on the
Republican ticket

president of the Essex County Park Commission; has long been a member of the board of managers of the National Soldiers' Home and is a former President-General of the Sons of the American Revolution. He was closely associated with the late Marcus A. Hanna, and is the type of American who does things.

* * *

ILLINOIS seems not only to preserve in a vivid way the memory of Lincoln, but to reduplicate him in the forms and

features of its public men. Recent events brought to the fore Hon. Lawrence Y. Sherman as the Republican candidate for Senator, to succeed the venerable Shelby M. Cullom. Senator Cullom is the last living link connected with the life and career of Lincoln, and it seemed odd that the man chosen to succeed him was Judge Sherman, who bears a marked likeness to the Great Emancipator.

Some years ago, when Mr. Sherman was a member of the Legislature, I met him and was struck with his remarkable resemblance to Abraham Lincoln. In many other ways the two personalities are similar. Lawrence Y. Sherman worked on a farm until sixteen years old, and most of his education was derived from his self-directed study of books. Only three months in Lee's Academy in Cole County aided his early self-education, and some of his associates in a thrashing crew were astonished to see him spend most of his savings for books, among them such dry-looking documents as "The Revised Statutes of Illinois, 1874."

► A little later, young Sherman was a student at McKendree College, whence he graduated in 1882. He obtained his first money to support him in the practice of law by teaming and loading freight in Macomb, Illinois.

His first public office was that of city attorney of Macomb and afterward county judge of McDonough County, Illinois. Later he took his seat in the lower house of the state legislature. He served as speaker for two sessions, and was lieutenant-governor of his state from 1904 to 1908.

Another striking parallel between Lincoln and Sherman is noticeable in the sad expression of their faces in repose, in their deep-set eyes and heavily lined cheeks.

Sherman, too, is very angular, and Lincoln's aversion to dress suits, social functions and the mere fopperies of dress is shared by Sherman, the farmer boy of Illinois now on his way to the United States Senate. The dry humor for which Lincoln is famous is also characteristic of Sherman, for his stories always point a moral or enforce an argument.

Sherman was born in Miami County, Ohio. He came to Illinois with his parents in 1859, was brought up to till the deep, black furrows of Illinois farms and knows the scent of fields and woods. If there is any one thing that seems to bring forth the native eloquence of his broad, democratic nature, it is an appeal to the state spirit of Illinois. The decisive returns from the primaries indicate that nothing short of a political cyclone will interfere with his election as Senator from the state which Lincoln honored.

* * *

THERE is an added interest as well as exhilaration in witnessing the performance of a play that has attracted the favorable attention of prominent litterateurs. "The Typhoon," a play written by a Hungarian author,

and dealing in a most subtle and daring manner with the Japanese character, is the title of a drama that has brought forth outbursts of enthusiasm from authors like Gertrude Atherton and indeed from writers in general.

Its plot and characters deal with brains, rather than with morals and sentiment. It is the story of a Japanese officer on a great mission to Berlin, devoted to his country and associated with able colleagues, who falls in love with a Berlin "Geisha girl." It is rather startling to see this character paraded in the first two acts, but the subtle way in which



MRS. GERTRUDE ATHERTON
The noted American novelist, who has done much to bring about an American appreciation of "The Typhoon"

the relation is portrayed makes a strong mental appeal, which is intensified by the force and prominence of the universal, unsparing devotion to Japan of his colleagues. For the moment the business and professional man, and indeed every other hearer, seems to be taken out of himself, forgetting all the conventionalities of Puritanic inheritance. Every actor on the stage moves and breathes with some suggestion of the awful progress of the Greek tragedies, and every action has a significance, even to the turning on of the electric light over a desk, to throw the glare upon the wan face of Mr. Walker Whiteside, who, as Tokeramo, is the hero of the piece. The weird, passionless counsels of the Orientals, their dreams of conquest, their utter devotion to Dai Nippon—no wonder that Gertrude Atherton, returning from her residence in Hungary, grows enthusiastic and recognizes in "The Typhoon" a veritable storm of passion and the almost tragic ferocity of the Magyar brain, which, she insists, "has all Europe, all Asia behind it—has a thousand uninterrupted years in its cells; that, of course, is the secret of 'The Typhoon.'"

Walker Whiteside has certainly struck a new note in his depiction of the silent and scholarly Japanese with whom the world is more or less familiar in a superficial way, although without insight into the stern purposes which cause them to forsake home and family in order that they may study the habits of other nations. It is singular how a Caucasian of a far less secretive and self-contained race seems able to give such a startling and illuminating interpretation of a Japanese character. None of Mr. Whiteside's many successes have revealed his remarkable talent as shown in his interpretation of the Japanese Tokeramo. The grouping of the Japanese characters, and the whole vivid atmosphere of their secret service policy inspires an irresistible fascination holding to the end the intensest interest of the auditors.

"The Typhoon" is a play that will be especially appreciated in Washington. It touches on our international relationship with Oriental Japan, now of preeminent interest throughout the world.

HOW interesting it is to follow the careers of the descendants of great men. Upon the arrival of Governor-General W. Cameron Forbes of the Philippines, it was recalled in literary circles that this was the grandson of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Governor Forbes, however, has not become famous through the reputation of his distinguished grandfather. He has evoked praise in all parts of the world for his business-like and sympathetic management of Philippine affairs. After four years of service in the Philippines, Gover-



WALKER WHITESIDE
As "Tokeramo," the Japanese hero of "The Typhoon"

nor Forbes returns with a most enthusiastic report upon existing conditions in our island possessions.

Of particular interest were his comments on the Payne tariff bill. Whatever may be said about its deficiencies, Governor Forbes declares that it has been of great benefit to the Philippines. The anticipated falling off in revenues did not follow its adoption, and the Islands continued to pay all expenses of administration without the assistance of one penny from the United States. "The result of this," insists the visiting Governor, "is a better understanding between the merchants and the

government, both in America and in the Philippines."

Mr. Forbes had the deep tan of the tropical sun on his cheek and could not repress his enthusiasm at being once again in his native land. The administration of Governor Forbes has been one that reflects great credit on his administrative ability. He was a young man of independent income, but determined when he took up the work to give it his entire attention. When President Taft visited the Philip-

figure in the settlement and development of the great Canadian Northwest during the past quarter of a century. There was little in his manner and bearing that suggested his early training as a teacher in the public schools of his native country, although the schoolteacher habits and manners, once formed, "remain on the body till death," as Kipling says. His first commercial pursuit was an essay in the lumber business; but he soon foresaw the development of new railroads to the



SCENE FROM THE FIRST ACT OF "THE TYPHOON"

pines as Secretary of War, Governor Forbes told him that the time was coming when the Philippines would appreciate what the United States has done for them. That this has come to pass is now maintained by Governor Forbes.

* * *

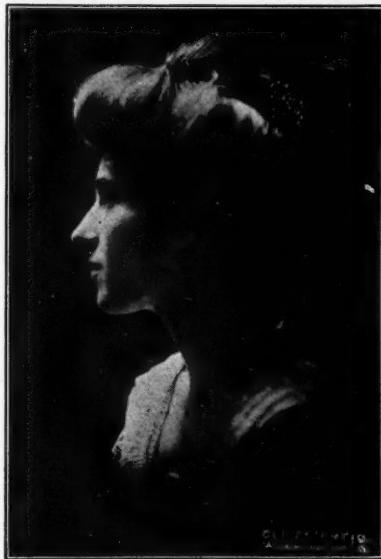
PRESIDING at the head of the table around which gathered his directors, themselves of no common mold and dignity, Sir William MacKenzie, ruddy and rugged, is the very type of the modern man of great achievements and greater purposes. He has been the dominant

north of Toronto and secured a contract for the construction of certain sections of these lines; and later a contract from the Canadian Pacific Railway for the extension of their line through the Rocky Mountains in British Columbia. In his early life he was associated with practical railway construction work, and on this foundation is based his great project of building the Canadian Northern Railway. Little did he dream, when the Company started its original modest line, that it was soon to become a transcontinental system.

With the aid of his partner, Sir Donald

Mann, and his son, Roderick J. MacKenzie, the entire work of constructing and financing this great system was carried on. No American railroad enterprise has ever secured such enthusiastic interest on the part of European investors as have the MacKenzie-Mann projects. It has been a remarkable instance of individual initiative. Nearly all of the stock is held by these individuals, and the road has been built entirely through the issuance of bonds.

The dignity of knighthood was conferred upon these two men by the King



MISS HILDA FARR

The daughter of Congressman Farr of Pennsylvania. Her engagement was recently announced to Mr. Robert A. Beggs, a prominent member of the Pennsylvania Bar Association and formerly president of the Philadelphia Law Academy

of England in recognition of that intrepid force that has crystallized into being the dream of creating new empires out of what had been described in the geographies and books, when Sir William MacKenzie taught school, as the great American icebound country to the north—a land whose fertile soil is now recognized in all countries as the great wheat-producing section of the world.

EXPERIMENTS have lately been made in the navy with the Sperry gyrocompass, whose action is founded on a law of physics proved by the French scientist, Foucault, in the seventeenth century. The theory is that any mass set in rotation is bound to follow laws differing radically from those that apply to

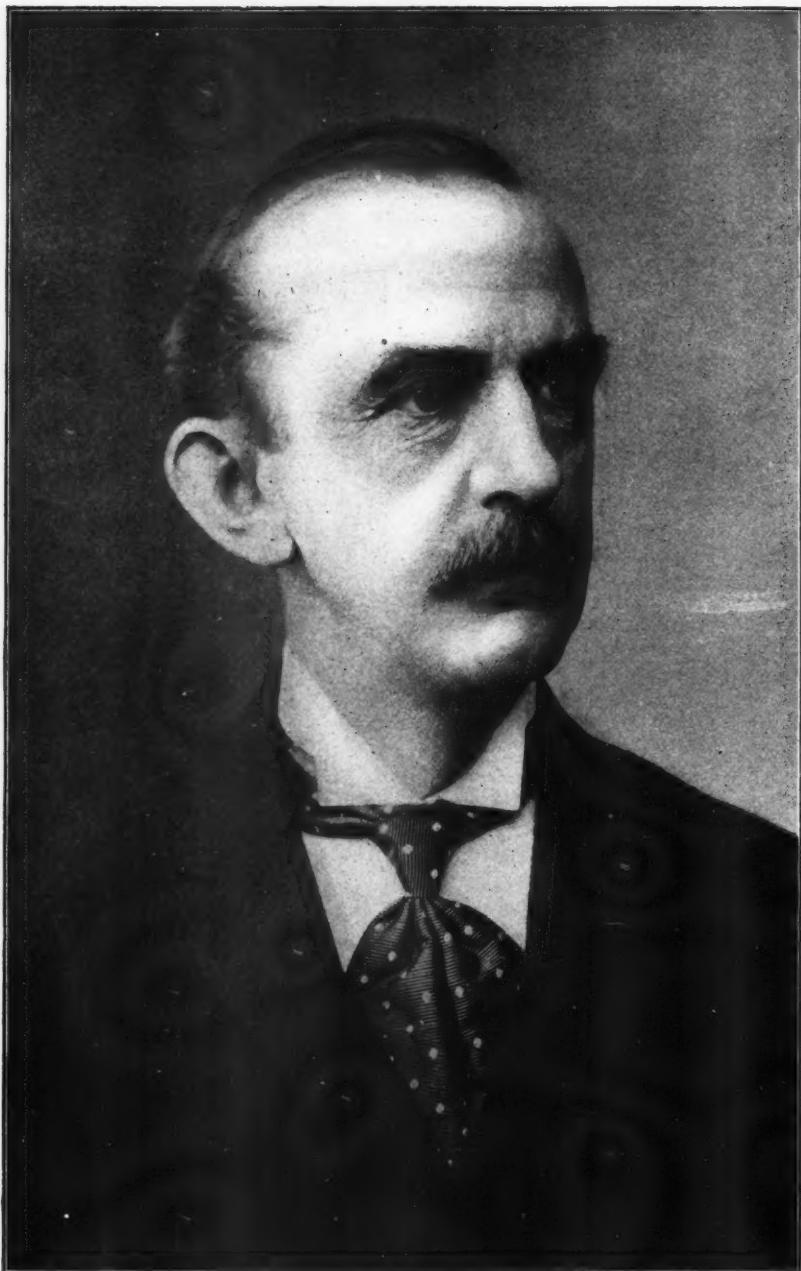


MRS. JAMES F. BYRNES

The wife of Congressman Byrnes of South Carolina. She is very popular in Congressional society

bodies at rest, so that as the body is free to turn in other directions than that in which it is rotating, the spinning mass tries to turn itself so that its axis will be parallel to that of the external force when the direction of the two rotating bodies is the same. Consequently, every body rotating in an opposite direction with a sufficiently great speed will tend to have an attraction on another body, with the result that the axes of the two bodies will become parallel, and will automatically adjust themselves.

Therefore the earth's rotation, acting on the rapidly rotating motor of the gyro-compass, makes their axes perfectly parallel so that the axes of the compass must point to the real North and South



SENATOR W. MURRAY CRANE OF MASSACHUSETTS
WHOSE ANNOUNCED RETIREMENT FROM THE SENATE HAS EVOKED THE DEEPEST
REGRET IN ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY

Pole. The motor of the gyro-compass fits into a box one foot square, suspended by a steel wire, so as to turn in any direction, and the whole is enclosed in a steel case almost four feet high. The readings of the gyro-compass may be sent all over a ship by electric wires.

Experiments have been made in the German navy for some time with good results. The gyro-compass was also tested out at Hampton Roads, and not once during trips of several hundred miles, although there was a violent storm raging, did the pointer of the Sperry compass move one-tenth of a degree from the correct reading of the standard mariner's compass. It was also found that electric currents from the steel of the ship have no effect upon the action of the gyroscope, and its position in the ship makes no difference in results, so that the roll and pitch of the vessel does not interfere in the slightest degree.

The old-fashioned mariner's compass invented by the Chinese is now passing, for it has served its day of usefulness, just as the sailing ship was displaced by the steamship. The carefully prepared variations of the compass, carried out to many decimals, indispensable to nice navigation by the ordinary compass, are made obsolete by the new gyro-compass, whose card points undeviatingly to the real North and not to the magnetic pole.

* * *

THE widespread regret expressed at the retirement of Senator W. Murray Crane is almost unparalleled in the political history of the country. Even from the political opponents in his own commonwealth of Massachusetts, to say nothing of his great personal admirers, from every part of the nation come expressions of appreciation and sincere regret that a man of the integrity and ability of Winthrop Murray Crane should feel constrained to retire from the United States Senate. He enjoys the distinction of one of the most nearly unanimous elections ever conferred upon a Senator from Massachusetts, and in every part of the Commonwealth which he represents he has stood for a sturdy New England sentiment that reaches back through the early days of the Republic.

Mr. Crane has given the best years of his life and effort to public service. Unrelenting and tireless in his efforts, he presented a type of statesman that is unique and withal powerful. He had scarcely entered the Senate when he was looked upon as a leader. As he sat at his desk in his quiet way, making a note here and there, keeping track of the roll-calls and sounding the trend of public sentiment, always



A CHARACTERISTIC POSE OF
SENATOR CRANE

alert and alive to the myriads of propositions that come and go, his senatorial career has been altogether one of the most active in the Senate roll call. His office has been long known as the busy spot in the Capitol, within which the conferences are brief and to the point. Senator Crane is a splendid type of business man, and he has given to his public work the same care and conscientious effort that has always characterized his private affairs. One could not conceive of Winthrop Murray Crane doing only perfunctory public ser-

vice; he reserved nothing and always gave the best that was in him.

The Congressional Directory contains only a few lines concerning this modest



A SNAPSHOT OF SENATOR CRANE AT THE FOOT OF THE CAPITOL STEPS

man who has made a distinguished career. He was born at Dalton, Massachusetts, the place where he still resides, and was educated at Williston Seminary, Easthampton, Massachusetts. His public career began

as a delegate to the Republican National convention in 1892, and he was made governor in 1900. He succeeded the late Hon. George F. Hoar as Senator from Massachusetts. A familiar and prominent figure will be lost to the Senate when Senator Crane retires. Whether he is smoking one of his tiny cigars in an office or committee conference or talking in the corridor, or stirring about on the floor of the Senate, one thing is certain—that no one has discovered an idle moment in the career of Winthrop Murray Crane. His public record is altogether the illumination of simple, rugged, common sense, and no man ever came closer to the hearts and sympathies of the people with whom he came into contact.

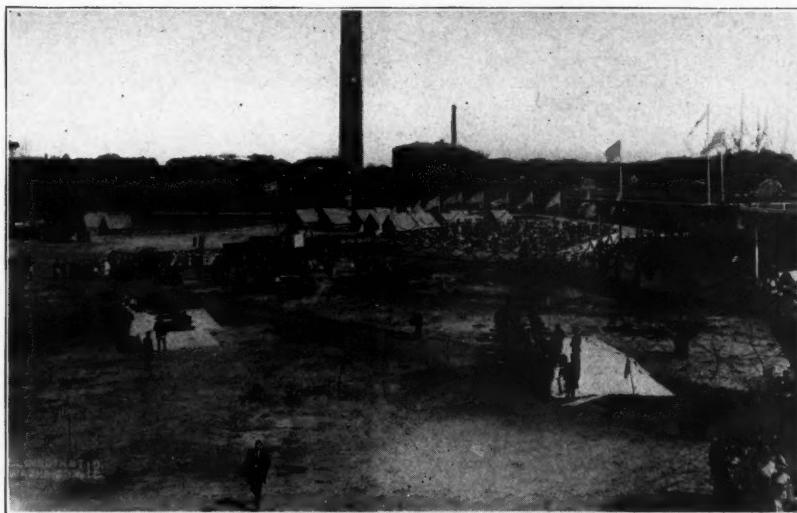
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ALL the world seems kin when at Washington gather representatives from all countries in the world representing almost every race, creed and phase of progress. The Ninth International Conference of the Red Cross convened at the Pan-American Union Building and the delegations splendidly illustrated the marked unity of all nations in measures for alleviating human suffering in times of national and international calamities. The marked unanimity of views indicates that this is one subject on which all the world agrees.

Dr. Ladislas Faras, of the Hungarian Red Cross, pointed out that the materials needed by modern Red Cross organizations were of the utmost importance, and he pointed out how greatly in the Japanese-Russian War a lack of uniformity in supplies interfered with the work of the Red Cross.

The many styles of garb, including those of Spain, Italy, Switzerland, France, and nearly all countries, presented a novel appearance, as the delegates were shown an artificial mine on the monument grounds which was blown up. Here there were tests between the American hospital corps, a first aid detachment from the United States mine bureau, some miners and a squad of Boy Scouts, showing how emergencies may be met by proper training.

The party was received on the lawn before the White House by President Taft,



PUBLIC EXHIBITION OF FIRST AID WORK AT RED CROSS CONFERENCE, WASHINGTON
Four teams of young women competed, captained by well-known society girls

and later visited Mount Vernon, returning on the President's yacht, the Mayflower. The discussion of the Servian Red Cross, and of the relation between various governments and this organization were especially interesting, but the address that seemed of

most timely interest was that of Joshua Clark, of the State Department, on "The Functions of the Red Cross when Civil War or Insurrection Exists."

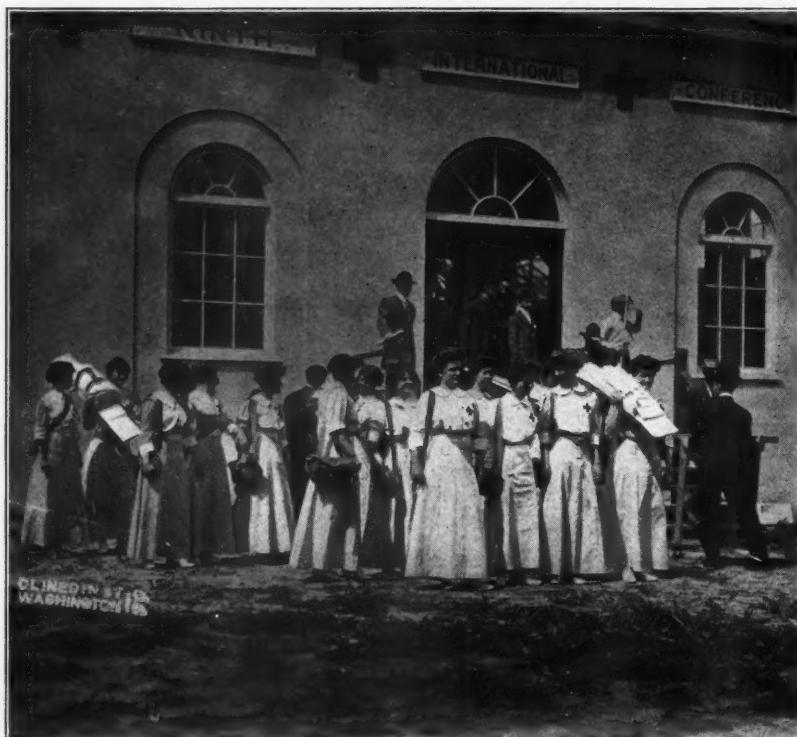
The delegates were entertained at many social functions planned for them and



EXHIBITION OF FIRST AID WORK BY MINERS

under the direction of Miss Mabel T. Boardman, of the American Red Cross. All felt that the event was indeed a foretaste of the advance of that universal peace and good feeling when the work of the Red Cross will only be needed to alleviate the casualties and calamities that do not result from a deliberate declaration

has characterized his life career, Senator Newell Sanders has entered upon his senatorial labors, taking up the work of his predecessor, the late Hon. Robert Love Taylor. Senator Sanders was born in Indiana, worked his way through college and took his degree in 1873, and the same year he married Miss Corinne



SOME OF THE YOUNG LADIES WHO TOOK PART IN THE FIRST AID EXHIBITION AT THE RED CROSS CONFERENCE

Among them are Miss Alice Meyer, daughter of the Secretary of the Navy; Miss Marion Oliver, daughter of Assistant Secretary of War Oliver; Miss Dora Clover, daughter of Rear-Admiral Clover, and Mrs. Langhorne

of war between nations to slay each other, even under the most approved and scientific methods of modern warfare.

* * *

HE has the courtesy, charm and hospitality of the Southerner, the broad brow of the Hoosier, and the nervous energy of the Northerner. With all of the enthusiasm and painstaking care which

Dodds, of Bloomington, who had been his schoolmate. They remained in Bloomington five years, where the Senator was a successful merchant. But he longed for a wider field of activities, and believing in the future of the South, and attracted by the resources and opportunities of Tennessee, he organized at Chattanooga a company for the manufacture of chilled steel plows. He is now one of the largest

plow manufacturers in the country. For the past thirty years he has been prominently identified with the growth and development of Tennessee.

Senator Sanders came into prominence several years ago by his espousal of the interests of the Hon. H. Clay Evans, former commissioner of pensions, and who was elected governor of Tennessee as a Republican, but who by the uncertainty of politics was not permitted to take his seat. He was a delegate to the Republican national convention in 1900 and 1908, and has been chairman of the Tennessee Republican executive committee since 1894. This year he headed the Tennessee delegation to the Chicago convention.

the independent Democrats of the state and the Republicans, which resulted in the judges for the supreme and appellate benches—ten in all—being elected from the independent Democracy, and in turn the election of Governor Ben W. Hooper, a Republican, whose campaign was personally managed by Senator Sanders.



MRS. NEWELL SANDERS
The charming wife of Senator Sanders of Tennessee

Since the tragic death of the late former Senator Edward Ward Carmack, Tennessee has been somewhat stirred politically, and the issues have been live. Throughout it all Senator Sanders has stood for the best in political life, and has advocated issues that have gone hand in hand with the church and the home. This brought him into the limelight, and two years ago he brought about a coalition of



SENATOR NEWELL SANDERS OF TENNESSEE
Who was appointed by Governor Hooper to fill
the vacancy caused by the death
of Senator Taylor

Upon the death of the late Senator Taylor, Governor Hooper responded to the united demand of Republicans and Democrats and named Senator Sanders to the seat he now occupies and the first political office he ever held. He came to Washington, the third Republican who has served Tennessee in the United States Senate. Senator Sanders has a way of going about things that demonstrates the successful methods of the American business man. Without fuss or feathers, he and Mrs. Sanders took the train for Washington, and the Senator began his work in the Senate with the same vigor that has characterized his manufacturing career. His genial and hearty manner, his recognized honesty of purpose, his close application to

the business of the committees and Senate sessions, soon found him many friends, and his Tennessee constituents are ever graciously received in the Marble Room of the Senate. Mr. Sanders is a prominent churchman and is interested in all of its efforts. Mrs. Sanders has been cordially received in Washington, where she is well known.

Senator Sanders deals with all senatorial matters with candor and punctuality, and has demonstrated a keen knowledge of national affairs. He has shown that more



CAPTAIN ARTHUR N. McGRAW
A prominent figure in navigation circles and the author
of "The Titanic," which appears in this
issue of the NATIONAL

business men of his kind are needed in the Senate, and the state that gave the nation Old Hickory, James K. Polk, Andrew Johnson, Isham G. Harris and Edward Ward Carmack has furnished the upper legislative hall a stalwart and aggressive, able and valuable Senator in the person of Newell Sanders.

* * *

IN her published letters to Wilkie Collins, Blanche Roosevelt tells of her pilgrimage to Milan to see the premiere of Verdi's "Otello," and of her visit to the House of

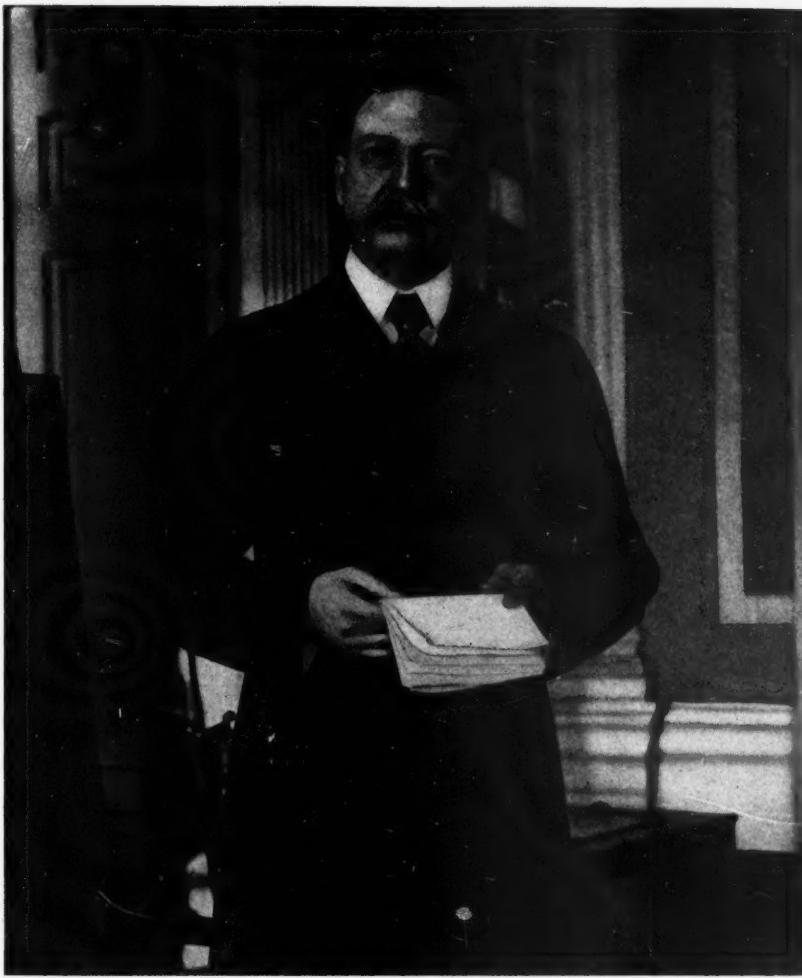
Ricordi in February, 1887, where she asked to see the first work written by the maestro. From a row of many volumes, bound in red calf, the attendant took down a thin volume and dusted it, and the visitor scanned the slender outlines of the "fine Italian hand." It was the "Conte di San Bonifazio," not Verdi's first success, but his first failure.

The attendant dusted his glasses as he opened the score of Boito's "Mefistofele," and said his "Nero" would be ready in two years. That was twenty-four years ago and "Nero" comes not, but is still promised and expected.

Giovanni Ricordi, the founder of the House, and the great-grandfather of Tito, the lately deceased head, was a poor violinist and director of a little Punch and Judy show in Milan. He copied music for the musicians at La Scala Theatre, receiving twenty to thirty centimes a page. His little shop was between two pilasters of the Municipal Library in the Piazza Mercanti.

He went to Leipsic, and from the firm of Breitkopf and Haertel learned the process of music engraving. Returning home in 1808, he took a small shop in the Pescheria Vchia near the Duomo, and published the first sheet of music engraved in Italy. It was dedicated to the Cavalier di Breme, Napoleon's Chamberlain.

Giovanni laid the foundations of the great business and died in 1853. Growing year by year it descended to Tito, the son, then to Giulio, the grandson, and present nominal head, with the great-grandson, Tito, who has just died. The latter visited America last year, and saw that the rehearsals of "The Girl of the Golden West" were properly staged and conducted in Boston and in Chicago. While in New York he read a speech at a banquet in which he eagerly advocated the performance of opera translated into English. Mr. Henry W. Savage, who successfully produced "The Girl of the Golden West" in English, is a zealous leader of the movement for "Grand Opera in English." The fact that Mr. Savage, as America's foremost producing theatrical manager, and Tito Ricordi, the talented descendant of the famous old House of Ricordi, both allied themselves with one cause was long of great interest in musical circles.



HON. CURTIS GUILD

American Ambassador to Russia, who has just returned to St. Petersburg after a visit home in which he conferred with the President as to new treaties between the United States and Russia

THHERE is something in the name Ormsby McHarg that compels a second thought. It is a name distinctive in itself, and closely associated with contests political. At the Republican National Convention in 1908, when President Roosevelt was directing matters from the White House, his chief lieutenant at the strategic battlepoint in Chicago, where the contests were being tried and

the steam roller prepared, was Ormsby McHarg.

He was born in Wisconsin, but his public career up to that time had been associated with North Dakota. Here he had practiced law since he took his degree at the University of Michigan. He first came to Washington as secretary to Senator McCumber, and became familiar with the workings of Congress. He served in

the North Dakota legislature, taught legal and administrative law in Columbia University, and attracted the attention of the legal world by his conduct of important causes for the Department of Justice in Oklahoma and New Mexico. This work necessitated frequent visits to the capital, and Washington circles soon became familiar with this tall man, whose keen black eyes, from beneath a shock of



HON. ORMSBY MCHARG
An important figure in the Roosevelt campaign

prematurely iron-gray hair, seemed to read into the very souls of men.

No more genial soul than Ormsby McHarg ever sat at a festal board, yet he is a fighter, too, with no such word as compromise in his vocabulary. Frank and outspoken, he says what he means. He was active in the Taft campaign, and early in the administration served as Assistant Secretary of Commerce and Labor.

When the candidacy of Colonel Roosevelt

was considered for the next term, it was natural that Mr. McHarg's masterly work of 1908 should be recalled. Since November, 1909, he had been proclaiming law in New York City, but he always kept in touch with the political situation. He believed from the first that Colonel Theodore Roosevelt would be strong in the nomination contest, although at that time there were few who agreed with him.

The United States of America is a textbook for McHarg. He knows places and men, and he can diagnose a political situation as keenly as a surgeon does a case. His mind is fertile, and after he thinks he acts. Are there lithographs to go up? Up they go, over night, in hotels and in clubs, or on the fire house, street car barn or boarding house. McHarg always seems to know in which places public sentiment is made and discussed. He is an inveterate traveler; he thinks no more of darting across the continent "to see a man" and learn a situation at first hand than the average person would think of a ride downtown.

McHarg is of a peculiar make-up. Politicians call him "a good mixer"; his acquaintances say he is a congenial soul, a philosopher who gets down to fundamentals, a lawyer and a business man. But most of all he is a keen student of human nature. He has a viewpoint as broad as the horizon of the wind-swept plains of North Dakota, the state he loves. He knows the farmer and his life, the working man and his life; and when he makes an analysis or prediction it is not speculation, but information. He was one of the early pioneers chosen to direct the Roosevelt movement and has been mentioned as Republican national chairman if the Colonel is nominated. There is a directness and a thoroughness in the political skirmishing of McHarg that recalls the Clamarch and the clan of his Scotch ancestors. He guesses at nothing and nails things down. Without any special exploitation Ormsby McHarg, by reason of his ability in obtaining results, has become one of the strong figures in the campaign of 1912, which has already brought well to the front a score of men who are destined to play an important part in future political progress.

John Craig and His Institution

By

Ann Randolph

A LONG time ago, when the best and dearest of fathers was courting the Princess Health through King Travel—ah, what a pretty tale was that!—an impatient young daughter used to persist: “Why don’t we ever find the Princess, dad? When are we going home to Munich?” And then would be told the story of the Critic who found himself, like the Ancient Mariner, a wanderer on the face of the earth, an outcast from Munich—because of the Institution.

How formidable it sounded—the *Institution*. Yet it was only a body of the dear folk who had made Munich home. There was Uncle Jack, who for thirty years had interpreted Shakespeare to London audiences; there were Aunt and Uncle Braun, who had played in many a music hall on the continent; there was little Aunt Renee from the French comedy houses, and a dozen other adopted aunts and uncles who had retired from the footlights to live out their lives in the quiet of Munich’s charming outskirts. It was the Playwright who first discovered the spot. Aunt and Uncle Braun followed, and bought them a farm. One by one the little settlement grew, and last of all came the Critic, who set about to find weak spots in the playlets which the Playwright composed for the motley cast that was gathered about him.

On every Monday afternoon—it was sure to be Monday—all the player folk would meet in the Playwright’s pergola and there would be a performance. The Playwright never left anyone out of the cast, even the Critic’s impatient young daughter, who was very particular indeed about her lines and longed to be a star.

Now the Critic’s part, as the Playwright said, was the most important of all, for he was the Audience. He it was who feigned slumber during tragic passages, who sighed at richest comedy, who wrung his hands at sentimental scenes, who shook his head at the leading man and murmured “wooden acting.” All this, of course, before the dawn of the Institution.

It came about with the usual suddenness of change. A warm Monday afternoon had prompted the Playwright to produce a pageant, staged in the broad field behind Uncle Braun’s. “A mediocre performance,” scoffed the Critic from his hillside seat. But the Playwright pointed to an obscure nook beyond the natural amphitheatre. Half a dozen peasants from nearby farms were crouched by trees, spell-bound.

“How did you like it?” the Playwright asked them in German, at which the Critic also scoffed. “*Wundersam!*” And there poured forth a volume of praise that seemed to mock the regular Audience.

“You see,” murmured the Playwright with a smile. And the next day, after his walk to the village, the Playwright announced that the little priest had heard of the wonderful play in Herr Braun’s field, and had asked if some time he, with others of his little flock, might come to see the English *Schauspielern*. “I told the *Vater*,” went on the Playwright, with a courtesy to the Critic, “that they would be welcome on Monday next—as many as could come.”

And on the appointed day they gathered about the hillside, the pastor and his simple little flock, long before the actor-folk had prepared the crude rigging for their stage. With a wonder almost ecstatic

the audience watched the moving scenes. They laughed and cried, they danced in glee—they even forgot to look to the *Priester* for approval.

Again the Playwright went to town and met the God-like little pastor. "Tom,"

sacred memories attached to the little colony at Munich that the term "institution" has always carried a precise meaning. It may be that these reminiscences have spoiled an appreciation of many a worthy band of musicians or actors. But the spirit of the institution, its personnel—

* * *

How vividly was it all brought back one stormy winter night in the little Boston playhouse, to which after a brilliant success both in America and in England, Mr. John Craig came and founded the Castle Square stock company.

Mr. Craig is a Tennessean by birth, and his boyhood was spent in Texas. But his real career began when he joined Augustin Daly's famous stock company in New York. Here he played many parts, both great and small, according to the will of the omnipotent Daly. As "Angel Clare" in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," Mr. Craig got his real opening, and for several seasons he was Mrs. Fiske's leading man in Hardy's vital play. He developed the part with rare ability, and won the attention of audiences in all parts of the country. Later Mr. Craig went to London with Mr. Daly's company, and it was while here that he took the most important step in his career. If there be any who doubt that statement, let them consider the Castle Square theater now, or at any other time since its inception, without Miss Mary Young. The important

step, then, was Mr. Craig's marriage with Miss Young, who was also a prominent member of the Daly cast. Mrs. Craig laughs now when she recalls the circumstances of their wedding. "Our marriage was kept secret for a time," she says, "as we knew that Mr. Daly did not want married couples in his company. But of course he soon found it out, and what do



JOHN CRAIG, THE ACTOR-MANAGER

said he to the Critic later, "do you know that those poor creatures asked Father Gotthold if they had seen part of Heaven? Tom, after this we will have them come every week—the little Father says we are even now an institution."

Thus was the Institution begun. "And in the Institution the Critic has no part."

Perhaps it is because of the almost

you suppose he did? Why, he discharged me and gave Mr. Craig inferior parts. Now wasn't that just like a man," she concludes, "to make me pay the more severe penalty, when I wasn't nearly so much to blame as Mr. Craig?" The punishment did not last for long, however. The great Daly relented, took Miss Young back into the fold, and restored her husband to his proper place as a leading member of the company.

Mrs. Craig is an interesting biographer. So modest is she that in answering questions about herself, she unconsciously recedes to the background and talks of Mr. Craig. Thus she says: "It wasn't long after we were back [in America before Mr. Craig made up his mind that he was going to have a theater of his own in Boston, and need I tell you that I had a little share in helping him make it up? Where there's a will there's a way, and where there are two wills there are more than two ways, and almost before we knew it, Mr. Craig was deep in his managerial experiment."

Since Mrs. Craig says "experiment," it is not for an outsider to comment upon her choice of words. It will do to state that Mr. Craig's was a successful experiment from its inception. You catch the atmosphere once you are inside the lobby of the Castle Square Theater. Mr. Clark, in the box office, has a pleasant word of greeting for those who are standing in line. Often he selects their tickets without a word—many of them have been coming to him week after week, for years. There is another good-evening as the ticket-taker is passed; a bow and a smile from the usher, and once seated there is pleasant conversation with the friends on either side as the program is discussed. Everybody seems to know everybody else; perhaps four-fifths of the great audience

in the orchestra chairs and galleries is a regular clientele, so vital in preserving the Institution. Perhaps more than four-fifths could be classified in the ranks of "home folks"—people who appreciate a good play, and who do not hesitate to manifest an active appreciation. Here are a father and mother, whose heads,



MRS. JOHN CRAIG (MARY YOUNG)

long since grown gray, are bent together as they run through the "dramatis personae" to see what parts have been allotted to their favorites in the company. Here in front are many young people, sensible, well set-up Americans, although it seems after all to be the fathers and mothers that constitute the greater part of the audience.

When the curtain goes up there is a round of applause which cannot but

gratify Mr. Craig, whose excellent taste in stage settings reveals another of the talents of this very versatile man. Then there is a tribute to each of the actors. It might be disastrous if generally adopted but it is delightful to watch a member of this company as he appears on the stage. The part may call for a clamorous entrance in the middle of an act, but the audience recognizes its favorite and demands a recognition in return.

It must be bowed to and smiled upon by Mr. Meek, whether he be a young English lord or an old German count; by Mr. Hassell, whether he be an English butler or a Palm Beach society man; by Miss McDannell, whether she be a sweet royal youth or a poor orphan girl. There are special ovations for Mr. Craig and Miss Young; the admiration of the audience for these two delightful people is almost akin to love.

Of the acting of Mr. Craig's company much might be said. He manages with rare success. A stranger to his theater might easily believe that he was seeing the performance of an original company. Every actor is primarily an artist, and works under the guidance of one who has a fine appreciation of art on the stage.

With the same discretion that he employs

in his productions, Mr. Craig selects his plays. During the winter there is a season of Shakespeare, sprinkled now and then with an up-to-date comedy. Then there are the old heart-plays and new farces, there is the John Craig prize play—in fact, the best plays of old and new authors are presented in the Castle Square Theater.

One of Broadway's stars who recently came to Boston on a limited engagement, stole up to a Castle Square matinee during the week of "The Prince Chap," in which Mr. Craig played the title role.

"Do you know," said she later, "that at the closing curtain there was not a dry eye in the house? And I thought, on the way back to my hotel, that while many of us were having a fickle success playing to people's higher understanding or baser emotions, here was a man who enjoyed a lasting appreciation, playing direct to the heart."

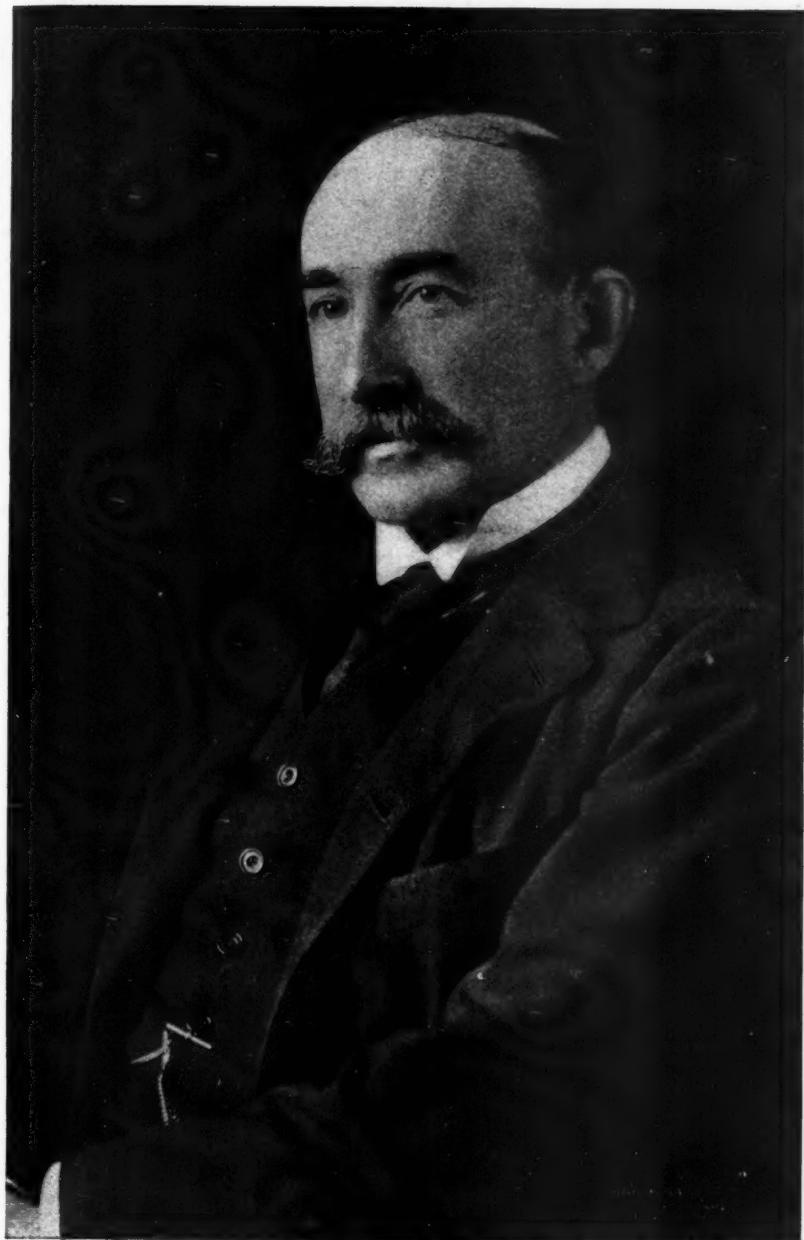
In the progress of the American stage, the name of John Craig stands out from all others in a chapter by itself. For he has founded an American institution. "In the Institution the Critic has no part," but the real institution is and ever will be, "of the people, by the people and for the people."

WHEN EVENING COMES IF IN THY HEART UNREST

WHEN evening comes, if in thy heart unrest
His tireless path goes pacing round and round,
Or huddled sorrow broods, a dark-robed guest,
Or care his heavy burden has unbound,

This would I pray thee do: abide not there,
From thy heart's door unloose the soundless bars,
Walk forth into the holy evening air,
Lift up thine eyes and look upon the stars!

—Arthur Wallace Peach.



HON. JOHN HAYS HAMMOND,
President of the National Republican League.



WM. BARNES, JR.

Grandson of Thurlow Weed, and Leader of the New York Delegation at the Republican National Convention.



FORMER SENATOR CHARLES A. DICK
Who had charge of the contests for the Taft interests
and was always armed with papers.



WARREN G. HARDING, OF OHIO

Chosen to nominate William Howard Taft at the Republican National Convention in Chicago.



FORMER SENATOR ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE
One of the leading speakers in the Roosevelt Campaign

IN THE COLISEUM

THE overture to one of the most momentous campaigns in the history of party nomination was the proceedings before the Republican National Committee at Chicago. The meetings were held in one of the small audience rooms in the Coliseum. Gaily decorated in flags and bunting, the room and the gathering seemed like a miniature convention in itself. Every detail of arrangement was carefully supervised by Sergeant-at-Arms Stone. The hat-racks provided in the gallery over the platform were not used. The same free and easy disposition of hats customary at the White House prevailed—they were thrown on the table. Inside of a railing painted green the members of the National Committee assembled each morning, taking their seats in the chairs placed in military array. After the gavel had fallen and Mr. Victor Rosewater had risen in the presiding officer's chair to his full height—the proceedings began. There was an atmosphere of dignity about the whole that suggested the United States Senate in its deliberations. There was an earnestness in hearing the testimony and in listening to the cross-examinations and arguments of the attorney that recalled a jury room. There were parliamentary and legislative questions met and solved that would have puzzled a Speaker of the House of Representatives.

* * *

As each case was called, the attorneys and witnesses solemnly filed into the room, carrying with them suitcases full of papers and affidavits. Party history was exploited, and party skeletons now and then stalked forth.

The personnel of the Committee was thoroughly representative of every leading vocation—notable in this respect over any other in the history of the party. Its distinguishing trait seemed to be a serious

purpose to get at the facts. This was the first session of the kind ever thrown open to newspapers and the public, where the proceedings were under the full glare of publicity.

If there was a steam roller here it must have had pneumatic tires, and been utilized for a political joy ride, for there was little in the proceedings to indicate the necessity of the explosive adjectives of "death struggle," "fight to the finish," "party theft," that adorn the political tales of these days. The members of the Committee seemed to have an appreciation of each other as men sworn to do their duty irrespective of popular clamor or public feeling. True senatorial courtesy prevailed in permitting the speakers to continue beyond their allotted time. In some of the Southern contests the colored lawyers made really stirring and eloquent pleas for their clients. There were also, of course, the familiar routing and old tricks that have been known to National Committee Sessions for years past.

As the hours passed from 9 A.M. the ordered array of cushioned arm-chairs in the center gradually became awry, and were thrown about in tete-a-tete style. The floor was strewn with papers, and a general atmosphere of parliamentary business of great moment pervaded the scene. The figure of Senator Crane in his old familiar attitude—just keeping watch of things, as in the Senate Chamber—was noticeable. The box of cigars on the table helped to keep the peaceful incense of deliberation in the air. The newspaper men scratched off the result as each vote was taken, to be rushed to the wire and a waiting country.

Outside the room throngs gathered about the Convention post-office and the room of Chairman Harry New and Sergeant-at-Arms Stone, bombarding for tickets to the Convention. There was room for eleven

IN THE COLISEUM

thousand, with nearly half a million applications pending.

The graphic and stirring scenes of the overture to the National Convention were at the Congress Hotel, where during the evening, hour after hour, until wee small hours, the little groups would meet, and talk and talk. The air was full of rumors, of imprecations, of asseverations, and a summer resort veranda was a Sunday School in comparison. In this hotel were located the headquarters of the Roosevelt forces, occupying the Florentine Room and "close" quarters on the seventeenth

"rooms above." Senator Joseph M. Dixon of the Roosevelt forces was ready with fresh statements at every turn of the tide. "Boss Flinn" of Pittsburgh was there with a pure sample of Pennsylvania politics. After dinner in the evening until the early morning hours the crowd would throng about the lounges and desks in ceaseless and more or less excited talk. Peacock Alley and the Pompeian Room were points of observation as the panorama of celebrities passed by. New faces had appeared since 1908, but there were many of the old veterans too, who could not resist the fascination of "talking," although they could not "stand to stand" as in the old days. Newspaper artists were busy with their pencils, and celebrities, near-celebrities, past and present, bold and meek, stood here and there in graceful pose while the artist plied his pencil.

The Coliseum in all its glory and convention array suggested something of its prototype and namesake in ancient Rome. When Colonel Roosevelt arrived for his monster mass-meeting it might have stood for Caesar and his legions to some imaginative onlookers and especially to those ardent admirers who had kept the wires hot requesting his presence and "personal contact," to aid in proclaiming the glory of the Rooseveltian era.

The Taft supporters braved the tide of Chicago-Roosevelt sentiment and stood firm for their convictions. They were the cool-headed leaders who have seen political storms come and go, but also among them were the younger young men—first voters—who challenged the leadership of progressiveness. The Convention was altogether progressive enough to suit the political aviators' cry for "more speed."

The doors of the great Coliseum opened upon a rare spectacle. Bands playing, myriads of voices shouting, amid a scene of color and commotion, furnished in one sweeping glance a picture of our country, emphasizing the magnitude and the vitality of the great map of which Plato dreamed in his "Republic."

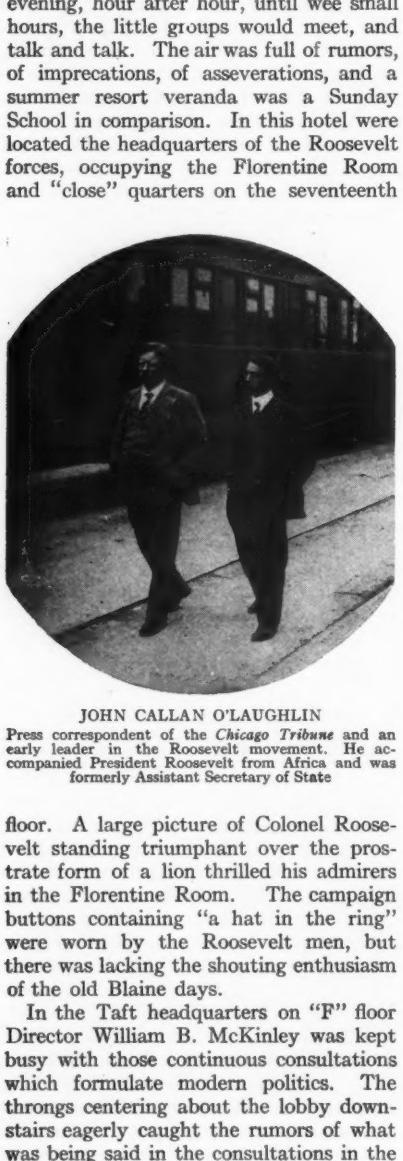
The great question was, who had a ticket? Then the roll call that marshalled the delegates, and a President was nominated that determined the prophecies.

Who?

JOHN CALLAN O'LAUGHLIN
Press correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* and an early leader in the Roosevelt movement. He accompanied President Roosevelt from Africa and was formerly Assistant Secretary of State

floor. A large picture of Colonel Roosevelt standing triumphant over the prostrate form of a lion thrilled his admirers in the Florentine Room. The campaign buttons containing "a hat in the ring" were worn by the Roosevelt men, but there was lacking the shouting enthusiasm of the old Blaine days.

In the Taft headquarters on "F" floor Director William B. McKinley was kept busy with those continuous consultations which formulate modern politics. The throngs centering about the lobby downstairs eagerly caught the rumors of what was being said in the consultations in the



CAMPAIGN FOR THE REPUBLICAN NOMINATION

By Harry Litchfield West

THE delegates who will assemble in Chicago to nominate the Republican candidate for the presidency have been chosen under conditions absolutely unique in American political history. President Taft, seeking the endorsement of a renomination after four years of earnest and patriotic service, has been opposed by Theodore Roosevelt, his predecessor and former friend. The contest, beginning quietly enough, has developed into an intense and bitter struggle, with accusations and epithets upon both sides.

A year ago the renomination of President Taft was accepted as a foregone conclusion. No other Republican President asking a second term had ever been denied. Even Mr. Harrison, although antagonized by a faction within his party, had been sustained by a majority of the delegates assembled in convention. There was no reason why President Taft should meet with opposition. His administration had been just and honest, singularly free from scandal, and characterized by efficiency in all its departments. He had been safe rather than spectacular; judicial, rather than impulsive; retiring, rather than egotistical and demonstra-

tive. These qualities, eminently befitting the occupant of the high office of President, had quietly but none the less surely brought about beneficent results. The nation prospered greatly under Mr. Taft's administration. It moved steadily forward along progressive, but not radical lines, maintaining its dignity and self-respect among the nations of the world and affording its own citizens every opportunity for the peaceful and advantageous pursuit of their avocations under an ideal government.

With the knowledge that he deserved renomination and naturally anticipating that the precedent of his party as regards a second term would be followed, President Taft took no steps toward making his renomination sure. He devoted himself to the important work which his hands found to do—the securing of reciprocity with Canada, the negotiation of arbitration treaties with Great Britain and France in the hope of establishing a world-wide peace, the rigorous and impartial enforcement of the laws, the amelioration of labor conditions, the economic and efficient conduct of the government. In this he proved himself a better



WILLIAM HAYWARD
Secretary of the National Republican Committee



FIRST SESSION
REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE
JUNE 6, 1912

J. M. L. & Son, 11th Ward, Eddy Co.
Chicago

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Official Photographer

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President than a politician. It is not altogether to the credit of the United States that the high office of President is so closely associated with political strategy and manipulation that success may be achieved by those who are most adept in playing the political game while recognition may be denied to conspicuous merit.

While President Taft was thus engaged in the conscientious discharge of his multitudinous duties a faction within his own party became restive. From the politicians' point of view he had done the things which he ought not to have done and he had failed to do the things they had most desired. They planned, therefore, to compass his defeat. Their leader was, naturally, Theodore Roosevelt. With much adroitness his re-entry into the political arena was planned and executed. It made no difference, apparently, that Mr. Roosevelt had twice declared that under no circumstances would he again be a candidate for the Presidency; that he had written to personal friends that his nomination would be a calamity; or that Washington had declined and Grant had been refused a third term. Mr. Roosevelt did not, however, volunteer. The governors of eight states united in a letter urging him to allow the use of his name. They eulogized his progressive ideas; they appealed to him as the savior of the people. His acceptance followed. At first he assumed the role of a receptive candidate, but as it soon became evident that President Taft was securing the delegates, he entered upon a personal campaign and hurried from State to State pleading his own cause.

In the midst of the political turmoil which ensued President Taft pursued the even tenor of his way. Mr. Roosevelt became more and more aggressive and defiant and made many accusations against the President. For some weeks President Taft endured this situation in silence. Finally, however, his patience became exhausted, and in a speech delivered in Boston he made direct reply. This outcome seemed pleasing to Mr. Roosevelt's temperament. He had forced the fighting in the hope of arousing the President into controversy and when he succeeded made

no secret of his delight. He answered the President in a formal statement given to the press and then entered upon a still more earnest crusade. His speeches abounded in denunciatory epithets. Mr. Taft was, in his opinion, puzzle-witted, weak and useless. The President retorted that Mr. Roosevelt was unsafe and dangerous. The larger issues were obscured



SENATOR ELIHU ROOT

From New York, the choice of the Taft delegates
for Chairman of the Republican National Con-
vention

in the personal element injected into the struggle.

The spectacle thus presented to the country was not, to say the least, an inspiring one. There were many who would have had the President ignore his opponent. It is difficult to see, however, how Mr. Taft could have followed any other course than the one which he adopted. He had been personally attacked; he had been made the victim of serious and derogatory misrepresentation; and, above all, the onus of the assault rested upon the

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shoulders of a man who had always professed to be his friend. To have remained silent under all this provocation would have been equivalent to an admission of the very weakness and indecision with which he had been charged. President of

pelled him to enter upon a hand-to-hand conflict. If there is to be any criticism of the President whatever, it is that he allowed even this spirit of apology to be manifest in his utterances.

Mr. Roosevelt found an opportunity



WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

President of the United States, one of the prominent figures at the Convention Hall

the United States he was, to be sure, but not even a President, if he has any red blood in his veins, can be expected to sit quiescent under the stinging lash of a political antagonist. His defence of himself was both natural and proper. He adopted a deprecatory tone only in referring to the unpleasant necessity which com-

to enunciate his own position in an address which he delivered before the Ohio constitutional convention under the title, "A Charter of Democracy." In this speech he travelled many leagues along the path of radicalism. All the advanced, not to say revolutionary, theories of government which have been suggested

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in recent years received his hearty approval. He even advocated the recall of judicial decisions upon constitutional questions, proposing that legal judgments should be dependent upon popular vote. This proposition was so extreme, however, that it met with almost universal condemnation, the result being that it was promptly forgotten and thereafter remained in the background. As the campaign proceeded Mr. Roosevelt practically abandoned his Columbus speech and

carries upon its face an evidence of inconsistency and insincerity. It is an open secret, for instance, that one of his earliest supporters and a large contributor to his campaign is George W. Perkins, a former director in the Steel Trust, a director in the Harvester Trust, and, until his retirement from active business, the managing partner of J. P. Morgan & Company, the firm which profited to the extent of \$69,000,000 through the organization of the Steel Trust.

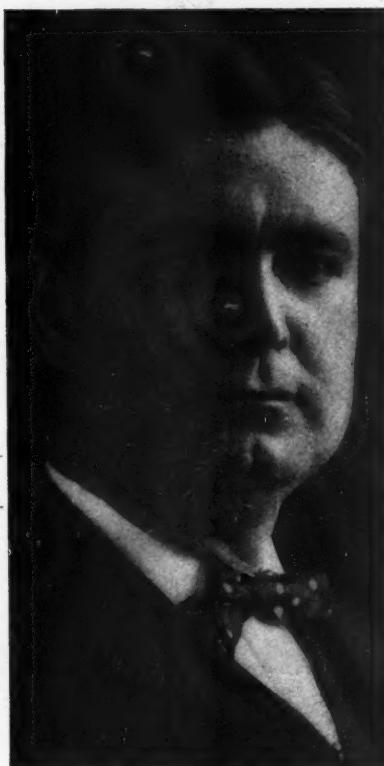
The fighting qualities of Colonel Roosevelt, however, appeal to the masses; the emphasis of his assertions stuns the ear into acceptance; the agility with which he leaps from position to position delights the eye. The American people like action, and with Mr. Roosevelt there is always



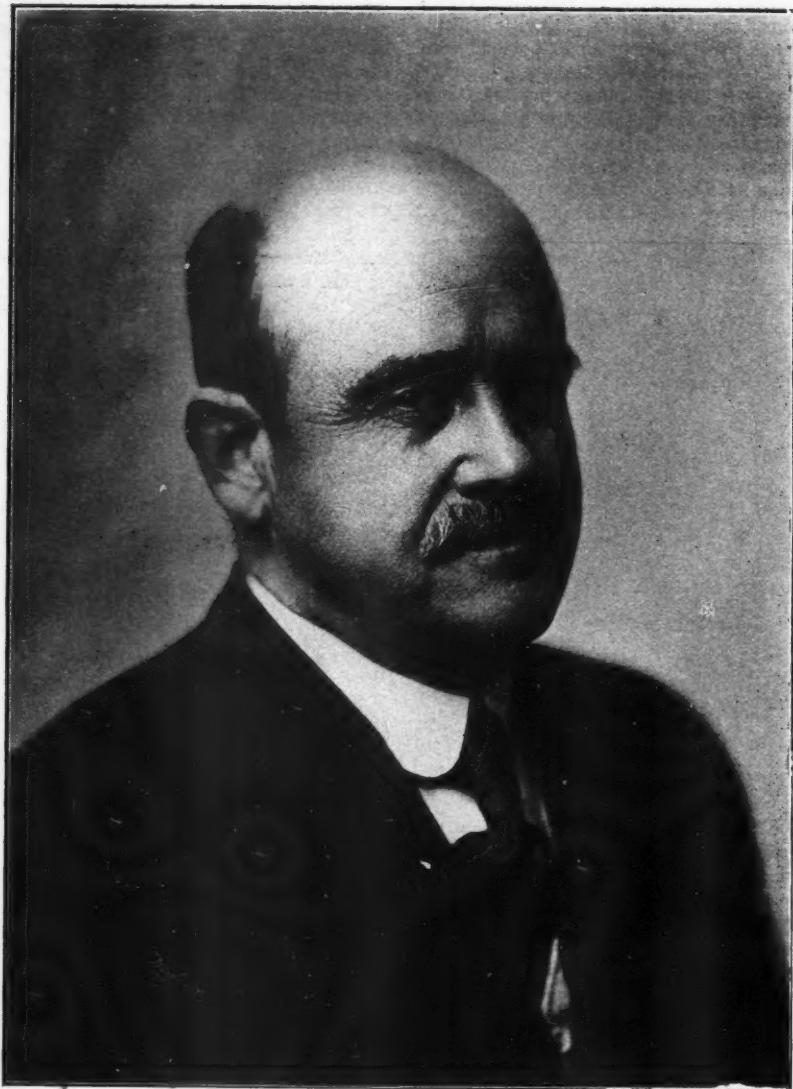
SENATOR BOISE PENROSE
The imperturbable leader of the Taft forces at the National Republican hearings

condensed his platform into the single assertion that he was making a fight for the plain people against the bosses. This declaration was adroit and effective. In Pennsylvania there was much unrest because of the lengthy reign of power enjoyed by the Penrose machine, and in Illinois the unsavory Lorimer case had produced a feeling of revolt. Through deliberate misrepresentation the President was aligned with Lorimer and thereby suffered, while in Pennsylvania he went down with the overthrow of the Penrose regime.

The fact that the downfall of Penrose meant the ascendancy of "Bill" Flinn, a notorious political boss of Pittsburgh,



SENATOR BORAH
Who led the Roosevelt forces on the floor at the contest hearings



WILLIAM B. McKINLEY

The able and popular general of the Taft forces whose splendid executive ability and genial nature has made him honored and loved by all opponents, as well as allies

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something doing. This accounts in very large degree for such progress as he has been able to make in his ambitious assumption of a third term. Under the surface, however, there are conditions which have helped him. There is, first of all, an increasing sentiment among the people in favor of a larger degree of individual participation in governmental affairs. There is, in consequence, a revolt against the so-called bosses, and Roosevelt has touched the sensitive nerve. In addition, the high cost of living has made the struggle for existence more difficult and has enlarged the circle of the discontented. Roosevelt has emphasized these conditions, and has promised relief. It is apparent that his followers do not stop to question how he is to transform soothing promises into actual alleviation. They must know that the increase of the cost of the necessities of life is a world-wide experience and cannot be affected in this country by legislation or executive orders. They must know that there will be political leaders in this



HENRY S. NEW

Chairman of the Republican National Committee,
who called the Convention at Chicago to order

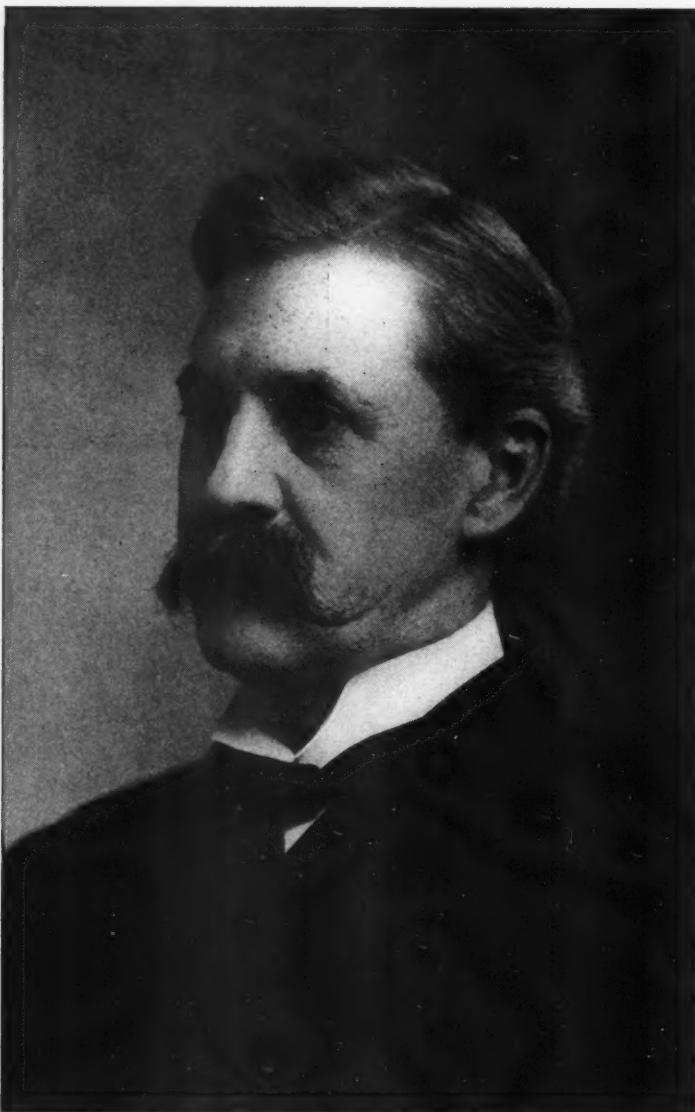
Republic as long as it endures. They must know, also, that Mr. Roosevelt has in the past accepted with gratitude the assistance of the very men whom he now so savagely condemns.

When Roosevelt appeared upon the scene there was much beating of drums and clanging of cymbals, and the crowd followed noisily. Mr. Taft, patient, hard-working, conscientious and able, attempted with deliberate speech and thoughtful argument to present his own side of the case. He had much in his favor. Under his administration the postal savings banks had been established, the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission in the matter of railroad regulation enlarged and strengthened; a treaty with Russia abrogated because that government discriminated unjustly against a certain class of American citizens; a workmen's compensation and employers' liability law enacted; the anti-trust and other statutes rigorously and fearlessly enforced; a tax upon corporations imposed; and last, but not least, a deficit of forty million dollars left by Roosevelt converted into a surplus of over fifty million dollars. As against this splendid record of achievement it was charged against Mr. Taft that he had



SENATOR DIXON

Of Montana, the leader of the Roosevelt forces during
the biggest campaign at the Convention



SENATOR ALBERT B. CUMMINS

Whose boom for President was launched early by his Iowa admirers

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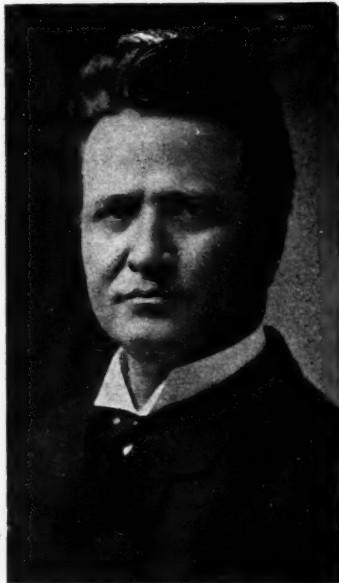
signed the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill, that he had favored reciprocity and that he had appointed Democrats to cabinet positions. The first was regarded as a violation of the pledge for downward revision of the tariff, the second antagonized the farmers, and the third alienated the politicians who believe that to the victors belong the spoils. As a matter of fact, the Payne-Aldrich bill did reduce the schedules; it is by no means certain that reciprocity would have an adverse effect upon the agricultural interests; and the appointments which were criticized only demonstrated the breadth of Mr. Taft's character and mind.

For the first time in a presidential campaign direct primary elections were held in several states to determine the Presidential preference of the voters or to elect delegates to the national convention. The result showed a division of sentiment, with a preponderance in favor of Mr. Roosevelt in Western states which had previously shown strong populistic tendencies, while in the Eastern section of the



ORMSBY MCHARG

The general who has been on the Roosevelt "firing line" during the hearing of the contest



SENATOR ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE

Who had his forty-six votes at the Convention and had headquarters of his own at the Grand Pacific Hotel

country President Taft more than held his own.

More than this, however, the campaign revealed the many defects of the primary system. It demonstrated that these initial elections do not attract the voters except those whose activity in politics or whose constant desire for agitation and change leads them to the polls. It is evident, too, that primaries are as expensive as regular elections. It is estimated that the expense attached to the Roosevelt campaign in New York averaged \$4.40 per voter. In Pennsylvania an enormous sum, said to be \$250,000, was expended by the Roosevelt management, while in Ohio the most conservative estimate of the entire cost to all the candidates is \$750,000. This means that in the future no candidate can undertake to carry state after state through the medium of the primary without possessing or having access to a treasure chest well nigh as inexhaustible as the ancient widow's famous cruse of oil.

The menace of the primary, therefore, is that it gives to the candidate with the

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most money the largest chances of success. This does not mean that the funds are to be spent in illegitimate or corrupt manner. Thousands upon thousands of dollars are needed to print and circulate literature, to hire special trains, to pay the expenses



THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Who led the forces in person at the Chicago Convention

of speakers and to take full advantage of the numerous methods of publicity. In a state like Pennsylvania, where there are over 750,000 Republican voters, and an attempt is made to communicate with each individual, the cost is necessarily enormous; and in a contest such as the one which the country is now witnessing, it is essential that each voter shall be made subject to personal appeal. When it is remembered that this large expenditure is merely preliminary to the campaign for election, it will be seen that an enormous financial burden is placed upon the aspirant for the office of President. Campaign contributions are rarely made with purely unselfish purpose. It is thus within the power of unscrupulous and designing

persons to elevate themselves to power through the assistance of interests which will, in due time, ask practical return for such outlay as they may have made. Publicity of campaign contributions and expenses will not check the evil.

But if we are to have the primary system extended it would seem only just that the primaries should be held simultaneously in every state. Years ago the October elections in Ohio and Indiana were abolished, and now all the states vote for presidential electors upon the same day in November. Under the present method of different dates, there is an undue temptation to carry the states that have early primaries in the hope that the outcome will have its moral effect in the states which have not acted. If this is not done, it may reasonably be expected that in a few years, when primaries have reached the point of excessive expenditures and unsatisfactory results, the country will revert to the old convention plan. The criticism of the convention method is that it is not truly representative, and that it allows the few to manipulate the many. Surely there can be no claim for the primaries thus far held that they represent anything like a majority of the votes in either party. In Pennsylvania only about twenty per cent of the Republican enrollment participated in the primaries, while in Ohio only forty per cent of the Republicans voted. In Massachusetts, where there was a campaign of unusual activity, fully one hundred thousand Republican voters remained away from the polls. The Democratic vote everywhere was also far below the normal. These figures show conclusively that the primaries are not convincing tests of public sentiment.

The campaign has also been remarkable for the large number of contesting delegations in the field—a number greatly exceeding any previous presidential year. The fact that the delegations seeking recognition through contest are practically all pledged to Mr. Roosevelt indicates a determined policy upon the part of his managers to befog the situation. In nearly all cases the claims of these contesting delegates rest upon the most flimsy foundation, while in the majority of instances there is no basis at all. Not

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withstanding this fact, Mr. Roosevelt has already indicated that unless the disputes are decided in his favor, they will, from his point of view, at least, be decided wrongly.

It is important, therefore, to revert briefly to the precedents established in prior conventions in regard to this crucial matter. The national Republican committee, assembling some days before the date fixed for the convention, proceeds to make up a temporary roll, after hearing the conflicting claims. The delegates seated by the national committee participate in the temporary organization, which includes the naming of the temporary chairman and of the committees on credentials, rules, permanent organization and resolutions. In the last three Republican conventions there has been no contest of note over the seating of delegates, inasmuch as the sentiment of the convention in the matter of nominating a Presidential candidate was predetermined. In 1892, when, as now, the Southern delegates were the focus of controversy, and when there was some opposition to the



VICTOR ROSEWATER

Editor of the *Omaha Bee*, who presided at the deliberations of the National Republican Committee during the large number of contests



A. H. REVELL

One of the early Roosevelt leaders in Chicago and the Middle West

renomination of President Harrison, the committee on credentials did not report until the third day of the convention, and then two protracted sessions were held before the majority and minority reports were acted upon.

The law then laid down by Mr. McKinley, the chairman, was that "every delegate seated in this convention by the national committee is entitled to participate in the privileges of this convention until by a majority vote they shall be unseated." The propriety of any delegate acting as a judge in his own case was, however, discussed at some length, Senator Spooner of Wisconsin asserting with much emphasis that such action was barred both by law and morals. Mr. J. Sloat Fassett, of New York, pointed out with much wisdom that if this contention was correct, "the proceedings of a convention could at any time be brought to naught by a sufficient number of conspirators who chose to make a contest in each delegation, and contestants could join together to paralyze the action of any convention." The result was that four



COLONEL WILLIAM F. STONE

Sergeant-at-arms, who had charge of the important responsibility of seating and caring for the delegates at the National Republican Convention at Chicago

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delegates-at-large from Alabama, who were unseated by the majority report of the committee, refrained from voting, but all the other delegates whose seats had been contested participated in the roll-call. Their responses were not challenged.

The convention of 1896 went a step further. That convention proceeded to elect its permanent chairman, Senator Thurston of Nebraska, before the committee on credentials had reported, although that committee had one hundred and sixty cases before it. When Mr. Mudd of Maryland made a point of order that this action was entirely improper, the temporary chairman, Senator Fairbanks, of Indiana, promptly overruled it and put the question to a *viva voce* vote. Again a protest was uttered, it being urged that the roll should be called, but Mr. Fairbanks decided in the negative and insisted that he was acting in accordance with the precedents. When the two reports of the committee on credentials were finally submitted, the majority report was adopted without the formality of a recorded vote.

It is evident, therefore, that there is little patience in a national convention with contesting delegations unless, indeed, it can be shown that the contestants have a genuine and substantial claim. At Chicago the national committee will undoubtedly decide that the delegations which were elected merely as a disturbing element ought not to receive consideration. When this action is taken, it is quite certain that there will be some noisy spluttering on the part of the unsuccessful claimants, and Mr. Roosevelt may avail himself of it as an excuse for independent action. That he is determined not to accept an adverse verdict with equanimity, no matter how decisive that verdict may be, is already a foregone conclusion.

It is somewhat remarkable that during the campaign so little attention has been paid to the material side of things. Few of the people stop to recall the splendid prosperity which the country has enjoyed under President Taft, a prosperity unequalled since the days of McKinley, and compare it with the dark period of 1893 and the panic which depressed busi-

ness in the closing months of the Roosevelt administration.

It may be that the people, having been accustomed to prosperity, regard it as a permanent institution. But the initiative and the referendum will not create work, the recall will not feed the hungry, the overthrow of political bosses will not insure good times. On the contrary, the victory of radicalism means uncertainty and anxiety in the business world. If a Democrat should be elected next fall a revision of the tariff upon free trade lines will inevitably follow; while if a Republican be elected whose idea of law is individual action, the effect upon business enterprise and development will be equally harmful.

It is this fact which makes the outcome of the Chicago convention so important. It is this which inspires the hope that the delegates chosen to vote for President Taft will be enabled to retain their seats, not only because they were honestly elected to represent the safe, substantial, and solid element in the country, but because it is essential that our republic shall not drift away from its constitutional foundation. The nation confronts a crisis. It is face to face with a situation which, if not rightly resolved, will work incalculable injury to every citizen. We must have law, we must have regard for basic principles of government, we must have stability in business. If we disregard any one or all of these, there can be no other result than disaster.

Upon the delegates to the Chicago convention an all-important duty devolves. They are the national jury. They must decide the question of the Presidential nomination without regard to personal preference or prejudice. They must remember that upon their action the future of their party depends. Above all, they must realize that upon their sober and deliberate judgment, uninfluenced by gusts of passion or fervid declamation, and upon their devotion to the principles which have been so effective in the past and which assure so much for the future, the safety and prosperity of this country absolutely depends.

Not by the application of "steam roller" methods but in the exercise of judgment rendered upon the merits of each case, the

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National Republican Committee at Chicago decided the contests brought before it. Much interest attached to the sessions of the committee because the number of contests greatly exceeded the record of any previous convention. It developed as the committee progressed with its work that more than ninety per cent of the two hundred contests instituted by the managers of Mr. Roosevelt's campaign had been created merely for their psychological effect upon the country. In the early period of the pre-convention contest Mr. Taft's list of delegates grew apace, while Roosevelt lagged far behind.

Even in the campaign where the Presidential nomination is the stake and where political strategy reaches its highest development, the deliberate attempt to throw discredit upon delegates regularly and honestly elected is one that deserved the severe condemnation which it received. Fair and impartial papers, like the Chicago *Record-Herald*, did not hesitate to characterize the whole proceeding in emphatic terms and to command the committee for "giving honest judgment in accordance with the weight of the evidence." It is worth while thus to present the real truth surrounding the situation at Chicago. For the committee to have acted otherwise than as it did would have been to countenance political fraud and chicanery and to have transformed a convention assembled for a dignified and important duty into a gathering wherein many of those granted seats had obtained admission through trickery of the most repugnant type.

While nearly all the contests before the committee were perfunctory and unsubstantial, there was one case which presented an important aspect. Under the call of the National Republican Committee the Republican voters throughout the United States were invited to select delegates by Congressional districts, except the delegates representing the state at large. This was in accordance with time-honored precedent, especially with reference to the unit rule. As long ago as the

convention in which an unsuccessful attempt was made to nominate Grant for a third term the Republican party has been against state sovereignty as exemplified by the unit rule. In California, however, under a State primary law, the entire state delegation was chosen in blanket fashion and without regard to Congressional districts. This result, so absolutely at variance with Republican procedure, presented a serious question to the national committee. In a situation less tense the delegation might have been denied admission to the Convention. As it was, the committee accepted the outcome of the primary with the exception that two delegates, chosen to represent the fourth district, were seated. In slight degree, therefore, the principle of antagonism to the unit rule was preserved. It may be expected, however, that in the future the precedent thus established will return to plague some convention and that, in a close contest, some delegation, asking to be voted as a unit, will be enabled to dictate a nomination. It is a matter of history that if in 1880 the New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois delegations had been allowed to vote as a unit, Grant would have been the nominee instead of James A. Garfield.

While the presses are printing these pages there is the rattle of political musketry at Chicago while the leaders engage in the preliminary skirmish. This is not the time, therefore, for prediction. One thing, however, may be confidently asserted. When the smoke has cleared away, to quote the terse and emphatic words of Mr. John Hays Hammond, men of all factions will get together and work for Republican victory. This is the cardinal virtue of the Republican party as an organization. It has its internal struggles, sharp and bitter, but when the battle has been fought a love-feast follows. Its discipline is perfect, its *esprit de corps* is unexcelled. It forgets its own differences in the presence of a common enemy and marches with solid and enthusiastic ranks into each campaign.

Henry Holman's Pilgrimage

By

M. R. UMBERHIND

(Continued)

PLAYING HOOKEY

NOT wishing for Uncle Rufe to know that the strange revelation in regard to the reappearance of Rev. David Bradbury was to him like one appearing from the dead, Holman was careful to conceal his true feelings. He did not want to do a thing that would turn the old man from the reminiscent trend that he was now following.

With a twinkle in his eyes, Holman glanced at his wife, who was now all attention; then turning to Uncle Rufe he asked him if he could recall, when he was a young lad, a boy that lived in Bethmar whose name was Holman.

"Ye don't mean Hank Holman, do ye?" said Uncle Rufe. When Holman told him he did, a look of almost divine happiness spread over the countenance of Uncle Rufe, and in his own simple, deliberate manner he said:

"Hank Holman, why 'Hank' an' me wus two o' them kind o' boys that ye couldn't keep apart an' when eny divilment wus cut up you would allus hear 'em say, 'whar wus Hank an' Rufe when it hapened?'

"Bout ther wors' mess that Hank an' me wus ever in wus ther time we played 'hookey' an' went fishin'. Old Master Hugh Baker wus teacher at ther 'Cademy.

"I s'pose you see them two willer trees when you come up down back of ther 'Cademy, didn't ye?" asked Uncle Rufe of Holman, and it was with considerable difficulty that Holman kept a straight face when the old man asked him the question, for he knew what Uncle Rufe was coming to.

"Well," said Uncle Rufe, "I never see them willers but I think o' poor 'Hank.'

"'Twas er long time ago ther Hank an' me wus mixed up in thet scrape that caused them willers ter be thar, but I can remember it as if it wus only yesterday.

"As it's er pretty long story, p'haps I hadn't better tell it, 'cause ye might not want ter hear it."

Holman assured the old man that any story concerning the boyhood days of he and Hank Holman would not be too long for him to listen to.

This appeared to be all the assurance that Uncle Rufe needed to encourage him to continue his story. Settling himself back in an old high-backed rocking chair, he continued with a childlike simplicity.

"Hi Holman, that wus Hank's father, owned what they now call ther Jim Grant farm; it's 'bout er mile up ther road.

"'Twas one mornin' 'bout ther middle o' May, Hi sez ter Hank, 'fore you go ter school this mornin' I want yer ter go down to Tom Ward's an' ef ther old sot ain't drunk ye tell him that I want him ter come up an' help me do some plantin'.'

"Tom wus one o' them shiftless critters that every place has got one o' two of. Good nuf feller ter work when they keep 'way from old cider, but ther trouble is they allus give old cider ther preference.

"Thet mornin' Hank met me an' we started down towards old Tom's together. Boy fashion, we wus loiterin' 'long, throwin' stones at enything that we could see ter throw at.

"When we wus pretty well down towards old Ward's, we saw Billy Neal comin' up acrost ther pastur'. Billy wus er little

old man that ther neighbors sort o' pended on fer a 'Jack of all trades'; allus 'round ter answer ter enybody's beck an' call.

"As he was comin' long, we see that he had what looked like er big string o' fish. It wusn't long after we spied him 'fore he see us an' I guess he didn't think

eny luck.' Thet wouldn't go down with us boys, so when Billy wus near nuf so we could speak ter him, Hank sed ter him in ther perlitest way you ever heard:

"Good mornin', Mr. Neal, bin fishin'?"

"No, not xactly," sed Billy.

"Ye see," sed he, "las' night long 'bout an hour after sundown that humped-back Boobie boy come up ter my place an' tol' me that ther widder Hicks wanted me ter go up an' fix ther line fence 'tween her medder and Clem Grover's pastur'; that's how I happen to be down here this mornin'."

"But Mister Neal," sed Hank in ther same perlite way, "didn't we see you hide er string o' fish 'hind that tree down thar in the pastur?"

"Oh! them wa'n't fish," sed Billy, "them wus only suckers."

"But suckers is fish, ain't they?" sed we boys.

"But they ain't trout, what you thought they wus," answered Billy.

"He see we hed him cornered an' he knowed 'twas no use, so he sed to us, 'Now you see here, you young rascals, ef I show that string o' fish ter you an' tell yer whar I got 'em you'll go an' play hookey. Then old Baker, up ter ther 'Cademy will say 'twas my doin's.'

"Quicker than you could say 'Jack Robinson,' Hank looked Billy right straight in the eye an' in ther most honest way you ever heard sed, 'Mister Neal, that ain't no school ter-

day. When we come by ther 'Cademy er spell ago, one o' ther fellers hollered an' sed that Master Baker hed dropped er stitch in his back an' couldn't straighten up; so ther won't be eny school 'til he gits rid o' ther stitch.'

"Billy looked at Hank kind o' 'spishon' like, but Hank looked so honest that Billy made up his mind that he wus tellin' ther truth so he sed to us, 'ef that is ther case, come long with me.'



"He tol' us ther truth 'bout whar we would git some fish"

we'd seen him 'cause, quicker than scat, he jumped 'hind er big oak tree an' in er minute or two he came out and started trudgin' long towards whar we wus standin'; but he had left ther fish 'hind ther tree.

"Fore Billy got up to us, Hank looked 'round ter me an' sed: 'Say, Rufe, that sawed off old Skin Flint hes been fishin' somewhat down ther intervalle an' he don't want us ter know that he hes hed

"We followed him down to that old oak an' he showed us er string o' trout that some o' them city chaps, that come here summers, would ruther have than be president. After tellin' us whar he caught 'em and makin' us promise not ter tell eny o' ther other boys, he helped us cut two long willer poles an' let us have two fish lines and some bait. We thanked him an' struck out, fergittin' all 'bout Tom Ward, school an' everything but fishin'.

"We hadn't gone but er few rods, when Hank stopped all of er sudden an' sez, 'Do you know, Rufe, I don't think that Saint Peter will chalk that lie down agin' me, 'bout ther stitch in Master Baker's back. Do you remember over ter ther fair las' fall, after Joe Skillins' hoss hed come in ahead in that race an' we wus walkin' back ter ther corner afterwards. Billy wus with us an' he got ter tellin' 'bout er hoss his father hed when he wus er boy?'

"Don't ye know how he sed, 'you boys may think that hoss o' Joe Skillins' is ther best one that wus ever 'round these parts, but he don't come within forty rows o' apple trees o' bein' what old Nell wus. She wus an old roan mare that my dad hed when I wus 'bout yer age.'

"Jes' ter show yer how fast she could go I'll tell yer 'bout ther time ther old gent sent me over ter John Shaw's, who lived over on ther Pond road, ter bring home er couple o' pigs that he hed dikered with John fer. Ef it wus er rod it wus four miles over ter Shaw's. It wus jes' after dinner that I started out an' I hadn't gone but a little piece 'fore I see ther old mare wus feelin' her oats pretty well.

"After I got ther pigs in ther back o' ther wagon an' wus ready ter start back home, Shaw sez ter me:

"Hey! young feller, don't yer see that shower comin' up out o' ther souwest? In less than five minutes it will be rainin' pitchforks, so you'd better drive inter ther barn thar 'til it's over.

"I 'lowed I could beat ther shower an' started. Wal, boys, I jes' give old Nell one slap with ther webbins an' sez git an' she did git. It didn't seem as if ther wheels on ther wagon wus touchin' ther ground more than once in twenty feet;

but I knew it wus er case o' keep ahead o' that shower or get all fired wet. So I never pulled in on ther mare, but jes' let her go. Pretty soon I got whar I could see that our big barn doors wus wide open an' when I got thar I jes' let Nell go ker smash right inter ther barn without stoppin'. Now, what do you think? Not one drop o' rain had struck me or old Nell, but them pigs that I put inter ther back o' that wagon wus drowned.

"Now young fellers,' sed Billy, 'ef ye know er hoss 'round these diggins nowadays that can keep jus' six inches head of er thunder shower fer four miles, I'd like ter see yer trot him out.'

"Both of us thought that that wus er lot o' worse things that we could do than ter lie ter Billy; enyhow, es I remember it, ther lie didn't hang very heavy on our minds.

"It wa'n't long 'fore we got to whar Billy sed we would git some fish.

"Even ef that old man hed tol' us er whopper 'bout his father's old Nell an' ther pigs, he tol' us ther truth 'bout whar we would git some fish. Never 'fore nor since, have I ever seen trout bite like they did that day.

"Fore we knowed it we wus more than six miles down ther brook, from whar we started.

"We hed caught so many fish that it wusn't eny fun ter catch eny more; so ther next thing fer us ter figger out wus what ter do with ther fish. We couldn't carry them home, fer then ther folks would know that we had been playin' hookey.

"So when we got back ter ther road whar we started from, instead o' goin' up by ther Four Corners whar everybody could gawk at us we sed we would go over to Aunt Ruth Stebbins', who lived at ther foot o' Oak Hill, an' give her ther fish.

"We boys all liked Aunt Ruth. She wus one o' them harmless old maids, more than eighty years old. When we boys wanted ter hear er hair-raisin' ghost story, all we would have ter do wus ter catch er string er trout an' get er wood-chuck fer her an' she would allus tell us one.

"Aunt Ruth could tell ther pedigree o' everybody that hed bin born within ten miles o' Oak Hill, fer ther las' seventy-five years.

"Fer that reason, that was some in ther neighborhood, who said Old Ruth Stebbins' word couldn't be 'pended on.

"But I guess 'twas er case whar ther truth shouldn't be spoken at all times.

"We didn't hear no ghost story fer that string er fish, fer when we got back ter ther road whar we wus goin' ter cut across ter go over ter Aunt Ruth's, it wus after four o'clock. We didn't think it wus that late, or we would have bin on ther lookout.

"We wus jes' crawlin' over ther stone wall when we happened ter look up an' thar, not thirty feet from us, stood Master Hugh Baker. It wus too late for us ter turn an' run, 'cause he had seen us, fish an' all.

"I want you ter understand that it ain't no pleasant perdickelement, after playin' hookey all day, ter find yerself standin' in front o' six foot an' six inches o' schoolmaster, that hed sed only a few days 'fore that ef eny o' his scholars staid away from school without a good excuse, he would make an example of 'em.

"I'll never forgit ther look on Hank's face ef I live ter be a hundred. Master Hugh stood lookin' at us; he hadn't sed a word. I kinder looked out o' ther corner o' my eye at Hank an' he wus so white round his gills you'd hev thought he'd bin eatin' lobelie.

"After standin' that for I don't know how long an' hopin' that ther ground would open an' swaller us Hank sed ter me in a husky whisper, 'he's got us, ain't he?'

"When Hank sed that, Master Hugh spoke fer ther fust time an' sed: 'Yes, you are right. I have got ye an' I'm goin' ter handle your cases so you will remember it ter ther longest day o' your life.' Sayin' that he come up ter whar we wus, fer we hadn't moved off ther top o' that stone wall since he caught us. Reachin' out he sed: 'I'll take them fish an' ther fish poles. Tomorrer mornin' I'll see you both at ther 'Cademy whar we'll have an hour o' reck'nin'.'

"After that, we started 'long ther road feelin' like a pair o' whipped pups. Not

a word wus spoke by either of us 'til I turned inter ther lane, then, without liftin' his head, Hank sed: 'Wait fer me in ther mornin', won't ye, Rufe?'

"In the mornin' I waited fer Hank an' when he come 'long I remember ther fust thing I asked him wus, what his dad said 'cause he didn't tell Tom Ward to go help him plant.

"Hank grinned er kind o' sickly smile and sed: 'I wish, Rufe, that we could git out o' yesterdays mess with ther schoolmaster es easy es I did 'bout Tom Ward. When I got home, dad sez, 'so you found Tom tite agin, did ye?' I 'lowed he had guessed 'bout right an' didn't say nothin' more 'bout it.'

"We got to ther 'Cademy that mornin' jes' es Master Hugh wus ringin' ther bell an' we went in an' took our seats without lookin' one way or nuther. We felt like er couple o' captured jailbirds.

"After we sat down, we couldn't help seein' them two fish poles he took from us standin' up back o' his desk. We thought, o' course, that he wus goin' ter use 'em ter larrup us with, but we soon found out ter ther contr'y.'

"He read a chapter in ther Bible; then he prayed ther same as he allus did every mornin', an' I remember 'twas ther fust time in my life that I didn't want him ter stop prayin'. I know'd when he got through prayin' that he hed somethin' ter 'tend to 'sides school duties.

"When Master got through prayin', he stepped inter their middle o' ther room an' you could o' heard er pin drop, it was so still. Thar he stood, lookin' over ther top o' his glasses, fust at Hank an' then at me.

"It wa'n't long 'fore he tol' us ter come out inter ther floor. 'Course we had ter go an' after gittin' us out that instead o' talkin' ter us, he made us face ther school, an' that wus more than er hundred scholars goin' ter ther 'Cademy in them days; then he begun ter tell ther whole school 'bout how he caught us ther night 'fore an' I don't begin ter remember half what he did say, but it wus cuttin' I tell ye.

"After he got through talkin' 'bout us, he told us ter take them two fishin' poles an' foller him. At ther same time he

told ther rest o' ther scholars ef they didn't 'tend ter ther books while he wus out, he would take up their case when he got back. Everyone knew what that meant, for he hed 'tended ter quite er few such cases in times past.

"After we got outside ther 'Cademy, he led us down to whar ye saw them two big willers. We wus both pretty shaky in ther knees, 'cause we didn't know what wus comin'.

"When we got ter ther spot, Master Hugh sed in an awful hurt tone o' voice: 'Now ther punishment that I am goin' ter give you is different from what you expect. I want ther 'fect ter be lastin'.'

"Then ther old man went on ter tell us ther natur' o' ther willer tree. 'Bout how ef you take er sprig an' plant it in er damp place it would grow. After 'splainin' that ter us, he sed fer our punishment fer doin' es we hed done he wus goin' ter make us place them two willer fish poles in ther ground. Thar they would grow an' in after years stan' 'fore us as monuments fer us ter look at an' say ef we hadn't disobeyed Master Hugh Baker, them willer trees wouldn't be thar.

"That old man talked to us in sich er way that it wa'n't but er few minutes 'fore both Hank an' me wus blubberin'.

"One day, 'bout two weeks after we planted them fish poles I wus over ter Hank's house an' his sister Cad come up ter me an' with er grin sed: 'Say, Rufe, did ye know that yours an' Hank's monument is leavin' out?'

"Ef ye believe it, 'fore fall that year, them two fishin' poles wus young willer trees; an' look at 'em now after more than fifty years, big nuf ter shade acres o' grass land."

As the old man finished his story, he remained in a meditative mood for a moment, then he looked at his guests and said: "Things hev changed since them days. Master Hugh wus called 'home' while I wus 'way ter war an' ther old

'Cademy hes gone ter rack an' ruin. Hank hes gone o' course, an' I wus thinkin' only this mornin' when I wus readin' out o' ther Bible ter Dave whar it sez 'bout our 'otted time bein' threescore years an' ten, with Mandy gone an' 'bout everybody else gone, too, I wus payin' pretty big interest fer ther time I wus borrowin'."

HOLMAN IDENTIFIES HIMSELF

Holman felt that to longer keep his identity from Uncle Rufe would be doing him an injustice, so he called his old friend's attention to the fact that he had



"Hank said ter me in a husky whisper, 'He's got us, ain't he?'"

failed in telling the fishing story, to reveal what use Master Baker made of the fish.

When Holman put the question to Uncle Rufe, there was fully a minute that the old man sat and gazed at the floor without saying a word. When he finally looked up, the expression on his face was almost pitiful. For Uncle Rufe to tell of as important an event in his life as that day's fishing had been and then be reminded by a stranger that he had neglected to give one of the most important details, was a thing that cut deep into the old man's pride.

In a half-apologizing tone of voice he said: "Ye see, stranger, 'twas er mighty long spell 'go that ther thing happened that I've jes' tol' ye 'bout, an' er powerful lot er things hev changed since then; not

so many ter me es ter some others, o' course, fer yer see I've bin one o' them critters that it didn't make no difference whether I staid or went, fer all ther good I've bin. Now es you hev put me in mind of it, I'll tell ye what end them fish made.

"Master Hugh Baker wus an old bach, an' all ther years that he wus in ther 'Cademy, he made his home in Ed Wheeler's family. Ther Wheelers wus some sort o' cousins o' Mandy's, but fer all that she didn't mix with 'em much.

"Ye see when Mandy an' me got hitched

"One mornin', 'bout er week after ther thing happened, Hank an' me wus ridin' long ther road in an ox cart when Hank sed ter me: 'Say, Rufe, what do you s'pose Master Hugh done with them fish?' I 'lowed I wished I knowed an' we rode long 'til we got ter Ed Wheeler's, when we dropped off ther cart.

"Ed hed er boy by ther name o' Ben, an' he wus 'bout ther same age es we wus. This Ben wus sawin' wood when we went inter ther yard an' he hed er pile in front o' him ter fit up with more than six cords in it. For all that, when we got up ter him, Hank sez: 'Hello, Ben, what ye goin' ter do when ye git that pile o' wood fitted up?' Ben kind er grinned an' looked towards ther house, then turnin' to us sez:

"'Fishin' ef you'll go with me'.

"Ye see that wus jes' ther thing we wanted ter git him started on, so we sez ter him, 'Do you know whar we can git some fish?'

"In a sort o' a half whisper, he sed: 'I mos' know.'

"Then he went on to tell us how 'bout er week 'fore Master Hugh hed got up one mornin' 'fore enybudy else wus stirrin' in ther house; nobudy knowed whar he wus 'til he come back inter ther house jes' as ther family wus sittin' down ter breakfas' an' he hed er string o' more than forty trout.

"Ben sed his father asked Master Hugh whar he got them fish, but all he would say wus, 'Tain't no use ter tell ye, 'cause thar hain't no more whar them come from.'

"We didn't hev no chance ter ask Ben eny more questions, for jes' then his mother come ter ther door an' hollered out in er sort o' sharp way fer Ben ter come inter ther house.

"Thar wus er good many mothers 'bout Bethmar in them days who thought that their boys wus er good deal better off in ther house when Hank an' me wus 'bout, an' Ben's mother wus one o' them wimmin."



"In a sort o' a half whisper, he sed, 'I mos' know'"

up, Sophia, that's Ed's wife, sed: 'Mandy Wheeler carried her grist to a tarnel poor miller when she married that Rufe Hopkins, fer he didn't know enything.' Mandy never quite fergive Sophia fer sayin' that 'bout me, but I didn't mind much, fer I allus kind o' thought that Sophia wusn't fur out o' ther way.

"Now ter git ter what 'come o' them fish. Ye see Hank an' me wus gittin' inter a good many scrapes 'bout that time, but that wus ther fust time that we hed been showed up 'fore a whole school full o' scholars; so we felt pretty sheepish like an' wus willin' to let ther thing die out es quick es it would.

Uncle Rufe stopped talking for a moment, and for the first time since these two old men had met, Holman spoke to him in an informal way:

"Well, Rufus, you truly have a wonderful memory, for there is not one detail in that little episode of *our* boyhood days left to be told."

Uncle Rufe had taken Holman's bait; for the instant that he let drop that he was Hank Holman, the tranquil expression on Uncle Rufe's face changed to one of deep perplexity.

Slowly rising out of his chair, with his arms extended, he took a few steps toward where Holman was seated. Then suddenly let his hands fall to his side and with tears running down his furrowed cheeks, he muttered half to himself: "No, no, you hain't Hank Holman, 'cause Hank wus tall an' skinny an' hed red hair."

Holman at once saw that the old man would have to be humored or it would not be an easy matter to convince him of his identity. Taking his chair, he went over to where the old man was sitting and placing it in front of him, sat down and said:

"Yes, Rufe, it is true the last time you saw Hank Holman he was tall and skinny, and he was also endowed with a good crop of red hair, but as you said a while ago, 'that was a long spell ago and things have changed since then.'"

Stooping over and placing his hand on Uncle Rufe's knee, Holman with a smile looked at the old man and said: "I just don't know what to think of you not recognizing your old friend.

"Here you have been sitting for an hour telling my wife what a bad boy Hank Holman was. Now I think it is my duty to tell her of a certain bad boy that I once knew, although on the occasion that I am going to mention there was with this boy another boy and girl, who perhaps were equally as bad.

"One summer afternoon, many years ago, these three youngsters were in the vicinity of an old Academy. Being at a season of the year when there was no school, they thought it would be a capital idea to go inside the old building and look around. Finding a window that they could raise, they crawled in.

"After looking around a while, they decided it would be a great stunt to take down the stove funnel and fill it full of 'stuff.' After they got the funnel down, they could find no stuffing.

"One of those boys lived but a short distance from this Academy, so he was delegated to go home and raid his mother's 'rag bag' and bring back the necessary 'stuffin'. This he did, and when the job was duly finished the funnel was put back in its place.

"It was always the custom in those days to hold a reception at the Academy on the Saturday evening previous to the opening of the fall term. This gave everybody a chance to get acquainted.

"It was on one of these reception nights that these three 'Bad Ones' had a chance to see if their work, which they did on that summer afternoon, was going to be effective or not.

"The day had been nice and warm, but after sunset it grew to be very cold; so after the Academy was well filled, a fire was started in the old drum stove. Of course, the chimney wouldn't draw and in no time the room was so full of smoke that it was almost suffocating.

"After a good portion of the gathering had been driven out of the room, the fire in the stove was extinguished by pouring in a bucket of water. At this time somebody suggested that it might be a good idea to disconnect the funnel, as the seat of the trouble might be located there. This was done, and that 'somebody' had guessed right.

"During the entire time that this had been going on, there were two women who had not left the room. They were standing side by side near where the stove funnel was being 'dissected.'

"One of these women was the mother of the bad boy and girl. The other woman was the mother of the other bad boy.

"As the 'stuffin' was being pulled from the funnel, the 'one bad boy's' mother turned to the mother of the other two and very quietly said:

"'Come, Mary, this is no place for us. They have just pulled Rufus' grandfather's vest out of the funnel.'

When Holman had finished, there was no longer any doubt in Uncle Rufe's mind

about his guest being Hank Holman. Instead of becoming enthusiastic, as one would naturally have supposed he would have done, when he was convinced, he reached over and placed his hand on Holman's shoulder and in his simple, deliberate way said:

"Hank, don't ye 'spose ther Lord will fergive me fer sayin' ter you a spell ago thet I thought I was payin' pretty big interest for ther borrowed time I wus livin'?"

THE MEETING

It was near the end of the afternoon and Holman knew that it was about the time when David Bradbury would return. The more he thought of the meeting, the more perplexed he became. He knew from what Uncle Rufe had said, that Bradbury had in no way enlightened him concerning the tragedy of his early life. So, in order that he might spare Bradbury the sorrow that Uncle Rufe's garrulous sympathy would occasion, he arose from the chair where he had been sitting and walked toward the door, at the same time casting a quick glance at his wife, which she interpreted rightly. Mrs. Holman at once proceeded to engage the old man in conversation so that her husband's departure might pass unremarked.

Once outside the house, Holman started along the beaten path toward the end of the lane. He had nearly reached the main highway, when he saw the bent figure of an old man turn from the road and walk, with bowed head, slowly down the path toward him. Holman's heart sank within him as he watched that feeble figure slowly wend its way toward the spot where he stood.

A full half century had elapsed since Holman last saw the one who now so feebly approached him and in his mind's eye arose the picture of the young man in the prime of his robust manhood standing beside the newly made grave of her whose tragic, untimely death had stricken forever the light from his life.

Bradbury had now approached near enough to where Holman was standing to notice him, and bowing a pleasant salutation, was passing on when Holman

stepped before him and with arms outstretched and in a voice choked with emotion said: "David, don't you know me?"

Bradbury stopped and for a moment stood gazing at Holman in a puzzled way. Slowly drawing his right hand before his eyes, as if to remove some great veil from his vision, a look of recognition flashed into the dim old eyes. He threw himself into the outstretched arms of his oldtime friend and cried out, "Henry." The two old men stood there for what seemed to be many minutes, sobbing as if their hearts would break.

What sad thoughts passed through their minds as they stood there, never were expressed in words.

Bradbury was the first to break the painful silence and, as he slowly released himself from Holman's embrace, he said in a voice which trembled with emotion, from which he had so lately been overcome.

"Henry, at this moment more forcibly than ever before in my life is that far-reaching goodness of our dear heavenly Father brought before me. During all the weary years of my lonely life, that I have been a wanderer on the face of the earth, never once has that ray of sunshine, given me by the memory of the years of happiness that we spent together here in this sleepy little hamlet, been shut out by the otherwise impenetrable cloud that has enveloped me.

"Now to hear your dear voice again, after all these years, is like the music of the Clarion from on high."

Here the old man paused a moment before continuing the conversation and placing his hand on Holman's shoulder said in a voice of almost childlike pleading: "You'll go for a walk with me tomorrow, won't you, Henry?"

Holman informed Bradbury that his stay at old Bethmar would, from necessity, be of short duration. At the same time he assured him that he would certainly take time to go with him and visit again the old scenes, which held so much that was dear to the memory of both.

This assurance filled Bradbury with a happiness that he had not known before since early manhood.

When they reached the Hopkins home, Uncle Rufe was standing in the doorway awaiting their coming. While they were still some distance away, Uncle Rufe, with his quaint drawl, said to Holman:

"Couldn't wait, could ye, 'till Dave got home? Hed ter go up ther lane ter meet him. Bet er doughnut ye didn't fool Dave ther way ye did me."

When Holman told Uncle Rufe that the recognition had been almost instantaneous between he and Dave, he shook his grizzled head and said:

"Guess what Sophy Wheeler said 'bout me was pretty near true when she sed Rufe Hopkins never did know much."

It had been a day of suppressed ex-

citement for these four old people, and supper had scarcely been eaten, when Uncle Rufe arose to the occasion and said:

"You know 'tain't never bin my way ter rush things, but I wus jes' thinkin' thet Hank an' his wife hes bin on ther go ever sence early this mornin'. You, Dave, have bin up gossipin' with ther new minister all ther afternoon, an' thet's work, ye know. So I guess we hed all better go ter bed, 'cause we want ter be up with ther crows in ther mornin'."

When Uncle Rufe had finished putting forth this edict, everyone seemed willing to acquiesce, and in one half hour's time the old house was wrapped in darkness.

But were the occupants sleeping?

(To be continued)

A WOMAN'S PRAYER

O LORD, who knowest every need of mine,
Help me to bear each cross and not repine;
Grant me fresh courage every day,
Help me to do my work alway
Without complaint!

O Lord, Thou knowest well how dark the way;
Guide Thou my footsteps, lest they stray;
Give me fresh faith for every hour,
Lest I should ever doubt Thy power
And make complaint!

Give me a heart, O Lord, strong to endure,
Help me to keep it simple, pure,
Make me unselfish, helpful, true
In every act, whate'er I do,
And keep content!

Help me to do my woman's share,
Make me courageous, strong to bear
Sunshine or shadow in my life!
Sustain me in the daily strife
To keep content!

—“Heart Throbs,” II.



THE DOG IN THE HOTEL

by
Jack Brant

I'M a mild-mannered man. All my friends will admit that I am a mild-mannered man. But there is one thing that nobody dares talk to me about—and that's my wife's sister Emily's dog. It's because nobody will talk to me about it that I am writing this, to relieve a little of the pressure on my feelings.

Emily resembles my wife, who is the most beautiful person in the world, so I was very willing to meet her at the South Station, take her to lunch, and later see her safely on the Bar Harbor express. My sigh over the breaking up of a day of business was for effect. My wife told me not to mind, I would enjoy it; if she knew about the dog at the time she evidently thought it too trivial a matter to mention.

The train was twenty-three minutes and a half late—I timed it because such things aggravate me. But I forgot about that when I kissed Emily; I always kiss my wife's sisters; they expect it. Then I took her suitcase and umbrella in one hand and her blanket coat and tennis racquet in the other and started for the street.

"Oh, we mustn't forget Sambo," she cried.

Sambo meant nothing to me then. I thought she referred to the colored porter, and put down the suitcase and the umbrella and gave him half a dollar. Then I picked up the suitcase and the umbrella and started again.

"But Sambo!" she said.

"I gave him fifty cents," I answered.

I thought she hadn't seen me. She laughed.

"What a joke! Sambo isn't a man, he's a dog. He's in the baggage car—that's he, barking."

I had heard the barking for some time and noticed that it was a most annoying bark. A feeling of impending disaster came over me. I looked back at the baggage car, where something seemed to be happening, for a large crowd had collected. When we got there it was twice as large. At one side of the open door stood Sambo—one of those long-haired, long-eared, long-nosed, long-bodied, short-legged Scotch dogs—barking furiously at the grinning people about him. At the other side of the door stood the baggage-master, very red and very angry, talking in a loud voice to some official on the platform below him.

"All the way from New York," we heard him say, "and there wasn't nothing I could do for it. He's made speeches to the crowd at every stop, and to me personally between. And just because I didn't approve of some of the planks in his platform and turned my back on him at what I thought was a safe distance, he tackled me from the rear and tore a rip across the seat of my pants just outside of Boston. Now I can't turn round to unload till the crowd clears out, or I borrow a safety-pin."

This was greeted with loud guffaws from the crowd. I dropped the suitcase and the umbrella and the coat and the tennis racquet and elbowed my way to the door.

"That's my dog," I said hotly. I said it hotly because I was feeling hot.

"Thank heaven he's not mine!" said the baggage-master. "If you want him, come up and get him. I'll not touch him unless it's to drop a trunk on him."

With the help of the baggage-master and friendly boosts from behind, I got into the car, with no other damage beside a large smooch of grime down the leg of my trousers. It was my best suit; I had put it on in honor of the occasion. In spite of my rising wrath I had time to think of my clothes, which shows that I was keeping my head. I was thinking of my clothes when I jumped back out of reach of the snap which Sambo made for my legs. The baggage-master chuckled.

"Nice doggie! Come, doggie!" said I, holding out my hand after the manner of tamers of dogs, but keeping it at a safe distance. Sambo came as far as the leash would let him and barked at me.

"He don't greet you exactly like an old friend," said the baggage-master.

"No," I answered, "and he isn't. If he had reached me then, I would have helped you drop the trunk on him."

There was a little scream of dismay from the outside, and Sambo began bouncing up and down at the end of the leash and barking with joy—an entirely different noise from his former bark. Emily had pushed her way to the door of the baggage car in time to hear my threat about the trunk. At sight of her the baggage-master, who had started to help me, backed hastily against the side of the car and stood there bashfully.

I realized that this was my opportunity. While Sambo's attention was occupied by

Emily, I slipped around behind him, clambered over a pile of trunks, scraped a square inch of skin off of my right shin on the sharp edge of one of them, reached down from a perilous angle and untied the leash. With one bound Sambo was in Emily's arms. A cheer went up from the crowd.

"Hold on there," called the baggage-master, "I've got to take that check off of him before you can have him."

"Go and take it off," said I. My shin was hurting, and it did me good to see him discomfited. I knew that he would not move from the protection of the side of the car for a thousand checks. Emily had heard him, and stopped to fumble with the check.

"I can't get it off," she said.

"I can't help you, Miss," said the baggage-master, "because your dog has fixed it so that I can't move."

"Sambo didn't bite you?" Emily, oblivious to the crowd, was all sympathy.

"Well, no, he didn't exactly bite me, but he came mighty close to it. He—he—"

I thrust a five-dollar bill into his hand, which had the same effect as if I had thrust it into his mouth, and jumped out into the crowd and led Emily to her pile of baggage. I picked up the suitcase and the umbrella and the coat and the tennis racquet, and finally got them all stowed away in a taxi, together with Sambo and Emily. The first stop that we made was at a store where they sold dog muzzles. I got out and bought one and put it on Sambo, despite the protests of Emily that he was as mild as a lamb. Even if he was as mild as a lamb at that moment, I wasn't going to take any chances with what remained of my suit. We men must be firm.



"Oh, we musin't forget Sambo."

We rode to the Toureen, which is the hotel where my wife says that I should take my wife's sisters; I would never think of the extravagance of a taxi and lunch at the Toureen if I had not been with my wife's sister. It was not a very gay ride. Emily had taken offence at my firm-mindedness in putting the muzzle on Sambo and refused to talk, after the manner of a few women when they imagine that they have been wronged, and Sambo and I looked at each other with mutually growing dislike, neither of us saying anything. I wondered what we would do at the Toureen.

The first part was easier than I expected. Bell-boys swooped from all sides, and they had the umbrella and the suitcase and the tennis racquet and the coat and Sambo and all of my change before I realized what was going on. The boy who got the suitcase got Sambo and most of the change. I should have advised him to change the suitcase for the umbrella had not Emily taken up all of his time with instructions as to what kind of food and how much Sambo should be given.

When Sambo found he was to be led away for a lonely lunch in lower regions, he voiced his indignation by a series of long-drawn howls, each howl ending in a pathetic but very audible wail.

One would have imagined that he was undergoing the severest torture, rather than being led to a real Toureen lunch down stairs. Everybody looked up, and two policemen came hastily through the turnstile that blocked the entrance, followed by as many of the people on the street who could get by the doorkeeper. When the policemen saw that the dog had a muzzle on him, they didn't say anything, only just looked at me. Everybody looked at me; if there is one thing I don't like, it's being stared at, especially in the

lobby of a hotel. I grabbed Emily by the arm and hurried her into the dining-room, where we were lucky enough to get a table immediately. I was thankful to get seated, for I was afraid we might be put out. My worst nightmares are of being roughly put out of a hotel before a crowd of silent, staring onlookers.

Then we heard it! We couldn't tell where it came from, but there could be no mistake what it came from. It was the same exasperating bark that had issued from the baggage-car—Sambo's call to his mistress. With it came an awful, unnerving dread that we would be sought out by burly porters, perhaps a policeman, and be conspicuously thrust from the hotel.

My first impulse was to leave the hotel while we could still do so peacefully, and desert Sambo to his fate, which I had no doubt would be some sudden death. One look at Emily convinced me of the hopelessness of suggesting such a plan. She loved Sambo, and when a girl loves a dog or a man, to try to reason with her is hopeless.

"It's Sambo," she said.

"Yes," answered I, rather dryly, "it is Sambo!"

"Do you suppose they are hurting him?"

I was afraid not. I kept silent for fear that I might say so. Still I do not think that she would have heard anything that I said, for she was thinking of something else.

"Don't you suppose," she said, "that they might let him come in here?"

For a moment I glared—literally glared—at her. Then I had an idea.

"I'll go and see," I said. I went out into the lobby, keeping step to a distant yelping, which strengthened me in my resolve. There I picked out what looked like an intelligent bell-boy, and slipped a dollar bill into his hand. It's very easy to find the hand of a bell-boy with a dollar bill.



*"Run to the nearest drug store
and get me a small bottle of
chloroform."*

"Run," I said, "to the nearest drug store and get me a small bottle of chloroform."

Then I returned to Emily and explained that it was against the rules of the office to allow dogs into the dining-room. Having taken the step, I felt my good humor returning, and even joked a little about Sambo's Toureen luncheon, which remarks I am afraid were lost on Emily.

In an incredibly short time I saw my bell-boy zigzagging among the tables toward me. I beamed up at him.

"Excuse me, sir," he said in a loud voice, "but they want to know why you want the chloroform."

It was a trying moment. Emily looked at me with horror and surprise. I think I turned a little red, and spotted my clothes with soup, but otherwise I kept my head beautifully.

"Tell them," I said, "that it is to take spots off clothes," and I pointed to my soiled trousers' leg.

This relieved the situation. The boy left us, and Emily smiled, and said how sorry she was that I had soiled my suit. Then we talked of other things till the boy returned and put a large pint bottle on the table.

"It isn't chloroform, sir," he said, "it's benzine. They said it was better."

There was nothing to do. I told the boy to clear out, and he cleared out. Inside of me I could feel my anger rising like a volcanic eruption. I knew that the Fates were combining in an effort to outwit me. But they could not do it! I would pit my ingenuity against theirs and foil them yet. The bell-boy was an imbecile, an incompetent, and I would call the head waiter. I shut my teeth with a snap and turned sharply. My elbow struck something, there was a moment of suspense, and then the crash of breaking glass. The bottle was gone, and my anger was fed by a sickening smell of spilled benzine.

The manner in which I took Emily's

arm and led her from the room was awe-inspiring. No hand was raised to stop us, no word was spoken to us. We were not alone—the door was jammed with laughing or angry guests, depending on the stage at which their lunch had been interrupted.

At the check-room I stopped long enough to get the suitcase and the tennis racquet and the coat and the umbrella. There was quite a gathering in the hall, but I hoped that we might escape unnoticed, for the attention was directed to the dining-room, and not to those leaving. I had been slightly spattered, but no more so

than two or three others who had been sitting near us (whom I avoided carefully) and everyone who came from the dining-room might have been spattered, for they all brought a good deal of the smell with them.

Out through the swinging doors to the sidewalk we passed, unmolested. Of course there was no cab near—there never is when you want one in a hurry. I took Emily firmly by the arm and started up the street.

"We are leaving Sam-

bol!" cried Emily. She had been saying it for some time, but I had not heard her.

"Sambo be blowed!" I think I said "be blowed." Then, as Emily showed signs of fainting I added, "We'll send for him later." Although I did not mean it at the time, I think I would have sent for him in the end.

I realized that someone was following us; a man we passed informed me that they were calling me. I thanked him and told Emily to hurry. It was quite a distance to the subway entrance, but I hoped we could make it. People were calling—I could hear them now. We were going as fast as a load of baggage and a narrow skirt would allow, and they were gaining on us. I could hear someone running just behind me now. At the entrance he was only a few feet away, and I knew it was hopeless; he would catch us.



*"Sambo be blowed!" I think I said
"be blowed"*

I stopped and turned defiantly, determined to fight if necessary.

It was the clerk at the office. I recognized him because he had a bald head. In his right hand he held a leash, and at the end of the leash was Sambo; excited as I was, I noticed little details.

"Here's your dog," he said, and thrust the leash at Emily. He was too much out of breath to say more, and we left him gasping. Emily tried to thank him, but I had seen a cab, and in another minute we were all safely in it.

Still I don't believe he would have bothered us about the benzine, he was too relieved to get rid of the dog.

Emily sat on a bench in the North Station until her train was made up, with Sambo in her lap. I remember getting her a sandwich, and but for that respite I sat with her and tried to read the newspaper between attempts at conversation. As soon as the train was ready, Sambo was persuaded to enter the baggage car, and I deposited Emily in her seat. Then I excused myself because of an important business engagement, and hurried to the nearest bar. I do not drink during business hours as a rule, but every rule has its exceptions.

When Emily returned from Bar Harbor last week I was unavoidably detained out of town.

THE JUNGLE

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

I SAW within the jungle deep
The monstrous beasts of prey,
I saw the noisome things that creep
Throughout the night and day.

I heard the lion shake the world
With thunder roar on roar;
Upon creation's head was hurled
His wrath forevermore.

I saw the serpent swift and dread
The tiger in its coils enfold
Till all the grass with war grew red
And horror never told.

I saw the dark birds hide the sun—
The raucous vultures swooping round
Even before the strife was done
Upon the bloody ground.

I looked, and with repugnance keen
I turned away—to wake with start—
God! could it be that I had seen
The depths of mine own heart?

The Nobility *of the* Trades

THE DENTIST

••• by Charles Winslow Hall •••

O f all the professors of healing and preventive medicine and surgery there are none who have so numerous a clientele, and few who play a more important part in the preservation of the health and beauty of their patients than modern American dentists.

A rude dentistry doubtless existed from the earliest times, for the removal of the deciduous or "milk" teeth, when their permanent successors replaced them, was seldom completed without requiring some primitive method of extraction on the part of relatives and friends. It will be hardly necessary to remind the adult reader of the ministrations of strong fingers, with or without strings, that "yanked out" teeth too loose to be of any use, yet still painfully attached to gums already tumid with burgeoning ivory.

In a world in which arrows, sling-stones, clubs, and sword strokes, not to speak of more peaceful fisticuffs and wrestling-falls, were the chief arguments in settling differences of opinion, there must have been numerous losses of teeth and lacerations of jaws and cheeks which required attention from the wise men and old women who were adepts in the healing art; and skill in this service was recognized at a very early date, as well as the use of certain medicaments to cure or lessen the pain of toothache and kindred diseases.

The most ancient medical work now existing is the Ebers papyrus, secured in 1873 by Professor George Ebers from a native of Luxor, in Upper Egypt. It is generally assumed that it was written about B. C. 1550, but refers in some sections to methods and medicines prescribed as far back as 3700 B. C., 5,612 years ago. Among the one hundred and eight sections or chapters of this papyrus, Chapter 103 begins:

"Beginning of the book about the *uxdu* in all the members of a person, such as was found in a writing under the feet of the god Anubis, in the city of Letopolis; it was brought to His Majesty, Usaphais, King of Upper and Lower Egypt." Usaphais is said to have been the fifth king of the First Dynasty, reigning about 3700 B. C., and it is hard to say how long previous to this finding the sage had lived who first compiled the chapter or used the cures recorded.

Page 72 contains three dental prescriptions "against the throbbing of the *bennut* blisters in the teeth" and "to strengthen the flesh" (gums), and is supposed to refer to the small abscesses known as gum-boils.

The first, a poultice, consisted of equal parts of "septs-grains" dough, honey, and oil; the second, a mass to be chewed, equal parts of fennel-seed, dough, anestplant, honey, incense and water; and a

third, also to be chewed, has no less than eleven equal parts of "dám-plant, anest-plant, incense, ama-a-plant, man-plant, saffron, aloe wood, annek-plant, cyperus, onion and water."

Another chapter contains eleven dental recipes, some to be chewed, others to be rubbed on the teeth or applied as a paste, and on another page among remedies for

Ebers papyrus was compiled, Herodotus of Halicarnassus (500 to 424 B.C.), styled the "Father of History," recorded the fact that "the exercise of medicine is regulated and divided among the Egyptians in such a manner that special doctors are deputed to the curing of every kind of infirmity; and no doctor would lend himself to the treatment of other maladies. Thus Egypt is quite full of doctors; those for the eye, those for the head, some for the teeth, others for the belly, or for occult maladies."

Whether or not artificial teeth, teeth filled with gold, pivoted teeth and the like have or have not been found in Egyptian tombs has been strongly asserted and almost as strongly doubted, but the finding of two canine and four incisor teeth banded together with gold in an ancient Sidonian tomb seems to be generally accepted as proof that reparative dentistry is a very ancient art, albeit rarely exercised, except among very rich people.



DENTIST'S LANCET AND THREE-POINTED
"ELEVATOR," PARE (1580)

TWO "RAVEN'S-BILL" FORCEPS AND AN IN-
CISOR EXTRACTOR, GIRO CANSO,
FABRIZIO (1600)

various skin diseases there are three prescriptions for diseases of the teeth, but there are no special references to any branch of dental surgery.

More than a thousand years after the

Among the Jews, the lover went into ecstasies over the white and regular teeth of his beloved; the judge gave freedom to the slave whose master had knocked out even one of his teeth, and David

implored Jehovah: "Break their teeth, O God, in their mouth," against his enemies; but even the Talmud has no hint at dental medicine or surgery.

The Chinese science of medicine has a literature dating back four thousand years or more. One of the treatises entitled "Nuei-King" is said to have been written by the Emperor Houang-ry, the founder of Chinese medicine, at least 2700 B. C. A large number of varieties of toothache and other dental maladies are described, although most of the ancient remedies cannot be expressed in English; but draughts, mouth washes, massage, friction, purgatives, extraction of the teeth, acupuncture and cauterization are included in the treatment, which recognizes the exhibition of pills and powders in the nostrils or ears as valuable accessories.

The Japanese have long been accustomed to blacken the teeth of their wives and used many dental prescriptions drawn from Chinese sources. It is said that professional "tooth pullers" formerly trained their fingers and wrists for the

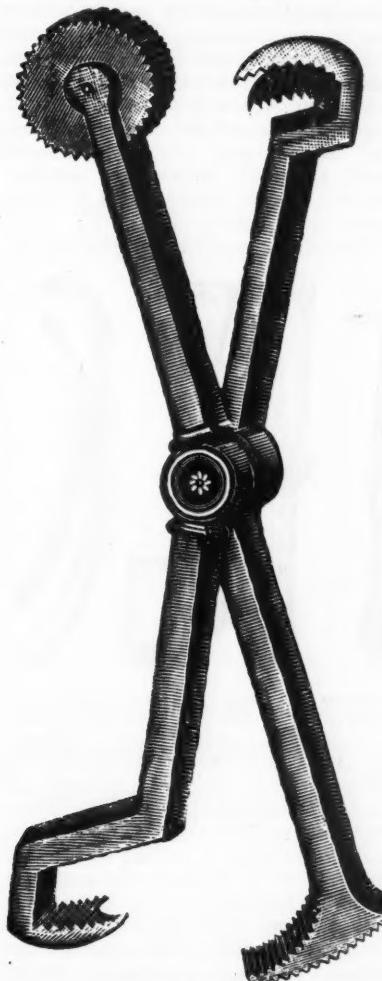
board. It is said that these men often became singularly expert in extracting teeth quickly and with very little injury to the socket and processes.

Certain it is that Hippocrates, the



INCISOR AND "STORKSBILL" FORCEPS AND TWO DENTAL FILES, AMBROSE PARÉ (1580)

work by driving hardwood pegs into a soft wood board and pulling them out again until they could extract pegs almost flush with the surface of the board, continuing the training with a hardwood



DOUBLE ACTING "PELICAN" FOR EXTRACTING TEETH, AMBROSE PARÉ (1580)

Asklepiades, Aristotle and other ancient Greek practitioners preferred to extract only such teeth as could be taken out by practiced fingers, and although pincers and foreeps existed, they were very rude

and cruel in their operation. The binding together of loose natural teeth with gold wire was also practiced.

The Etruscans, of ancient Tuscany, before the founding of Rome (B. C. 753) a free people, led all the nations of their day in dental science, and among the many beautiful and interesting objects gathered from the dust in their ancient tombs are found tooth "crowns" of enamel and partial sets of teeth banded and anchored with gold to the natural teeth; a kind of "bridge-work" antedating our modern improvements by some twenty-five hundred years.

Etruscan art was transferred to Rome,



DENTISTS' LANCE, TWO "PELICANS" AND CURVED FORCEPS, AMBROSE PARÉ (1580)

for (B. C. 450) the law of the Twelve Tables forbade the waste of gold by burning it with the body on the funeral pyre, but provided "but it shall not be unlawful to bury or to burn it, with the gold with which perchance the teeth may be bound together."

Celsus, born about B. C. 30, advocates the use of a narcotic, compounded of acorn kernels, castoreum, cinnamon, poppy, mandrake and pepper for a severe tooth-ache. He also speaks of sweating baths, fomentations, etc. When extraction is unavoidable, the gum must be thoroughly lanced and the tooth gradually removed with the fingers, if possible; pincers are only to be used as a last resort.

Pliny, born at Como (A. D. 23), who

while in command of the Roman fleet was suffocated at Stabia while observing the eruption of Vesuvius and the destruction of Pompeii (A. D. 79), has preserved in his great work on natural history many remedies for dental diseases, most of which are fanciful and cabalistic to a degree, various preparations of animal charcoal and lime procured by burning portions of different animals, as a lizard's liver, shells of snails, salt fish, frogs, crabs, etc., are highly recommended.

Toothpicks of gold, silver, bronze, bone, ivory, etc., were used, and movable sets of false teeth must have been in use, since both Martial and Horace speak of these falling out and disclosing the substitution. Octavia, the wife of Antony, kept her teeth white with a charcoal powder made by burning balls of barley dough mixed with vinegar and honey and perfumed with an equal weight of spike-nard.

Galen of Pergamus, Asia Minor, born about B. C. 131, was for many years the chief medical authority at Rome during his life and for centuries since throughout the world. His description of the teeth, their diseases and the remedies therefor was superior to all former attempts, but some of his remedies would be utterly brutal today, as, for instance, the cauterization with boiling oil of ulcerated gums. He gives directions for the loosening of teeth previous to extraction, by the use of certain drugs, and directs that the fingers only should be employed, except as a last resort, when the gums should be detached from the tooth and pincers employed.

From the Third to the Seventh Century little seems to have been added except the substitution of charms and amulets for medical and surgical aids. Paul, of Aegina, was the last great Byzantine physician. His directions for the care of the teeth are generally excellent, but extraction is still a slow and painful process, in which the lancet is freely used.

Arabian science from the Seventh to the Eleventh Century preserved to the world the medical knowledge of the ancients and added to the list of remedies many important specialties. Rhazes, a Persian in the Ninth Century, used a

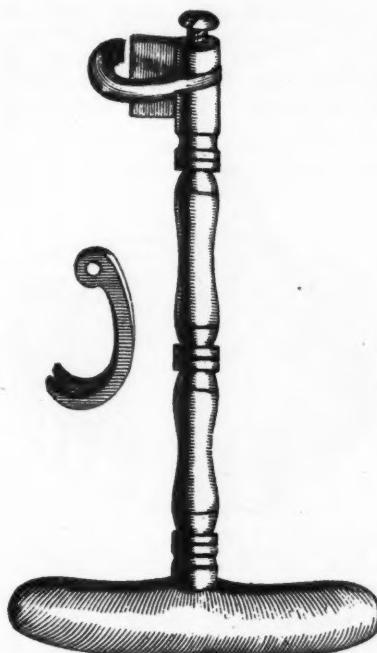
stopping of mastic and honey, astringent washes, opium, attar of roses, pepper, ginger, storax and other drugs, but avoided extraction, seeking by bleeding, scarification, cauterization and the use of coloquintida and arsenic to so loosen diseased teeth as to allow of their easy removal. Ali Abbas (died A. D. 994), destroyed aching nerves with heated needles guided into the cavity by a metallic tube.

Avicenna (A. D. 980-1037) also a Persian, is still considered a great master of medicine, and gave considerable attention to the study and cure of dental troubles, but added little that was new to the methods of his predecessors. Abdulcasis, born near Cordova, Spain (A. D. 1050), was the first to seriously treat the evils of tartar incrustation and direct its removal by scrapers of various shapes, illustrations of which were given, several of which are still represented by modern instruments. The extraction of teeth was an operation preceded by the resection of the gums and the use of fingers and light forceps to loosen the roots previous to the final extraction by forceps of sufficient power. The use of elevators and special forceps for removing roots and splinters of bone, of saws and scalpels and other instruments show that this Moorish doctor of the Eleventh Century must have had almost as large a variety of dental specialties as a modern practitioner. Replantation, the wiring of loose teeth to sound ones, the use of the saw and file, are all described and illustrated in this work.

The last of the great Moorish doctors was Avenzoar, born near Seville (A. D. 1070), died at the advanced age of ninety-two years. He says little about dental diseases and nothing about dental surgery, which had gradually passed into the hands of barbers and charlatans. Inasmuch as the public executioner also drew teeth as a punishment for certain misdemeanors and minor felonies, it is thought that it was considered below the dignity of a physician to compete with barbers, charlatans and hangmen.

From the Thirteenth to the Fifteenth Centuries little was added to dental therapy, but Guy de Chauliac, of Auvergne, France, born about A. D. 1300,

advocates hygiene and medical treatment of a heroic character as a preface to the employment of a barber or "dentator," to whom should be confided (under medical supervision) the exhibition and use of "mouth washes, gargles, masticatories, fillings, evaporation, anointments, rubbings, fumigations, cauterizations, sternutatories, instillations into the ears and manual operations." Evidently the "dentators" of those days had become, in some



TOOTH KEY, WITH EXTRA CLAWS, WHICH, IN OLD DAYS, BROKE MANY JAWS

cases at least, fairly well-equipped dentists, and entitled to respect and confidence.

He also says: "Some prescribe medicines that overcome the patient with sleep, so that the incision may not be felt, such as opium, the juice of the morel, hyoscyamus, mandrake, ivy, hemlock lettuce. A new sponge is soaked in these juices and left to dry in the sun; and when they have need of it they put this sponge in warm water and hold it under the nostrils of the patient until he goes

to sleep. Then they perform the operation." Guy also goes on to say that it was necessary to apply another sponge soaked in vinegar to the nostrils or even to drop into the nose and ears the juice of rue or fennel. Were the simples of those days more powerful than now, or were the people more readily responsive to the effect of such remedies? Other surgeons, it seems, gave their patients opium to drink, but Guy denounces a practice which had been the cause of several deaths.

Giovanni of Arcoli, professor of medicine at the universities of Bologna and Padua (died A. D. 1484), wrote extensively on medicine, chiefly rather as a commentator than an originator. He first of all mentions



AARON BURR'S ARTIFICIAL TEETH MADE BY FAUCHARD, WORN 26 YEARS (1746)

the filling of teeth with gold and illustrates the newly-invented "pelican," a powerful but cruel extractor of diseased molars, an instrument destined to extract many sound teeth and splinter many aching jaws before it was replaced by the less barbarous "tooth-key."

Andreas Vesalius of Brussels (A. D. 1514-1564), Paracelsus, a Swiss (born A. D. 1493), Gabriel Fallopius of Modena (1523-1562) and Bartholomew Eustachius of Italy (died 1574), added greatly to the knowledge of dental anatomy and of the origin, growth and decay of the teeth. On the other hand, it is evident that these wise doctors did not consider it lay within their province to expatiate on curative and operative dental surgery.

Of another mind was Ambrose Paré, born at Bourg-Herrent, France, in 1517, who began his medical career as a barber's apprentice, whence in due season he was promoted to be the assistant of a Parisian surgeon-barber. Then he entered the hospital service of the Hotel Dieu, and finally, when thirty-seven years old, had made up his lack of early education and was admitted to the College of Surgeons, where within five months, in 1554, he received his diplomas as a doctor in surgery. In 1562 he became chief surgeon to the king under Charles IX and Henri III, and although a Protestant, was saved from the massacre of Saint Bartholomew by Charles IX, who hid him in the royal wardrobe. His chapters on the teeth and their treatment are very original and interesting, illustrated by anecdote and drawings of improved pelicans, forceps, files, lancets, and elevators, which were often quite ornate and superior to those formerly in use. The transplantation of teeth and the substitution of artificial dentures were evidently not uncommon.

In the Seventeenth Century the virtues of tobacco, smoked, held in solution in the mouth and also as a dentifrice, are extolled, and considerable discoveries in anatomy and microscopic lore were described, but operative dentistry was still largely left to the barbers and professional tooth-surgeons. In the Eighteenth Century partial sets of teeth carved in bone or ivory, and even full sets began to come into more general use.

In the Eighteenth Century one notices the adoption of the powerful "English key" which so long was the favorite dental extractor of the army and navy surgeon, the sea captain and numberless minor "tooth-butchers" of the two last centuries. Its sharp steel claws, interchangeable for left or right hand appliance, and the powerful leverage of the cross handle and curved shank, made it most efficient as far as extraction went, but it often left behind damaged jaws which it took long weeks to heal again.

Pierre Fauchard (A. D. 1690-1761) demonstrated that as early as 1700 there were in France dentists who had passed an examination in medicine. He describes the filling of decayed teeth with tin, lead,

or gold, preferring tin to lead, but either to gold; and claims that he had seen a lead filling that had lasted forty years. His excavators, cutting forceps, elevators, and other instruments much resemble many now in use. He crowned roots with a pivoted crown, made full sets of artificial teeth connected by springs, supplied lower sets, which kept their place well, and even in two or three instances managed independent upper plates which kept in place and did good service. He also managed to give these teeth a coating of white enamel, which added greatly to their beauty. A set made for Aaron Burr in 1746 was satisfactorily worn by him for many years.

Mouton, of Paris (1746), applied gold crowns to badly decayed teeth, but enamelled those that were in sight, instead of polishing them. Pfaff, dentist to Frederick the Great, king of Prussia, states that artificial teeth in his time were made of ivory, bone, hippopotamus teeth, walrus tusk, and human teeth, as well as silver, mother of pearl and enamelled copper. He was the first to make plaster models and to cap the exposed dental pulp before filling the tooth.

Lentin, a German, in 1756 advocated the use of electricity as a cure for tooth-ache, and the magnet held in the hand had, half a century before, been highly extolled by several authorities, but the fad was short-lived.

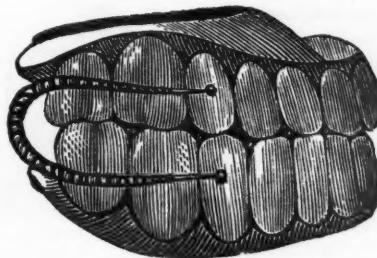
Thomas Berdmore, dentist to George III of England, published an excellent work on dentistry, and trained many professional dentists, one of whom, Robert Woofendale, came to America in 1766, and is said to be the first regular dentist established in the New World.

John Aitkin in 1771 perfected the English key, lessening the danger of fracturing the tooth and its gum, but for many years it was used by many "operators" for all kinds of teeth and unfortunate patients. The clumsy pelican continued in use in Italy until well into the Nineteenth Century, although in some cases three teeth instead of one have been erased by unskillful operators.

In America, the Nineteenth Century witnessed a remarkable improvement and growth in scientific dentistry. By 1848

the use of plates and artificial gums in connection with spring-united sets of artificial teeth had greatly extended their use and usefulness, but the introduction of vulcanized rubber plates held by atmospheric pressure has done away with the use of springs and greatly reduced the cost of artificial teeth.

Porcelain teeth, now so perfectly and cheaply manufactured by millions, were invented in 1774 by M. Duchateau, a Parisian apothecary, but those first made contracted in the kiln while baking. He then set to work with M. Chamant, a Parisian dentist, and produced a set for himself and some others, and was given an honorary membership in the Royal Academy of Surgeons. M. Chamant, however, kept experimenting, greatly improved the teeth, and some twelve years later obtained from Louis XVI a patent



ARTIFICIAL TEETH WITH SPIRAL GOLD SPRINGS AND GUM PLATES

for their invention, while the original inventor was left out in the cold. The teeth now made can scarcely be told from the finest natural dentures, and then chiefly by their too perfect regularity and color.

The introduction of "the Lethean," as it was called by Dr. Morton in September, 1846, revived public interest in the use of the vapor of sulphuric ether as an inhalant, which previously had been but moderately employed in asthma and pulmonary complaints, but had never been used to produce insensibility to pain. Mr. Horace Wells, about the same time, revived Sir Humphrey Davy's experiments with nitrous oxide gas, and the use of chloroform was also practiced. Other methods of lessening pain introduced

during the same period include the use of the galvano-electric battery by the patient during the operation, local anesthesia by spraying with ether, cocaine, and the like, and the hypodermic injection of these liquids.

Many curious and some fatal accidents attended the early use of these "letheans," but the average dentist today is better trained and knows when to refuse to use them and how to recognize unexpected danger. It is owing to these improvements that wholesale extractions and a rapid recovery therefrom enable the dentist to furnish his customers with complete sets of teeth within a comparatively short time after extraction.

A very genial gentleman told of an experience in taking ether which seems worthy of record.

"My teeth were horribly clamped to my gums by the most solid and claw-like fangs," said he, "and I dared not try to have them extracted. Once, however, I had suffered everything with an upper molar, and Doctor Warren says to me:

"Doctor Mayo can give you ether and extract that tooth without your ever feeling it."

"He had pretty hard work to convince me, but I finally agreed to go if he would accompany me, and I took a mouthful of brandy and went.

"Dr. Mayo had a nice office, fine cuspidor, carpet, furniture, a 'solar' oil lamp on the center table, etc., and he soon had me in the chair and drawing in deep breaths of choky, sickly-sweet ether vapor for dear life. Pretty soon the pain was gone and I was enjoying myself pretty well, I thank you. Then I found myself on the road to Brighton, down Beacon Street and over the mill dam, with a neat buggy and a three-minute nag. I just snapped my whip and cried out 'G'lang, git, old fellow!' and was having the time of my life.

"Then I got to Brighton Market, and

a man who drove a pretty good team stopped and asked if I was open to a trade. I said I didn't mind, and asked him about his horse and outfit, walked round them and examined everything, and then he began to ask questions.

"I told him the truth about my horse, but when I told him that he was not yet nine years old, he talked back rather nasty. I assured him that I knew and was telling him the exact truth about the age of the horse. He came back at me mighty vicious. 'You're a d——n liar!' he cried, and the next instant I let out from the shoulder and we had a regular mix-up.

"Then everything seemed to roll away like a bad dream, and I came to myself. I was lying on the floor, amid overturned furniture and oil-soaked rugs and carpet. Dr. Mayo was leaning up against one wall, apparently fighting for more air;

and Dr. Warren was kind of doubled up and kept asking, 'Did you mean it, Thomas? Did you mean it?'

"Worst of all, my toothache had come back again, and nothing would induce Dr. Mayo to give me any more ether, and I didn't

care to let him at me with his forceps after the way I had wrecked his office and doubled him up."

Nowadays dentists are prepared to tide over that period of partial etherization in which a patient is very apt to do something characteristic, while as it were half-intoxicated; but of many curious incidents, this is the most ludicrous that has ever been brought to my notice.

Most of the states today regulate the admission of dentists to practice, and it is no longer possible for a man to set up in business with a chair, spittoon, "a pair of strong arms and a tooth key." In spite of the higher cost of living, good, honest work can be had at very reasonable prices, and dentistry in America is certainly more advanced and more liberal to the masses of the people than in any other part of the world.



DR. MORTON'S METHOD OF INHALING
ETHER, 1848

The MINER'S TALISMAN

—by—
William Alfred Corey

THE Kite Shaped local was side-tracked at a small station a few miles below San Bernardino waiting for the Overland Limited to pass us on the main track. Something had delayed the Overland, it seemed, and we who were "doing" the "Kite" began to fraternize as travelers will who are thrown together and with time a burden on their hands.

A young fellow of, I judged, about my own age and myself had gravitated together and were stretching our legs in the morning sunshine along the right of way near our coach. He was a strongly-built, smooth-faced man, with a manner that made you like him without other credentials. Moreover, he had that candid, approachable, need-no-introduction way about him that is characteristic of the mining regions of the Southwest.

We had passed naturally, in our talk, from generalities to more intimate matters, and he had told me his name was West, and that he had mining interests back on the desert. My curiosity having been aroused by a peculiar watch charm he wore, an exact counterpart, in miniature, of a tomato can—lettering on the label,

"We examined the ore and tried to question the Indian"



brilliantly pictured red tomato and all—that I made bold to ask him about it.

"That's an unusual watch charm you have, Mr. West," I said, motioning to the same, "there must be some unusual reason why you wear it. Excuse my inquisitiveness."

"Certainly," he smiled, as he unhooked the charm and handed it to me for inspection. "Yes, both the charm and the reason for wearing it are, as you surmise, unusual." And then, seeing I was interested, he proceeded to tell me the story.

"A few years ago," he began, "in the month of May, I was at Daggett with three partners, a buckboard, four mules and a complete prospecting outfit. We had plans laid to make a prospecting trip out to what is now Goldfield, Nevada, where we had heard there were good signs, both surface and ledge. But it was getting late, as traveling on the desert during the summer is extremely hazardous, and it was especially so then before the directions and water holes were as well marked as they are now.

"We had about decided to put the trip off until fall and work in the borax mines at Daggett in the meantime, when we got

wind of something that looked good nearer at hand. An Indian came into Halfbreed Charley's store at Daggett one evening bringing with him some gold quartz so rich that it made us take our feet down off the coffee barrel and take notice. The Indian wanted to trade the ore for groceries. He gave Halfbreed Charley to understand that he had a squaw and papooses out in the Calico hills and that they were hungry. He wanted grub and wanted it bad.

"While Charley was putting up the groceries we—there happened to be nobody else in the store just then but Charley and the four of our party—examined the ore and tried to question the Indian. But we could get little or nothing out of him.

buckboard headed toward the Funeral mountains.

"So the game for us, as far as a guide was concerned, was up. If the Indian really had found something good, and it certainly looked as though he had, he was apparently helping somebody else to beat us to it.

"But we weren't to be beaten without a race even if the other fellows did have the advantage. The Funeral mountains were only about a hundred miles away; by traveling nights we were certain we could make it and we trusted to either stumbling onto the find ourselves or to running across some other Indian who was wise to outcroppings of gold ore in the Funeral range.

"So we laid in grub for a month, filled



"The first two nights everything went as per schedule"

He pretended not to be able to speak English, and all we could squeeze out of him was a vague reference to the Funeral mountains somewhere northeast of a desert place called Resting Springs. But he promised us, by grunts and signs, that in two days he would return and guide us to where he had found the ore. He must first get the grub to his squaw and papooses. Then he would come back and be at our service.

"Well, we made the mistake of letting him get out of our sight. A Chinaman is the soul of honor compared with a Piute Indian. We allowed him to start off alone toward the Calico hills, foolishly depending upon his keeping his word about coming back in two days. We waited and on the afternoon of the second day workmen from the borax mines told us they had seen an Indian answering to the description of 'our' Indian with two white men in a

our four five-gallon oil cans with water and started that very night. Our mules were fresh and in good shape. Two of them we drove to the buckboard, and two we rode or used as pack animals as convenient.

"We judged that about five nights' travel would bring us to the base of the Funeral mountains, where we knew there were springs from which we could refill our cans. Then we could prospect two or three weeks before returning.

"The first two nights everything went as per schedule. We left Daggett in the early evening, passed the Calico hills to the west and Dry Gulch to the east, following the desert trail almost due north. Both nights were bright moonlight and we had no difficulty in keeping our direction. We were all experienced in desert travel and had a good general knowledge of desert topography. Straight

ahead of us loomed the Funeral range, while off to the west stood the silent Pinament peaks. And between them we knew was that vast stretch of desolation, Death Valley.

"We would have made the trip without suffering if our water supply had not given out. And that was due to an unfortunate accident. We used the water, of course, with due regard to economy, but we did not stint, since we supposed we had enough for the trip, as we would have had if a small, unnoticed nail in the wooden frame encasing one of the cans had not punctured it and allowed the whole five gallons to escape.

"Even this would not have been so serious if we had discovered the loss in time. But misfortunes never come singly. We not only lost the can of water, but that can happened to be the last one. We had used the first three freely, counting, of course, on the other one. The result was that on the evening of the third day out we discovered that we had a journey of still thirty or forty miles before us and not a drop of water.

"Neither men nor animals suffered especially during the night march. Nobody had been very dry, and the cool night had prevented acute suffering. But in the morning when we camped for rest and breakfast, we faced the desert's sternest ordeal—physical exhaustion, furnace heat and no water.

"Men and animals were spent with the night's long, laborious pull through sand and gravel. But breakfast without coffee or water was poor comfort. Indeed the mules refused to eat at all, and their braying and the pleading of their eyes was eloquent of the poor beasts' suffering.

"We decided to push on at once. Resting Springs we knew could not be over ten or twelve miles farther, and that was our only hope. It was Resting Springs or perish of thirst. And while ten or twelve miles is not far under normal conditions,

it's a mighty long distance when you are growing weaker every minute from thirst and the fiery heat and when your feet and the wheels of your vehicle are shackled by yielding sand and rolling cobblestones.

"On we struggled through, the sand as the sun rose higher and began to turn the sky into one great blue flame and the desert into a shimmering sheet of brass. We kept small pebbles rolling in our mouths to keep up the flow of saliva and prevent our tongues from swelling, and each man sought to keep up his own courage by encouraging the others.

"It must have been about eleven o'clock when young Bradford, a boy of nineteen, began to show signs of thirst craze. He and I had walked on ahead of the team while Williams, an old man, rode in the buckboard and Cramer walked behind. Bradford had been crying thickly, 'Water! water!' for some time when suddenly he began to take off his clothes, at the same time dashing ahead. His disordered brain had caught a vision of water and he was rushing to throw himself into it. I tried to hold him back, but was too weak. I knew he would probably wander off into the trackless desert and die. But I could not save him. I was too far gone myself.

"In spite of my efforts I could feel my tongue beginning to swell. My temples throbbed as though someone was beating them with a hammer. I realized that my own condition was desperate and that my reason could not hold out much longer under the strain.

"I wondered if I could stop and rest a moment. The idea struck me to lie down in the shade of a desert cactus, though its shade would hardly shield a horned toad, much less a man. I lay down, but instantly sprang up. The sand and cobblestones were as hot as though they had been baked in a campfire. So I got up and staggered on.

"Then another thought struck me. I



"Well, he ain't as crazy as I thought!"

had never been a praying man, but it occurred to me to pray for water. The idea so impressed me that I stopped and looked around. The proposition of finding water in that sun-baked waste was unthinkable. And yet it was pray or die, and I prayed.

"Well, sir, that prayer was answered almost instantly. I remember rushing back to meet the toiling buckboard and hearing old man Williams say, 'West has got 'em.' I couldn't deny it, though my mind was never clearer. My tongue was too thick to speak, and all I could do was to motion to the old man to stop the mules. Then with one bound I was on the wagon and throwing back a pile of gunny sacks that covered a dozen cans of tomatoes we were carrying. Then I drove a miner's pick into the top of one of them and the old man, now comprehending my purpose, said, 'Well, he ain't as crazy as I thought.'

"In an instant the fresh juice from those canned tomatoes was trickling over my swollen tongue and down my parching throat, though I had self-control enough not to take too much. Say! I never expect to taste anything else in this world as sweet as that tomato juice. It was the nectar of the gods to three thirst-crazed men just at that time. Why some of us never thought of the canned tomatoes before I don't know. But my prayer brought it to my mind, and I know it saved my life and possibly the others also.

"In a few minutes all were relieved,

including the mules. You should have seen and heard those mules when they smelled those tomatoes. They looked around at us and emitted the most pitiful and peculiar sounds that I ever heard come from a so-called dumb brute. They didn't bray. They *cried*—literally cried for water. And when I went and reached way back in their mouths and actually scraped the thick, dry phlegm from their tongues and then reached in and squeezed the tomato juice into their mouths, the look in their big eyes was all the thanks I needed. I've revised my ideas about animals thinking and reasoning since that day.

"Well, refreshed by the tomato juice, we pushed on and reached the Armagosa River, where we found Bradford sprawled out on the ground and with his face in a pool of brackish water that had seeped from the rocks near by. It was bad water, but it had refreshed him and he was able to get into the buckboard and we soon reached Resting Springs and safety. Do you wonder that I wear a tomato can as a watch charm?"

"I do not," I acknowledged, glancing down the track at the approaching Overland, "and did you find the gold mine you were after?"

"Don't I look fairly prosperous?" he asked by way of reply as we hurried toward our train which was already in motion to take the main track as the Overland thundered past.

A COMMONPLACE LIFE

A COMMONPLACE life," we say as we sigh.
But why should we sigh as we say?
The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky
Makes up the commonplace day.
The moon and stars are commonplace things,
And the flower that blooms and the bird that sings.
But dark were the world and sad our lot
If the flowers failed and the sun shone not.
And God, who studies each separate soul,
Out of the commonplace lives makes His beautiful Whole.

—“*Heart Throbs*,” II.

A GRADUATE

by
Ladd Plumley

AFTER his tutor had left him Philip remained standing on the corner in the storm. Again and again his thoughts bitterly repeated the opinion for which he had asked: "For your mature mind, sir, the slopes of Parnassus are slippery and steep, are slippery and very steep. I regret to say that you will never make a scholar."

For months and months, after his days of toil in the railroad office, Philip had spent his evenings in laborious study; study that had proved futile except as it went to show the truth of his tutor's opinion.

At last he remembered his engagement and hurried across the deserted town square where the arc lights glowed in blotched blurs against the curtain of the driving storm. As he came opposite the office of the *Record* a man almost rushed him down.

"It's you, Kissam!" and Philip recognized Tom Brosnan of the staff of the paper. "Jove! I was just going after you. The P. and N.—your road—bad accident at the notch. 'Phone message from the western end of the tunnel; relief train can't get through the drifts. They need a surgeon and stimulants. I go for the paper, and Doctor Agnew will go with us. Jove, it's bitter!" and he thrashed his breast with his arms.

"Wait for me at your shop," replied Philip. "I promised Brooke Agnew I'd turn up at Mrs. Hampton's dance and see her home. I'll be with you in twenty minutes or so."

As Philip pushed into the driveway of the Hampton place he could faintly hear the swing of dance music against the surging background of the storm.

As the door was opened he shook the snow from his coat, and waited near the entrance. From where he stood he could look into the shifting crowd of merry young men and radiant girls.

A dance was just ending and twice Brooke came opposite, framed in the doorway. Philip felt a kind of indefinite dull anger toward the tall man who guided the flushed girl. Yet he knew that he, himself, had little chance to win her, and he again thought what his tutor had said to him that evening—"You'll never make a scholar." Of course he would never make a scholar; no one but an idiot would have attempted such a thing. He had meant to surprise Brooke; for he, too, came

of a family of college men and students; he had often thought that if his father had lived every sacrifice would have been made to send him to Harvard—the family college.

"Why don't you take off your overcoat, sir?"

The voice woke him from his reverie, clutching his heart and bringing the old sweet pain.

"And late at the dance—as always—'important things,' the excuse. But, serious one, I *did* keep two. Let me tell you, sir, it was a grind—took every kind of self-denial."

"I'm awfully sorry," replied Philip,



"Bad accident at the notch"

noting the narrow band of ribbon over the glossy head and wondering at its heavenly color. "I'm so sorry, Brooke. Cannot stay—accident at the notch—my road."

The girl lowered her head and he could see nothing but the sheen of the ribbon and the mass of dark hair.

"But you're not a doctor—that road makes a slave of you. Why don't somebody else go?"

"They sent a relief train, but it's stalled this side of the mountain. Tom Brosnan and your uncle are waiting for me at the *Record* office."

"You're always doing things for people, and you haven't been to a dance in months and months. They might let me have you for just this time, Mister Phillie!"

"Please don't tempt me with the old name, Brooke; I'm weak, far weaker than you know."

The shoulders before him gave a shrug, and for a moment the face turned upward with the red pouting lips and the eyes that always reminded him of her name.

"As to taking me home, sir, that's all right. Professor Harrington is here."

Professor Harrington! thought poor Philip; the man who had lately been chosen to fill an important chair in the state university, and he knew that Brooke always spoke with great respect of the young American who had gained distinction abroad at Heidelberg.

Of course that would be the way it would turn out; it would be Professor Harrington. The same old biting regrets came to torture him as he stood before her with the heart-clutching voice lingering in his ears. And after he had said "good-night," her frank girl's hand-grasp tingling to his heart, as he turned back into the storm, he thought bitterly what a gulf lay between his own slight attainments and those of Professor Harrington.

He found the sleigh waiting for him and slipped into the rear seat with the doctor.

"You saw Brooke?" his companion asked, as the sleigh turned from the lights of the town and before them the storm dropped its impenetrable curtain.

Philip replied and had to repeat the word before the doctor understood, adding, "Professor Harrington will take her home."

"So I suppose," came the doctor's voice in Philip's ear.

"Yes," replied the young man, "my only claim, sir, is the right of discovery. If girls were only like continents and gold mines!" He forgot the moaning wind and stinging sleet, and his mind leaped back to the "snuggerty place," as she had called the old couch in the doctor's office; a sweet child's voice sang in his ears, "Mr. Phillie, you've got to tell your Brooke 'bout Daddy Fat Bear and Bow-legged Jim Bear." That was when he was a lad fighting his way up in the railroad office and crossing the street of an evening to the haven of the doctor's office and the deep-eyed little girl.

"You mean you've at last decided you have little chance?" asked the physician throwing his arm over Philip's shoulder and interrupting his musings. "My dear boy, I've been wanting to talk over things for a long time. We're both busy men, and this is a good chance."

"Then you've understood how things were going and how little there was that I could do?" asked Philip, drawing the icy wind with a gasp through his set teeth.

After some moments of silence the doctor replied, "Yes, I've guessed all about it, my boy. You can't be blamed. A fellow cannot work night after night in an office and get a college training. He cannot send his sister to school and do all the other things that you've done and be a scholar!"

For a little while the hiss of the sleet on the icy roadside and the crunching of snow under the sleigh were the background to Philip's bitter thoughts, then the doctor continued:

"And Brooke is not to blame either. It's natural she should prefer those who are her equals in education. Even before she went to Vassar her vigorous mentality craved every kind of knowledge. Heredity—her mother's father! I've told you how he was one of the great scholars of his time. She gets her name and those wonderful eyes from him. It pains me to say it, Philip, but it must be said, think of some other girl and forget Brooke."

Philip's heart turned to ice. He expected to hear this some time, but he would not have believed that the actual

shattering of his hopes would have come as such a wrenching cruel thing. Life with Brooke would have been such a different path from the hopeless desert of ashes that had already opened before him with the beheading of his dearest wish.

For a few minutes he could not reply. Twice he attempted, and the wind carried away the words; then he pulled himself together.

"If she is happy, sir, that is all I have a right to think about. If the time should come—all sorts of things happen—tell her that I—I—worshipped her. It is Professor Harrington, is it not?"

"I have reason to think so—he's with her constantly. But don't take it so hard. It's nothing so very much, after all. Wrap the blanket over your shoulders; you are shaking with the cold. No wonder. It's a bitter night; reminds me of the blizzard the year Brooke was born."

The physician did not seem very sympathetic, Philip thought. He had often expressed his opinion that "external heart disease," as he called it, was a trouble that any man could cure for himself.

Perhaps there were many kinds of the disease, thought the young man, and knew that his case was not the sort that could be cured. He reflected that it was of so many years' standing that it must be chronic and not to be classed with those lighter complaints that come and go in months or weeks.

The blizzard brought to the doctor other remembrances, and in an absent-minded way his monologue rambled along, mixed with the roaring of the wind through the forests above, for they were now climbing the mountain road.

At last when the chill had seemed to grip his bones Philip saw through the slanting haze flickering lights that came dimly up from a ravine as the sleigh pulled into a drift opposite the place of the accident.

The doctor and Philip scrambled and slid down the long slope. At the bottom was a group of passengers at the side of the tracks, men, women and children, grouped around a brush fire. Beyond, the flickering light of the flames showed broken cars with rib-like timbers flung up into the haze of steam and storm; and

still beyond, like an overturned and dying monster, lay a locomotive, with the blurred light from lanterns showing dimly a group of men around the crushed cab.

Although hours had passed since the accident, the engineer still lay where he had died amid the tangle of twisted steel rods and bent iron plates.

"Brave old Thompson!" exclaimed the doctor as Philip aided in carrying the body to the side of the right of way; "he died at his lever."

A little later with the whir of a revolving



"Remember Brooke!" he exclaimed

snowplow, a wrecking train came from the north, and the work of clearing the track began; a gang of laborers pulling and heaving at the overturned locomotive and the broken cars. Philip gave his attention to the wants of the passengers.

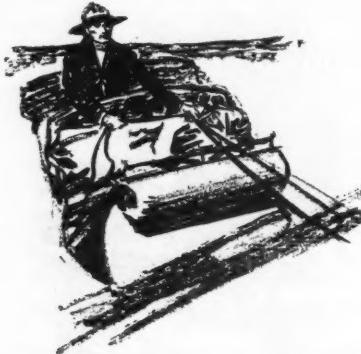
A woman seated with a child in her arms at the side of the fire had requested a drink, and the auditor had gone to the rear coach for the water. As he returned, the glass fell from his hand shattering itself on a timber. From up the track came a shout:

"Get it out, you fool—get it out. God! there's somebody under there!"

Of all the confused dream-like drama of that night—the storm, the firelit anxious faces, the shouts, the blows of axes, the hiss of steam, the crying of children—that which afterwards seemed most unreal to Philip were the few minutes that followed the breaking of the glass.

He was a railroad man and knew instinctively what had happened. He turned from the circle of passengers and raced up the track in the path worn by the feet of those at the wreck. Already the group of laborers, shouting warnings, had opened fan-like away from the end of the forward broken car.

Philip pushed through them and leaped to the side of the physician who had fallen to his knees among the twisted timbers and had already started to crawl toward a sputtering hissing thing.



The never-ending and freezing journey

Philip pushed the doctor to one side, "Remember Brooke!" he exclaimed.

Then came those slow seconds as he flattened himself under the pressing timbers and stretched his arm in vain toward the stick of dynamite.

It seemed an eternity before his hand closed around the evading thing—twice it slipped from his benumbed fingers. Then he pulled it toward him and placing his knee on the glowing fuse extinguished it in the snow.

But he was not content until he had crawled back and lifting himself to his feet had flung the stick far into the storm.

"Thank God it's over," came the husky voice of the doctor, and added, "And now we must get him out."

With the danger from the dynamite over the laborers returned, and a few moments later the newsboy of the train lay at the side of the engineer.

"Sorry to ask you, Philip," said the doctor, leaning over the crumpled little

form, "and it will be a bitter ride, but the boy must be taken to the hospital as soon as possible—it's the one chance for his life. And you'll have to drive—that liverman brought a bottle; he's in no condition to guide a team down the mountain."

Afterward came the never-ending and freezing journey. Philip managed the horses from the rear seat of the sleigh.

When half-way down the mountain the boy gave a sharp cry of pain and complained of the cold. Only one blanket had been left in the sleigh, the others having been taken to the women at the wreck, and Philip took off his overcoat, wrapping that, too, around the boy.

The doctor had given Philip an opiate for the little railroad employe, and during the remainder of that terrible ride, the auditor's mind held only two things: that the horses must be urged to their uttermost, and that the boy must be kept out of pain.

When the sleigh pulled through the drifts into the covered portico of the hospital the white light of morning made the electric bulbs over the door, in Philip's eyes, strangely red; like blood he thought vaguely and wondered why they danced and swung back and forth.

He had the dim knowledge that he was carried under those fiery globes and that someone said, and the voice seemed far away, "He didn't think of himself; he's in evening clothes, and wrapped his overcoat around the boy."

Afterward came the racking pain in his arms and legs, as if every molecule of flesh were on fire. Where he lay he did not know, but the grim thought gripped his mind that he suffered in hell.

Always it seemed to him he must perform two tasks. The first was easy, it was nothing—again and again he groped for an eluding cylinder of dynamite; again and again he pressed his knee on the spark of its fuse.

But the second task was an infinity of failure. Always before him a steep icy slope rose above, glittering with crystal and swept by stinging blasts. There he must climb, for at the top stood a girl.

Sometimes her face was chubby round, and her voice as she called to him tripped on the consonants in the sweet dear old

way, and sometimes the face became less round and older; but always so beautiful that it was hard to understand how angels in heaven could rival her.

And those clear eyes looked down; sometimes with encouragement, but generally with such reproach that Philip knew he wept bitterly. And ever in the air, from an unknown voice, came the words, "The slopes of Parnassus are slippery and steep; are slippery and very steep."

With infinite bitter toil he would drag himself up toward the compelling eyes, always to slip backward into the flames of his hell; never to gain but inches toward his beckoning goal. Day and night meant nothing; they were but groups of hours of changing torments, how many he did not know and did not care. Oh! if he could only climb that steep and gain his heaven!

At last, and suddenly, the ringing in his ears ceased; the endless cylinders of dynamite disappeared; the ice-spangled slope passed into an easy level, and he presently came out in some strange way into a kind of quiet peace.

A long time he gazed at his bed and noted with curious eyes how pleasantly white the coverlid was, and how the light cheerfully danced at the foot on the brass rails.

He turned his head. What? No, that could not be! Of course, in a moment the torturing slope would be there again. He shifted his head toward the wall.

"Dear Philip, you know me?"

Know her! Even in the miserable weakness that covered his body and mind, a dulling blanket, he knew her. The question made him smile. But was it her

voice? Wasn't it the shadowy girl at the top of the slope?

Somebody bent over him; he knew that voice, too. "Temperature improving every hour. If this keeps up, young man, you won't need your nurse much longer. I must leave you now and visit your newsboy—he, too, is coming along fine."

He heard the door open and shut. His nurse! Had she been his nurse? He would turn his head and see.

Brooke's eyes looked into his. After all, he thought, it was the most natural thing in the world. She had a heart of gold; she had been sorry for him. But—he would lose her. Never. He would let that fearful slope come back; he would descend again into that fiery furnace of pain.

Her hand lay before him on the coverlid and he kissed it again and again.

"Dearest Brooke, you must not, you must not go away!"

"Dear old Philip," and the eyes came close to his, his mind slipping back to the doctor's office and the snuggerty place; "Philip, we thought you would die and uncle gave your message. And dear, he didn't know—men are so stupid—and you didn't know either. And you don't need a university; you graduated long ago from one whose standard is so high there are few graduates in all the world. Don't we all know about your sister? Haven't the railroad men kept this room sweet with flowers because of that awful wreck and all sorts of things! Hasn't old Mr. Richardson, the Greek tutor, actually wept over you? Ah! dear old Phillie, don't you understand?"

Philip understood—all heaven had opened its gates.



CONSOLATION

By CHARLES WINSLOW HALL

LOVE is not dead. Life hath not passed away.
Beauty still lives, and Joy hath only fled
From cares and ills that all of mortal clay
Must bear, strong-hearted, till with bowed-down head
And weeping eyes, we call the loved one "dead."

Dreary our waking thoughts, our broken dreams,
Our round of daily cares and lonely nights;
The fond, sad memories of a thousand scenes
Of thoughtful tenderness and love's delights,
The priceless joys of those whom love unites.

But blessed still are those whose love and truth
Grow with the swift flight of the hastening years;
Keeping alive the pure, white flame which youth
Kindles when Hymen's altar first he nears;
Yea, happy still, though Death his hand uprears.

And saith, the Father of All Love is fain
To take unto himself this loving heart
Which wealth and pride and pleasure have in vain
Tempted as she with Love hath walked apart;
Such noble souls are of His realm the heart;

'Tis but a little while she goes before
Into that kingdom of immortal love,
To beckon ever to its deathless shore
Her darlings, who may never wholly rove
Beyond the sweet spell of her priceless love.

L'Envoi

Life everlasting; love undying; bliss
Pervading heaven's supernal afterglow
Spring from the pangs of parting; the last kiss;
The heart-break, as from us our loved ones go,
And Love's blush-roses whiten into snow.

Leadership in the Resurrected South

FARRAR NEWBERRY, A. M.

OF that period of development which the country as a whole entered upon almost immediately following the "imminent deadly breach," all writers are cognizant. Since the Civil War the North has changed but little. Quickly forgetting a struggle which was of no great, vital significance, that section of the country proceeded along its way of industrial and commercial growth. While the shattered fortunes of the rich plantationists of the South were being collected by new hands, the North, rich in materials, in whose ears rumbled no echoes of deafening, gigantic machinery, went on its way rejoicing. There was no deadly rift in its civilization; no track of devastation through the country; no great, destructive marks, the process of obliteration of which would consume decades. Hence its development, its new period of expansion and of growth, was simply a matter of continuation.

In the South this process has been of necessity comparatively slow. I am to present briefly some phases of that development and to characterize the new leadership of men and things that has come upon the stage in the South's gradual upbuilding. I shall state as clearly as I am able the innate force, the interior progressive motives, the dominant element that is moving the South upward.

With such men as General Lee to lend the power of their few remaining years of activity after the close of the fight to the encouragement of the downcast

people into peaceful pursuits—men who even in that time of strained relations and rabid passions and bitter hate became the fearless advocates of the new South of forgotten animosity and buried prejudice, the South of determination and of hope—with men of such a type the people gathered inspiration to return to their homes and work, and adjust themselves as best they could to the new conditions arisen with the new age.

But the Southern people, as a people, have been slow to free themselves from the shackles which bound them to certain established ideas of their own former greatness and the glory of their "good old days." And it is seriously questionable whether among the masses of the South today the tendency to claim everything of importance taking place from or in the section as distinctly Southern, first of all, and then as the glory of the whole people, is completely lost. The Southern historic attitude of defiance toward the North was the consequence of circumstances, and was natural. And such a spirit of veneration for the past remains today, such a "worship of ancestors" as shows that the spirit of impartiality has developed slowly. Now Southern leadership does not disparage a proper veneration for the past, nor should the North. As for the old arguments for states' rights under the Constitution and for the justification of secession, they are seldom revived by serious discussion among the real thinking people of the section, except for historical discussion and analysis in the schools. There

never was an issue more dead than this, and the South recognizes it. All thinkers know that the only solution of the difficulty was in the "armed tribunal," and none gives thought to making the appeal again. So that whatever still remains, or most of it, of the "old inheritances,"



HON. NAPOLEON BONAPARTE BROWARD
One of the new leaders in the South

I think we may say is but the transformed, dormant influence which is seeking inevitably for the development of the Southern people, and limits but little, if at all, their breadth and clearness of vision and their realization of themselves as but a part of the great national life.

The true leadership in the resurrected South of today, great as the misconception is in some parts of the North, is in no way characterized by men of the

Thomas Dixon, Jr., type, which represents the spirit of rabid and caustic reaction. It rather calls attention to the intense wrong of this. It no more sanctions the "Clansman" than it does such works as C. L. C. Minor's "Real Lincoln," the task of which is the portrayal, with comments, of the evil editorials of Northern iminical newspapers against the great leader. It looks with kindred disgust upon the efforts to renew the heat of passion against the negro—usually to be seen in lynchings and other mob activities—and the bitter denunciation of the South by such men as Senator Heyburn and the objection to placing Lee's statue in the Hall of Fame.

Likewise, the thinking people of the section scorn the occasional suggestion of some blatant fire-eater that the Ku Klux Klan be reorganized for the further protection of the Southern white woman. While they believe that the motives of the organizers of this Klan were perhaps high, and the results in most cases satisfactory, they know that its re-inception would mean the sanctioning of mob law, which they are so intent upon prohibiting.

Fact is, the South is becoming so engrossed in its progress along all lines that it [really hasn't time to take much thought of the same things which half a century ago were the absorbing themes of all discussion. "Forgetting those things," then, are words applicable to the new era of expansive growth.

What, now, is this growth? What the spirit of the new civilization? What its dominant note? Who its leaders?

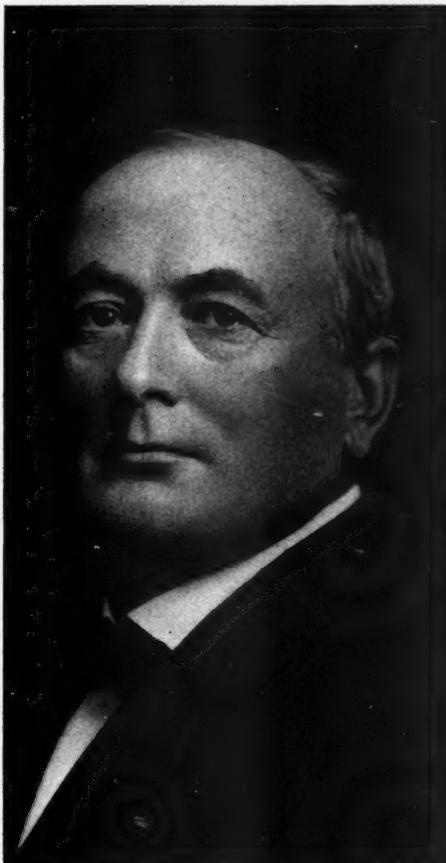
Its development has been agricultural, political, industrial and educational. At the opening of the war the vast estates were all owned by wealthy slave-holders. These men were the recognized leaders of the section. Notwithstanding the existence of a representative system of democratic government in the South at the time, these were really the men in power here. The post-bellum and post-reconstruction marks the development of the

under man, the small farmer, the "poor white," if you please. The old estates were split to pieces; the great class of poor, non-slave-holding whites entered into open competition with the freed negro, and, greatly aided by the natural vast superiority of the Anglo-Saxon over the African, soon began to go upward in the scale. Today the term "poor white" is a misnomer. There are poor white farmers in the South today, of course, and many of them; but that vast underclass has developed into the very backbone of the resurrected South's modern democracy. The "submerged tenth"—really vastly more than one tenth—has been elevated into a position of power.

The scientific, progressive white farmer of the South, who takes a pride in his success at the county and state fairs, in the healthy rivalry of neighbors and fellow-citizens, and in the election of the most capable of the men of his class to the local offices, is a type of the Southern leader of today. From a hut of previous poverty and squalor he has moved into spacious and sanitary farmhouses. His farm lands, during the last decade even, have increased 51.6 per cent in value, and his twelve leading crops 92.4 per cent.

The dominant spirit of the agricultural South is now hailing the immigrant—of the right sort. The leadership has taken the stand in this matter that it is better to have the blood pure and the civilization uncorrupted than to have the full coffer and bursting garner. But they are, nevertheless, sensible that the thirty-five million people of the South—of which number about eight-ninths are in the rural districts, are not enough to cultivate the land with sufficient intensity. There are only about three hundred and three thousand foreign-born people in the section. But the leadership is bidding for them, and the future South will have them, all too many, perhaps. Foreign colonies,

like those of the Germans in Texas, the Italian communities in the lower parts of the Mississippi Valley, and plantations like "Sunny Side," in southeast Arkansas, are not only proving industrially profitable to the South, but the men are making



EDWARD WISNER
A prominent adopted son of the resurrected South

good citizens besides. There are only about half a million Northerners in the South, and these have gone for the most part to the cities, where they assume the roles of capitalists, bosses, or teachers. It is only in the last decade that Northerners have begun, on any considerable scale, to develop the agricultural advantages here.

The "eight-ninths" spoken of above are not altogether led by the representatives of their own class. Far from it. It is from the cities of the South, and especially the capitals of the States, that rule in politics and industry is to be found. They are the center of the legal and political and labor-and-capital fights. In some of them powerful and corrupt political machines have been built up, but public opinion is crystallizing in telling opposition to these. Witness the recent Sena-

on prejudice. He is the type that is purely business. He is the son or grandson of an ex-Confederate soldier. As a boy he heard from the fireside of his paternal home tales of how his father slew the Yankees. But he has no time for these things now, or, if he ever does think of them, they do not amount to controlling and predominant life-impulses. In his sphere he is a Southern leader of the new type.

Along with the manufacturer may be classed the progressive corporate attorney of the modern South, the big insurance man, the hustling promoter, the big banker, the upper engineer, and the builder of civic leagues, charity organizations and philanthropic institutions.

Just here let me say that there is very little class or social distinction in the South—perhaps less than in the North. In saying this, of course, the negro is not to be considered, and must not be. In the Southern city, to be sure, the wealth line does, in a way, bar the poorer classes, just as it does in the North; no more. But, generally speaking, there is no social difference between the family whose income is a thousand dollars a year and the one whose income is from fifteen to fifty thousand.

The pulpit, the bar and the press are exerting a powerful stimulus to the development of this new leadership of the uplifted South. To be sure, some of our cross-roads editors are of the blatant, flaming, dangerous sort, either because—rarely—they happen to be ex-Confederate soldiers, or, as is more commonly true, they are of the sort which naturally likes to start a commotion about anything, and they give vent on all occasions to their natural propensity to shake the "red rag" of exaggerated tradition. But, on the whole, the press of the South is conservative. So is the pulpit. The average Southern preacher never appropriates his pulpit to the use of proclaiming the glories of the Old South in a way that would indicate an effort to revive old hatred or even animosity. And the bar of the South is, perhaps, even less inclined to do so.

But by far the most significant sign of the veritable resurrection in this south



HON. JAMES K. VARDAMAN
United States Senator from Mississippi, a new type of
Southern politician

torial fight in Mississippi. Whatever may be said in criticism of Mr. Vardaman, the significant fact remains that he has appealed against the machine, the bribery, the fraud, formerly so powerful in his commonwealth, directly to the people. While Mr. Vardaman should not necessarily be taken as a type of the leadership of the South, yet his method of appealing directly to the people of his state over the heads of the bribe-ridden bosses may be accepted as a striking indication of political regeneration.

The leadership, too, comprises the modern "captain of industry" of the South. This captain has, of course, no time to think of old traditions, no time to dwell

country may be seen in the recent agitation for better educational facilities. Submerged in the dense thralldom of ignorance that followed in the wake of the war, the South was slower in getting a new start in this than perhaps any other line of development. The new educational system was to be necessarily radically different from that prevailing in the ante-bellum period. The rich youth of that time were trained largely in the individual homes and the universities of Europe. The common people of the South had to do the best they could; and this was exceedingly little. There were no great universities, except some old institutions of the William and Mary type—good, to be sure, but few in number and with meager equipment. The system of public education was wretchedly poor. Today there is a high school in every considerable town—in some of the commonwealths fostered by state aid—an admirable system of public schools, agricultural high schools, training schools owned and taught on the individual plan, but usually thorough and progressive, denominational small colleges and the state universities.

Yet the South is behind other sections, and knows it. Vast strides are to be made. It is mainly through the education of the masses that Southern leadership expects to see the future real development of both country and men, and the right solution of all the problems—governmental, industrial, commercial—that about us throng.

The body of teachers in the South are, perhaps, freest of all from the old narrownesses, and it is to this class most of all, I think, that we are to look for the "saving grace" which will complete the transformation of the masses whom they are training in their youth, from bitterness to breadth, from inability to impartiality, from prejudice to progress. A spirit of appreciation of and a desire to participate in the general uplift of the country along all lines is being taught in the Southern schools. With a few more compulsory education laws and more state aid to education, we may hope for still greater strides, in the next quarter century, in the section's movement progressward.

These are some of the phases of the extraordinarily rapidly upbuilding South of today, a partial characterization of its leadership, and the internal being of its dominant note. This leadership has many difficulties of its own, without the carping criticism of mistaken opinion. It has some problems which it can best solve alone. It asks that the North deal with it in frankness, sincerity and patience, in the far-away discussions of these problems, and importunately asks for more of the enkindling spirit of Yankee ingenuity; more capital from Northern coffers with which to till the fields, drain the swamp lands, dig the mines and develop the God-given resources of every kind; less criticism, and more of the intimate, friend-making contact, that the people, learning thus to "know each other better," may come to "love each other more."

POPPIES

DROWSING in the silent shadows
Of the blue hill's misty haze,
Crimson poppies flame and quiver
Through the long still dreamy days.

From the petals, softly drifted
By the drowsy wind's caress,
Comes a languorous fragrance, soothing
Unto sweet forgetfulness.

—Jessie Davies Willdy.

The Napoleon of Methodism

by James A. Metcalf



THE advancing age of some of the loved men of Methodism, noted with concern by those in attendance upon the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church at Minneapolis, gives some anxiety to the hope that this gathering of 1912 will not be followed by any such world-saddening event as that which succeeded the General Conference of 1884 in the death of Bishop Matthew Simpson, a striking figure in that long succession of men who have left an indelible individual impress upon the life of the church and upon the secular affairs of the times during which they lived.

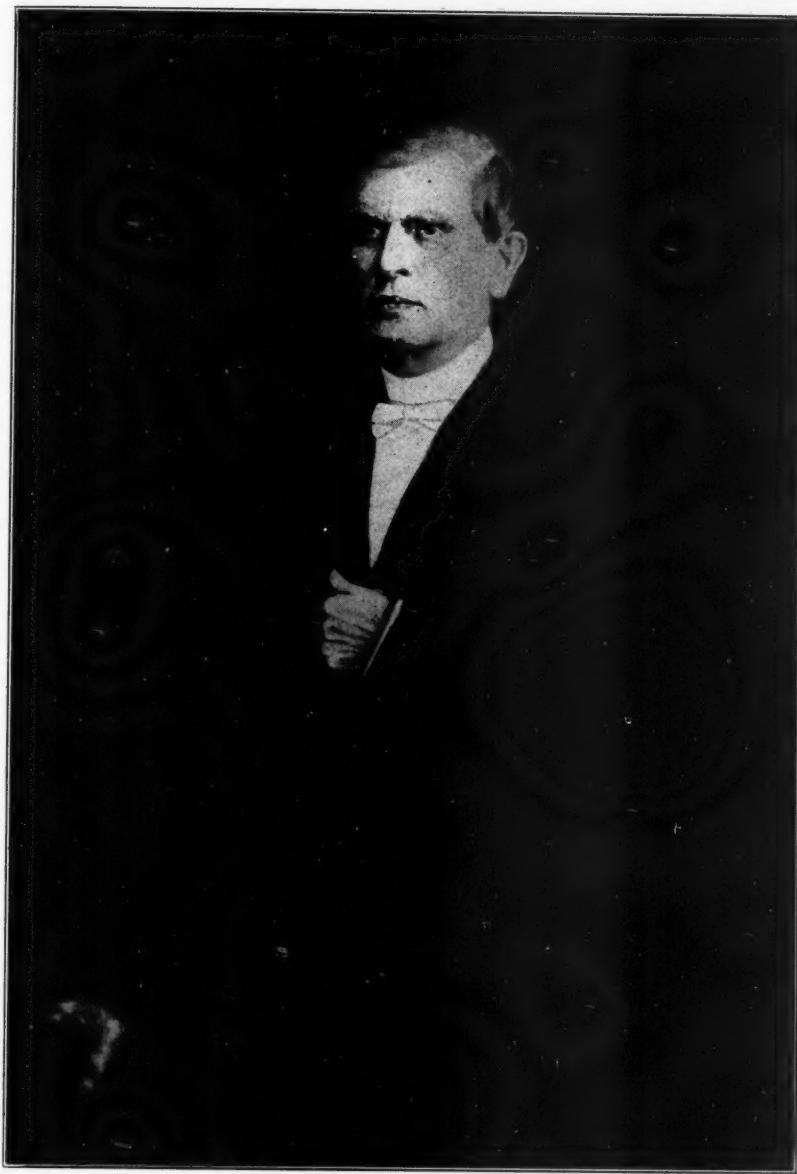
Bishop Simpson was unquestionably a great Methodist, but he was far more than that. He was an American citizen and patriot almost without peer, especially among men of ecclesiastical pursuits, during a period of years fraught with most important developments in national life.

At the outset the writer desires to make grateful acknowledgment to Dr. William Valentine Kelley, editor of the *Methodist Review* of New York, for much of the statistical matter herewith given, and for a graphic delineation of the subject of this sketch made vivid by the reminiscences of long and intimate friendship with Bishop Simpson. Dr. Kelley devoted himself a couple of years ago to the effort to have this monumental figure in Methodism accorded a place in the Hall of Fame of New York University. The move then made failed of success, not because of any

lack of appreciation of the greatness of Bishop Simpson nor through doubt of his right to receive this distinction of temporal immortality, but simply because those immediately interested in the recognition of other great personages of American history gave a preponderance of expression in favor of other notables at that time. Dr. Kelley still expects to see his desire realized, because he rightly counts Bishop Simpson not only one of the greatest preachers of all history, but also one of the most noted Americans of any day and age.

It was a pathetic and impressive scene which brought to a close the Methodist General Conference of 1884. Bishop Simpson arose from a sick bed to attend this gathering at Philadelphia because it was so near his home. But he felt, as did his friends, that this was to be his last experience of the comforting communion and loved associations of his church. Those then present vividly recall the tense, eager interest that prevailed when Bishop Simpson addressed the conference at its close. And was it merely a coincidence that another great man of the church was simultaneously, though less consciously, giving his farewell to the rank and file of the "church militant"? Following Bishop Simpson's address, prayer was offered by Bishop Isaac W. Wiley, who also passed away the following November on his mission field at Foochow, China.

More sincere or general mourning has rarely attended the passing of any man than that which filled the hearts of men and women within and without the Methodist Episcopal denomination when



THE LATE BISHOP MATTHEW SIMPSON
THE NAPOLEON OF METHODISM

Bishop Simpson's eyes closed on earthly scenes June 18, 1884. At the largely-attended funeral service in Philadelphia Bishop Randolph S. Foster delivered the principal address. At the conclusion of the service Bishop Foster was heard to say to his colleague, Bishop Edward G. Andrews: "There never has been a bishop of any church who wielded so great an influence on national affairs as Bishop Simpson has exerted, nor do I believe there ever will be another who will exert so great an influence on the nation as he."

Perhaps no more expressive epitome of Bishop Simpson's career could be spoken or written than this. Endowed with all the essential qualities of greatness of mind and heart, he was naturally one who would achieve distinction in any line of work at any period of time. But he reached the very climax of his career when the nation was in the throes of the Civil War. Thousands were thrilled and aroused to patriotic fervor by listening to the great lecture which Bishop Simpson delivered in various cities of the country during those trying times. And no man can tell the full measure of American indebtedness to him for the creation and maintenance of the spirit of embattled courage which made possible the preservation of the Union.

* * *

Bishop Simpson was the close personal friend and adviser of President Abraham Lincoln. And often when worried and harassed almost beyond endurance; when daily made the patient object of unjust criticism by those who hampered his every move by obstructive tactics; fearing often lest the fair face of friendship might mask the designs of a traitor, Lincoln turned to Bishop Simpson for advice and counsel, and for the information as to exact conditions which came easily to the latter in the discharge of his duties as a general superintendent of the Methodist church. Lincoln felt he could absolutely trust Bishop Simpson because the latter's observations were never colored by the prejudices of a politician, and because he had no personal ends to serve. The Methodist bishop was therefore called frequently to the White House. It was not strange that Bishop Simpson was

finally called upon to deliver the funeral oration over the body of the martyred president at Springfield, Illinois.

Matthew Simpson was born at Cadiz, Ohio, in 1811, and was therefore seventy-three years old at the time of his death. He came of Methodist stock, with Irish ancestry on one side that proved the effect of heredity by the vein of wholesome humor that lightened all his life with a sunshine of optimism and frequently drove the clouds of doubt and dismay from the hearts and faces of those about him. Like Bishop Wiley, the subject of this sketch studied medicine. But this profession did not fill his life or satisfy his heart. He felt called to the ministry and began preaching in Ohio. Eventually he was called to the presidency of Indiana Asbury University (now DePauw University) and after a successful administration of the affairs of that institution for seven or eight years was elected to the bishopric at the General Conference in Boston, in 1852.

Bishop Simpson's amazing eloquence was of the quality that ranked him with Henry Ward Beecher among the greatest of American preachers. He was selected by the faculty of Yale University to deliver the "Lyman Beecher Lectures on Preaching," one of the time-honored foundations of that great school.

The stories that come to us of the effect of some of Bishop Simpson's sermons and addresses are almost unequalled. To those who came to hear him for the first time there usually came a succession of surprises. Somewhat stooped in stature, with a voice of rather delicate fibre—sympathetic but not sonorous—the initiation of one of his addresses was usually disappointing to a stranger. But this feeling was soon forgotten. A thrill soon came into his voice, his magnificent imagination transcended the bounds of materialism to pierce the reaches of infinity, and he easily carried his hearers from one climax of eloquence to another. He realized to the fullest extent in his own heart and in his work of the sixties the full power of that insuperable combination of patriotism and religion.

This was perhaps best illustrated in a sermon which he delivered at a Methodist

Conference in the early part of the Civil War, when the audience rose to its feet as one man and went quite wild with the religious emotion and patriotic fervor he had aroused.

But perhaps one of Bishop Simpson's most notable accomplishments on the public platform was in England at the time of Garfield's death. A meeting was called in Exeter Hall, and Bishop Simpson was one of the speakers. It is related that he fairly held his audience in the hollow of his hand, and until this day Englishmen refer to this address as the greatest speech ever delivered in England by an American. Speaking of the close bonds of sympathy that had been growing between England and America, and of the mother country's expressions of sympathy over the martyrdom of Lincoln and the assassination of Garfield, he led up to a peroration in which he paid glowing tribute to England's ruler and ended with an ejaculation of "God save the queen!" which brought the entire audience to its

feet and filled the hall with a shouting that continued for several minutes.

In 1864 the New York East Conference of the church met in Hartford with Bishop Simpson presiding. On Sunday morning a large company of students of Wesleyan University went to Hartford to hear him preach. One of that company recalls having heard a business man who had come from a distance to hear the bishop say, as he left the Allyn house to go to the church: "I am going to hear the Napoleon of Methodism preach."

Bishop Simpson may well be called, by the force of several analogies, "the Napoleon of Methodism." He was a great general and an inspiring leader; he made notable conquests in the Kingdom of Righteousness. But his conquests were accompanied by no self-assertive egotism, and he ruled by the power of love in the hearts of the sons and daughters of Methodism, where his memory is lovingly cherished today "even unto the third and fourth generation."

SPRING IN ACADIE

WHEN the sun grows warm and the breeze is bland
Over in the Acadian land,
The dreams of my youth come back to me—
The dreams of my youth in Acadie.
Then my thought is one with the swelling pride
Of Minas, dressed like a laughing bride,
And doth with the creeping Mayflower run
Where the green furze bourgeons on Blomidon.

I see in the peep of the early morn
The hillside cottage where I was born;
My sisters again are young and fair,
And I am gay with my brothers there;
My father and mother upon me smile,
And I am glad for a little while.

Then Fancy and Song are on the wing
On the old worn path to the mossy spring;
Then Memory swings on a golden bar,
And Joy mounts up like a dancing star;
The soul grows glad and the blood runs free,
When the Spring comes back to Acadie.

—*Pastor Felix.*

Wild Coreopsis

By Floy Schoonmaker Armstrong

JUST a handful of wild coreopsis
That grew by a dusty highway,
Only this—but its presence has brightened
And sweetened the long summer day.

Would you know where to find the quaint beauties?
Or when? They are fairest at morn;
And you'll find them down close by the roadside.
Or fringing the great fields of corn.

As you single them out from the grasses,
And note their rich color and grace
You may wonder—as I used to wonder—
Why fill they so lowly a place.

O quaintest and fairest of blossoms,
Their tiny life's secret I've guessed;
They were placed at our feet by our Father
And their Maker, our Father, knows best.

He has chosen strange ways to remind us
Earthly joys and a heavenly crown
Will be sweeter by far to the brave hearts
Who will not only look up, but stoop down.

Just a handful of wild coreopsis
That grew by a dusty highway,
Only this—but life's lessons seem plainer,
And—Heaven seems nearer today.

On the Chau-tau-king Circuit



By
H. C. GAUSS

MONG other evidences of summer in Washington are the inquiries made by one Congressman of another whether the latter is going "Chau-tau-king" the coming summer. Announcements are made from time to time of the engagement of some figure of national prominence for a series of appearances before Chautauqua audiences, but the "Chautauquation" has grown to be a great institution without attracting more than incidental attention and comment in the public prints. The home study courses and the idea of summer encampments for educational purposes, which originated on the banks of beautiful Lake Chautauqua in New York State, have been the basis of enterprises more or less educational in character which dot the West with centers of what is known in Chautauquan language as "uplift." The extent to which the Chautauqua has grown is indicated by the fact that a recent decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission dealt with what are known as Chautau-

qua outfits, which consist of a large tent with a portable platform and seats, and other accessories which have come to be well-known parts of a definite entity. The Interstate Commerce Commission has recognized this entity by establishing a special rate for its railroad transportation.

It would appear that there are two kinds of Chautauquas, the stationary variety and the circuit Chautauqua. It is, of course, to the latter that the decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission is

an especial benefit. The local Chautauqua is frequently originated by the agent of one of the several bureaus established for the purpose of booking Chautauqua attractions. The agent arrives on the ground early in the spring and interests a sufficient number of the local capitalists to secure a guaranty fund; coaches the local committee selected by the guarantors in the methods of arousing enthusiasm which have been crystallized by his bureau, and provides for the services of an enthusiastic person, male or female, who is a peculiar product of the Chautauqua busi-



TWO OF AMERICA'S MOST NOTED CHAUTAUQUANS—HON. WM. J. BRYAN AND HON. CHAMP CLARK

ness and is known as a "platform manager." Then having booked an appropriate number of his bureau's attractions, the agent departs for another field, leaving the local

The works are run strictly on high pressure with the motto, "Something doing every minute." The "man with a great message" is much featured, but it is noted in the

reports that the handbell ringers and "curfew shall not ring tonight" artists are not without their reward in the plaudits of the assembled multitudes. Chautauquation also has its literature which vies in stridency with the publications relating to moving pictures. In the media of the movement, "Chautauquamen"—apparently an improved variety of the *genus homo*—are urged to



THE GENTLER SEX IS WELL REPRESENTED IN CHAUTAUQUA GATHERINGS

committee to work out its own salvation.

The local Chautauqua is understood to be a potent influence in bringing people from the surrounding country into town, thus stimulating trade, and it may or may not be associated with a summer camp at some well-known or newly developed pleasure resort. The Chautauqua has in many places driven out the street fairs and other purely commercial enterprises with a rapid fire appeal of bargains at the stores, entertainments of popular nature and culture not requiring excessive study. Chautauqua has a language all its own, including such phrases as "the thought of the speaker," "uplift," "a wing of the world's forward movement," and makes a strong point on spelling through "thru" and throughout "thruout."

a high voltage of strenuity.

All of the manifestations of the Chautauqua are given out of doors to a somewhat restless audience, divided in its



AN OVERFLOW AT A STIRRING CHAUTAUQUA MEETING

allegiance between culture and refreshment. The front seats of the auditorium being shunned by the majority, the little ones assemble there and perform in the manner peculiar to their kind. It is the duty of the platform manager to secure

and maintain a reasonable amount of order so that any of the local committee who may happen to leave the box office and enter the auditorium may know by evidence of his ears as well as by the evidence of his eyes that the high-priced attraction is actually performing. The platform manager is required to secure this degree of order by firm gentleness and the use of the expression "if you please."

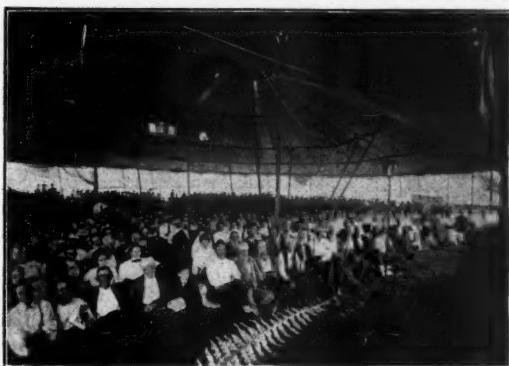
A gentleman who assaulted the Chautauqua circuit with the purpose of uplift with a message offers a further suggestion as to what a platform manager should do. Quoting from his own experience he intimates that the following interlude between the prelude of the entertainment, consisting of several numbers by a ladies' orchestra, and his own urgent effort, was not exactly calculated to inspire the delivery of the great message. The platform manager said:

"After _____'s little entertainment tonight, there will be a great moving picture show and an intermission will be afforded of ten minutes for the audience to replenish itself with popcorn, peanuts or any other refreshment desired."

The national figures who go about to "uplift" the Chautauqua receive the chief mention in account of Chautauqua enterprises, but there is a host of other entertainers little celebrated, but hard-worked and hard-travelled. They experience all the hardships of the lyceum entertainer except the experience of severe cold weather. Thus in the instructions to Chautauqua attractions it is recommended that they have in their minds alternative routes of travel so that they may be brought within driving distance of the location of their engagement if the trains fails. One gentleman, attempting to make his date, missed his train and came on a special which collided with a log train, but was hurried through to give his address in bandages and sticking plaster. If, under such circumstances, the audience is pleased, the local committee writes to the bureau that

the attraction "rung the bell." If the attraction does not please, the comment may be, as in one case, that the lecturer "had an uninteresting subject and an exaggerated ego."

It would appear that there is a thrifty desire on the part of gentlemen in politics not only to receive the fee paid for a lecture, which in the case of an attraction of the first class is not excessive at two hundred dollars, but to make a little incidental hay as well. This tendency has come to be the subject of some criticism by local committees who are also beginning to express doubts whether the high-priced political gentlemen are a success from the



A CHAUTAUQUA AUDIENCE

financial point of view. Opinion is frequently expressed that there are too many men at two hundred and fifty and two hundred dollars who are not as good as the sixty-five and seventy-five dollar men, and one committeeman puts it: "Too many assemblies admit to their platforms the spellbinder and windjammer who has no message."

Sometimes the reports from the local committeemen exhibit abjectiveness which would fill the peacock in "Chantecler" with hopeless envy. This, for a run up and down the scale, with a final rise to the superlative, the subject in each case being, of course, a different attraction: "—was great; —was superb; —was marvelous; —was excellent; —was very good; —was perfect."

With all the humorous combination of

circumstances which must result from an attempt to add sufficient entertainment to an educational enterprise to make it financially possible, there is a real feeling for progress. With the superlatives of the anxious financial backers of these gatherings there is a growing expression of the great body of the people of a desire for knowledge and improvement, especially for young men and women. Nothing is so noticeable and at the same time so encouraging as the often repeated statement that too much commercialism will ruin the attractiveness of these gatherings,

and that the standard must be kept up or the Chautauqua will be short-lived. Besides the meteoric great man who appears for a day and the more or less meritorious "entertainers," who secure the plaudits of the local committeemen, there are many earnest, thoughtful men and women doing a good work among the agricultural population of the great West by bringing to contracted lives and habits of thought, new views, new avenues of mental recreation and especially new ideas of better and cleaner and ultimately more enjoyable living.

IDOLS

By CARY F. JACOB

IN sooth, we fashion every day
Our little gods of common clay,
Our little gods of greed and lust,
And store them in some niche away,
And kneel before them in the dust,
Our little gods in whom we trust.

But, when in quiet hours apart
The evening light steals o'er our heart,
Our little gods on whom we call,
Our cherished idols of the mart,
Down from their niche within the wall,
Like shards in fragments round us fall.

Yet, ere the miracle of light
Its roses casts at fleeing night,
Our hands their labors have begun
To set each broken piece aright,
And build them over every one
For worship at the rise of sun.

The Danger of Patent Medicines

By Harry Everett Barnard

Food and Drug Commissioner of the State of Indiana

ONE of the vivid memories of my childhood is that of an armor-clad knight mounted on a wonderful horse decked with silver harness and stabbing viciously and effectively at a squirming nest of horrid serpents into which he had ridden. The troubles of Sir Knight were very real to me then as I gazed up at him on the grocery wall, and as I grew older and learned how the snakes were but the diseases to which all flesh is heir and the knight the heaven-sent agent to banish them forever, my faith in the pills and green bottles in the closet behind him and his prancing steed became as fixed as in the omnipotence of parents and the damnation of the wicked. I remember how, when consumption was rapidly carrying a neighbor's daughter to the churchyard and the fact of approaching death became impressed on my wondering

mind, I made bold to ask the despairing father, "Mr. Leach, have you given Martha Strong's Sarsaparilla? I am sure it will cure her." And when he said, "Yes, my boy, she has taken eight bottles of it and it hasn't done her one bit of good," my grief at the failure of the infallible Sarsaparilla to cure my playmate was even greater than that induced by her illness.

I have learned since then that

not all the wonderful stories told by family almanacs and advertisements on grocery walls are true, and my faith in the draughts from big bottles and in polished pink and blue pills is greatly diminished. But if I have lost confidence, others have not, for last summer, after long years of absence, I returned to that same grocery and found the same knight charging on the same fiery steed through the same mass of forked-tongued serpents. And



in the case against the wall were the boxes of pink pills and store of green bottles.

We talk much of the advance of medicine and the modern science that finds in disease simply disturbed cell function and the toxines left by the invasion of hostile bacteria. But back in that little country town no doctor calls save in the extremities of birth and death, and the patent medicine is still the defense of health and the eradicator of disease.

And the same condition may be found in every village, at every crossroads, I am almost justified in saying, in every home. To the great mass of humanity medicine is a sort of Black Art, a wizardry which cures and kills by reason of phenomena not understood and only controllable by those of special gift. Possibly this idea has been fostered by the necessities which lead the physician to go about his work without taking the patient into his confidence, but more probably it is a mental relic of early medicine which held disease to be the possession of the body by devils who could only be driven out by magic and incantations. We hang no more witches and hold ourselves above beliefs in the unseen, but when disease comes, we turn to medicines with a sublime faith intermingled with supreme ignorance. The better trained in schools and the world go to their doctor for their cures, but a very large, and I fear but slowly diminishing number, still turn to the fakir on the curbstone and his dollar-a-bottle decoction of nameless herbs, or to the touted cures advertised in the newspaper and cheap magazines, sold by seductive agents or handed over the counter by the druggist.

Indeed, the surprising fact is that, in spite of the recent spread of information about right living, the more general knowledge of the principles which govern health, the origin of disease and the futility of home treatment by much advertised cure-alls—the business of the patent and proprietary medicine manufacturer is greater than ever before—the amount of capital engaged is larger, the number of employees is greater, and logically the number of deluded victims must be greater.

E. Dana Durand, director of the Bureau

of the Census, has recently issued a preliminary statement giving general statistics of the patent medicine industry for the years 1904 and 1909. This includes a period of two years prior to the passage of the Food and Drug Law, also one of three years during which the business was operated under the regulations imposed by it. During the five years there was an increase of thirty-one per cent in the number of establishments engaged in the manufacture of bitters, tonics, patent medicines and pills, salves, tooth pastes and powders, hair tonics and dyes and other preparations of the drug store. The capital invested increased thirty-two per cent, amounting to \$100,000,000 in 1909; the value of the product increased twenty-one per cent, totalling to \$142,000,000 in 1909. The salaries and wages paid increased fifty per cent during the five years period. The average number of wage-earners increased twelve per cent, and the number of salaried officials and clerks seventy per cent. These figures, startling in their magnitude, do not indicate diminution of the patent medicine output.

The passage of the Food and Drug Law did not loosen the patent medicine grip on the large class of the constitutionally unwell. It did compel changes in formulas, in some cases the elimination of vicious habit-forming drugs, and in every case the declaration of opiates and alcohol. It did make a surprising change in labels. Many a "sure cure for consumption, stomach and kidney diseases" changed in a night to a "remedy for" such conditions. Many a highly alcoholized sarsaparilla, much sought for and extensively used for its stimulating qualities, immediately lost its vital properties and to those who had learned to love it, as shelf upon shelf of empty bottles in the closet once testified, became weak and ineffective.

Some of the most successful though most worthless frauds were drummed out of existence. The dilute sulphurous acid concoctions costing less than a cent a bottle and selling for a dollar, the cheap whiskey mixtures, the dangerous cancer cures, disappeared. But in their stead there came and flourishes a host of no less worthless and deceitful pills and powders, oils, tablets, syrups, high-priced, crudely

compounded, skillfully advertised agents for the banishment of disease. Every newspaper carries subtle and ingenious suggestions in form so closely modeled after real news that the reader on the trail of a thrill or in the search for real information finally brings up on an interview with Dr. Curem, a "famed physician," who says, "Thousands fruitlessly pursue pleasure, because their recuperative powers and endurance are not in the same condition as youth. There comes a time in life when help is required if one would enjoy life keenly and feel rich, red blood surging through his being and radiating his power through the flesh and fire in his eye, the smile of confidence and strength in his face, and vigor and vitality in his manly walk and carriage," all of which can easily be secured by going to any well-stocked pharmacy and purchasing a few ounces of standard tinctures to take home and mix with sugar syrup and one ounce of Compound Essence of Buncomb, an apparently honest drug, but which in fact is the preparation manufactured by the "famed physician" and for which the purchaser pays at least ten times its actual value. Or there is forced on our notice the wonderful story of a leader of society who, filled with despair at her rapidly increasing weight, finally sought for and found a magical product of the "hoo hoo" tree that in three weeks melted her too solid flesh away and left her once more modeled on the lines of a girlish Venus.

The striking application of these new ideas in advertising have been marvelously successful in finding a dollar market for a ten-cent product.

It is fortunate indeed that about ninety per cent of those really seriously ill recover without any medical attention. It is this fact that brings the startling crop of testimonials to miraculous cures and "snatched from the grave" stories. Those who recover are not injured by their doses of cure-alls except in respect to their pocketbooks, but the great danger is done the ten per cent who, while really in need of expert medical attention, do not seek it until trifling ailments have progressed to serious conditions. It is not the danger

of forming drug or liquor habits unawares that makes the widespread and ever-growing sale of patent medicines a real menace—it is the false sense of safety and confidence given the user of these unknown drugs which ultimately leads him into permanently impaired health.

A few years ago Dr. ——, who had built up a wonderful business with his nerve tonic, looked around for an opening where he might acquire real fame. He finally decided that if he could capture a seat in Congress he would find there satisfactory setting for his talents. So he went out for the nomination and for months the profits of Nervum returned to circulation through channels loaded with course dinners and bathed in many colored liquors. At one of these dinners which seemed to be even more promising of success to his aspirations than those preceding it, one of his ardent supporters, more frank than wise, inquired, "Doctor, tell us honestly, did Nervum ever do anyone any real good?" The genial doctor, made more genial by his satisfaction at the progress of his campaign, ponderously rose from his seat and imperiously pointing with his fat forefinger to the array of diamonds which adorned his shirtfront, loudly whispered, "You see what it has done for me."

Just so long as the shrewd and crafty manipulator of human gullibility turns dimes and dollars into diamonds for patent medicine manufacturers, the business will flourish and increase in magnitude. It will not be possible to check its growth until laws are enacted which not only prohibit misstatements and false claims for virtues on the label, but the advertisement of medicines or remedies intended for the alleviation or cure of disease which are not honestly compounded after formulas of known merit. Fear and pain make sane people abandon ordinary caution and sound judgment, and flee in vain hope to every preparation which promises them relief. Any diminution in the sale of patent medicines which cater to this mingled fear and hope must come as a result of a greater knowledge on the part of the people of the origin of disease and manner by which drugs and medicines operate to cure it.

THE LOVE THAT LIVED

by

Fannie C. Griffing

AS wonderful and romantic as was the life-story of both Napoleon and Josephine, the love which existed between them was as wonderful in its way, one of the great loves of man and woman which have been immortalized in song and story. The one real and lasting love of each life, despite all the vicissitudes of time and change, it endured until the end, the last thought and the last word that trembled upon each dying lip being of the other. Napoleon and Josephine! What visions of beauty, romance, grandeur and pathos the names invoke!

More like a fairy tale than reality was the destiny which awaited these two children of fortune, who, all unknown to each other, lived their lives and grew to youth on island homes, far distant.

Sorrow and misfortune, joy and happiness had come to each ere they met and loved, as Fate had decreed. His first glance at the lovely face of the graceful Creole told him that here, at last, was his soul-mate, the "one woman" destined, through all the ages, to be his wife. Not for an instant did he doubt his convictions or that he would eventually possess her.

She had given the first timid love of a young girl's virgin heart to a husband far too young and spoiled by the world to retain or appreciate what he finally lost by cruelty and neglect.

She now feared and distrusted men, and her heart did not respond at once to her ardent suitor. But no indifference, no coldness, could discourage him! As later he gained great victories in battle, so, by bold assault and determined persistence, did he gain the citadel and take possession of the young widow's heart.

"Do I love him? I hardly know!" she wrote to an intimate friend, after informing her of the engagement. "This strange, this wonderful man, has such determination, such persistence, that one is carried away, as it were, and conquered by his will!"

It was not until long after her second marriage that Josephine began to understand and fully appreciate the unusual character and many-sided nature of the man she had married.

Misfortune and poverty had soured his nature and rasped his sensitive soul in early life, rendering him apparently cold and harsh, but in the sunshine of Josephine's presence, and the happiness of love, all that was best in him blossomed and bore fruit that won her deepest love and respect. His chivalrous devotion and worshipping admiration of herself, his great kindness and generosity, and, above all, the tender care and apparent love for her fatherless children, all combined to win the affection of a heart naturally loving and a nature warmly responsive and grateful.

The letters given to the world after her mother's death, by Hortense Beauharnais, letters written by Napoleon directly after his marriage and later, are the outpourings of the most passionate devotion, showing that she was constantly and wholly in his thoughts. In fact, he complained bitterly that she does not consider his anxiety and desire to hear from her, that she does not write often enough! The first months of their marriage they met but seldom, Napoleon being absent on his famous Italian campaign, but that all his thoughts and desires were with her, his letters at that time give ample proof.

And as the contrast between this man and the father of her children impressed itself more upon the young mother's heart, dearer did he become. Each learned to understand and appreciate what was best in the other, and instead of waning, their mutual love and esteem increased and strengthened with each passing year.

Universally as he has been condemned for the divorce of Josephine, the sacrifice was as great and painful on Napoleon's part as it was for her. For years he rejected the advice and urgings of the leading statesmen of France, as well as his own family, refusing to entertain the thought of separation from the wife of his youth.

Only when all plans to secure an heir for the now colossal empire had failed did his overpowering ambition, the desire to found a permanent dynasty, and by marrying into one of the royal families, secure both an ally and an heir, cause him to make the mistake of his life. . . . Josephine fully understood and acknowledged the justice and necessity of the sacrifice required, had the consolation of knowing that her husband understood and appreciated her willingness to suffer in order to increase his glory and happiness. The generosity and delicate consideration of his subsequent treatment of her was ample proof that she still retained her place in his heart and is unsurpassed in either public or private history.

And in all the empire no heart truly rejoiced more over the birth of the little "king of Rome" than did that of the gentle, loving and unselfish woman whose sacrifice of her own heart caused him to live!

* * *

When Josephine, widow of Alexander Beauharnais, yielded to an impulse of maternal love and decided to personally express her gratitude and thanks to the young French general, Bonaparte, for his kindness in restoring to her son the sword of his murdered father, she little dreamed that by that action she would change the current of her life and make the first step toward a throne! What seeming trifles often change and color the currents of destiny!

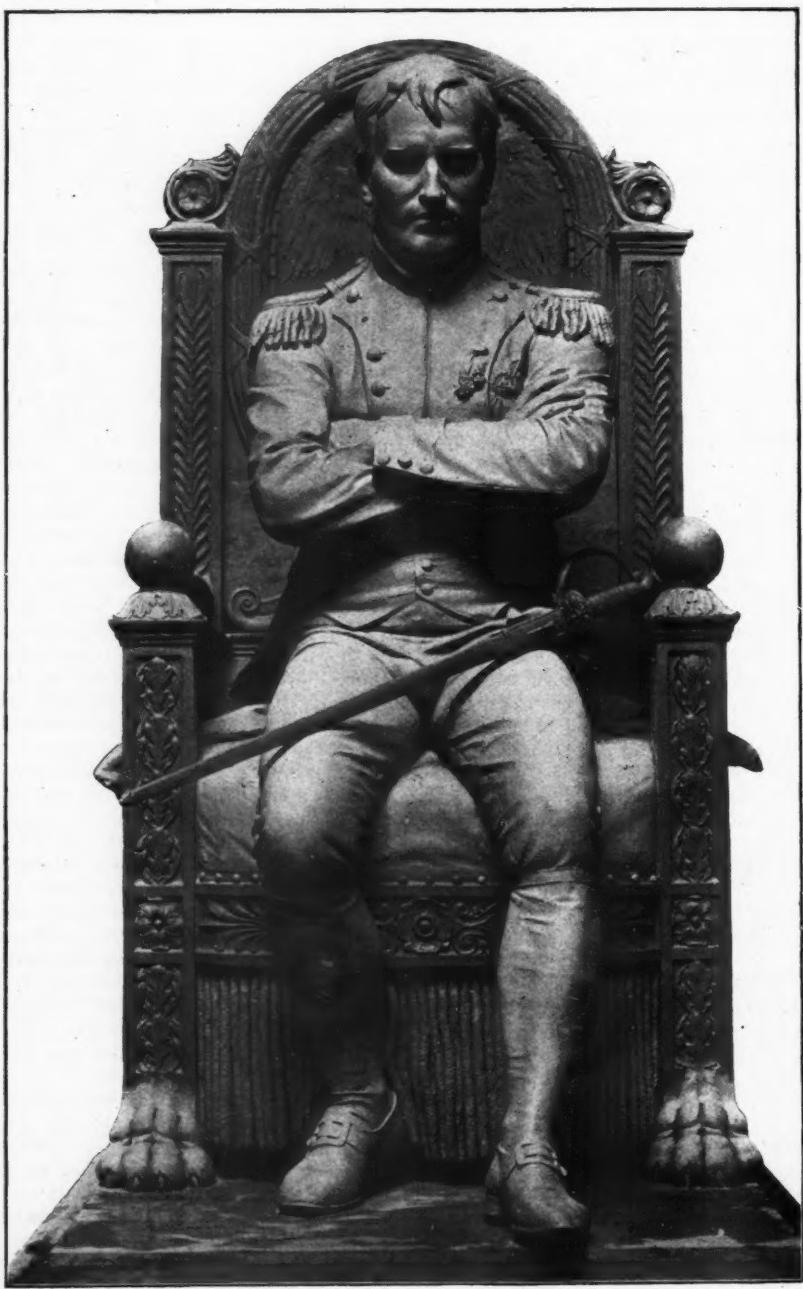
Had Josephine repressed instead of yielded to the natural impulse of a mother's

heart, how different might have been her life history! She may not have met Napoleon! The name of the young general who had just been made commander-in-chief of the French army had been on every tongue since the terrible "13 Vendémiaire," in which he distinguished himself, and the young widow naturally desired to behold and meet the rising hero, whose star had just begun to sparkle on the public horizon.

Eugene's enthusiastic admiration and praise of the man who had befriended him added to her natural curiosity and strengthened her desire to gratify it. Her woman's instinct led her to array herself in her most becoming attire, rather than any coquettish impulse. Her days of poverty and stress were now over, the Directors having at last restored to her the estate of her husband, which had been confiscated by the Republic. This was due to the untiring efforts of an early and devoted friend, Thérèse Fontenay, now the wife of Tallien, one of the five Directors.

Charmingly dressed and in her own carriage, the lovely young widow drove to the General's headquarters—and to her fate! Placed in a military school for boys at the age of ten, and entering upon the life of a soldier at sixteen, Napoleon had, up to this time, seen little of women of any class. When Josephine, anxious to express a mother's grateful thanks, appeared at his headquarters, he beheld for the first time a *grande dame*, a woman whose graceful dignity, exquisite manners and aristocratic bearing proclaimed her at once a Court lady of the old regime—the days of poor Marie Antoinette. And the beautiful blue eyes of the young viscountess widened when, instead of the bronzed and bearded warrior she expected to meet, she was confronted by a slender, sallow-faced youth, with sharpened features, long, lank, dark hair, and delicate white hands! But his eyes were brilliant and piercing, his voice melodious and commanding, and Josephine soon felt their power. When she rose to depart, he accompanied her to her carriage, saying, as he closed the door: "I shall call upon you tomorrow, viscountess!" instead of "*May I call?*"

"What an extraordinary man!" was her amused comment, and he was destined



to amaze her still more! The next afternoon he appeared in the salon of her pretty little home in the Rue Chauterine and remained until all other guests had departed. Then, standing before her in his characteristic attitude, with folded arms, he offered her, without preamble, his heart and hand!

Utterly astonished, almost frightened, Josephine took refuge in raillery. "Ah, General," she exclaimed, "you are surely joking! Marriage as I have found it is no subject for jest!"

Drawing himself more erect, he fixed upon her the piercing glance of those wonderful eyes and replied:

"Madame, I *never* jest. May I hope to possess your hand?"

Anxious to escape, Josephine rose, saying, laughingly, "Yes, for the moment, General! You may lead me to my carriage, it has been awaiting me some time." But all her evasions were useless; he became her shadow, would take no denial of his suit, and, in spite of herself, flattered her by his untiring devotion. By sheer persistence he finally gained the consent to consider his suit. Her heart was as yet untouched, her children filled her life, and she had no desire to remarry.

Besides, she was now wealthy, while Napoleon was still poor in worldly goods. Although advantageous in every way for their brother, the entire Bonaparte family bitterly opposed the match, and from purely selfish motives as well. She hesitated long, tortured by indecision, ere she finally surrendered, literally conquered by Napoleon's indomitable will and persistence. Pauline, the second sister of Napoleon, was especially bitter in her resentment toward the woman who had won the heart of her favorite brother.

Beautiful, frivolous Pauline was as vain and selfish of heart and spiteful in mind as she was lovely in form and feature. The spoiled beauty and petted darling of her brothers could brook no rival. She could not forgive the woman who had not only robbed her of her favorite brother, but who rivalled her in beauty and excelled her in mind. Not all the many acts of kindness she afterwards received from Josephine changed her jealous dislike one iota.

Not even when, as the wife of a prince, and sister of a mighty Emperor, poets wrote and sang of her:

"Let her name be queen of beauty,
For her wondrous loveliness!"

The five Directors then governing the Republic viewed the increasing fame and power of the brilliant young General with jealous alarm and uneasiness. His prestige was increased by his marriage with the beautiful and wealthy young widow.

Under the pretense of greater honors, but in reality to rid Paris of his dangerous presence, he was given command of the army in Italy a few days after his marriage. Barras in particular secretly hoped he would never return, having an instinctive dread of the future achievements of the popular hero.

His brilliant triumphs and the honors and homage paid him in Italy filled the five men with alarm and misgiving, although they pretended to rejoice greatly. Barras, anxious to learn something to the hero's discredit, secretly dispatched his private secretary, Charles Botot, to Montebello, with orders to spy upon the young conqueror's every word and action, and to discover, if possible, some act of treachery toward France. It was when she joined her husband in Italy that Josephine began to realize what it meant to be the wife of a conqueror, and to be honored and feted by an entire nation for his sake.

He had gained both laurels and wealth, and was now dictating terms of peace to a conquered foe, and her heart overflowed with love and pride. When Botot, a handsome young fellow, arrived at Montebello, with a woman's unerring intuition Josephine at once guessed his errand and determined to win his confidence and friendship if possible. Under the spell of her charming personality, Botot was as wax in her hands, and had soon confided to her the secret of his mission and the real attitude of the Directors toward her husband. He in fact consented to act the part of a double spy, both for herself and Barras!

Josephine was thus able to warn and guard Napoleon, and keep him informed of secret plans and plots of the Directors in Paris. With her usual kindness Josephine had offered no objection when

Napoleon proposed that his mother and two younger sisters should share the pleasures of the miniature court they were now holding at Montebello, although she knew it would greatly lessen her own happiness. Regarding Pauline as a mere child, she had no comprehension of the extent to which the girl's spiteful and jealous nature would lead her. She kept Napoleon constantly irritated, even enraged at times, and sneered at and insulted her sister-in-law on every possible occasion.

She it was who called her brother's attention to what she chose to consider a secret intimacy between Josephine and the handsome young secretary—resenting his lack of attention to herself. Josephine, when informed of the young lady's accusation, merely smiled, saying: "One cannot work without tools, *mon ami!* Botot is the tool I use to learn the secrets of the Directory, that *you* may be on your guard when we return to Paris!"

"Yes, yes, I know," he shrugged. "But be careful, *mon ami!* Don't give any cause for gossip. Botot hangs round you too much!"

Her smiling eyes met his tenderly. "Well, as you say, my love, but 'Caesar's wife is above suspicion,' or *should be!*"

The honors and attentions lavished upon Napoleon after their return to France filled Josephine's heart with joy and pride. Conqueror of all, he was conquered only by her. A period of quiet happiness now ensued for the man who had been homeless from childhood. He had gained both wealth and fame in Italy, and the modest little home in the Rue Chautereine was remodelled into a handsome hotel and the street rechristened *de la Victoire*.

As the adored husband and beloved father in a happy home circle, Napoleon was for a time content, but his restless spirit and boundless ambition ever led him onward. The Directors, more than ever uneasy and alarmed at his ever-growing power and popularity, eagerly seized upon his expressed desire to seek fresh laurels in Egypt, to rid Paris of his disquieting presence.

He was appointed commander-in-chief of the expedition, and Josephine learned the news with a scream of dismay. What

a rival she had found in her husband's insatiable ambition, what an obstacle to her happiness.

"It is a plot," she exclaimed passionately, "a plot to destroy you, my husband, by sending you into danger, among enemies!"

"Josephine," he answered sadly, "my worst enemies are here in Paris, and I am fully aware of their designs. Their plans, however, agree with my desires, and I shall go, in order to win greater honors and fame."

Finding it was impossible to change his decision, Josephine, rather than endure the long, perhaps eternal separation, resolved to accompany him.

But this Napoleon would not permit for many reasons, and finally compromised by promising to dispatch a vessel to convey her to Egypt in three months' time.

"I wish you to watch and keep me informed of all political affairs, Josephine," were among his parting words. "I shall return when least expected, and in meantime do you keep watch on the Directors and let nothing escape you." Josephine promised, little dreaming what that promise was to cost her, and that eighteen instead of three months were to pass ere she saw her idolized husband again!

With tears and misgivings she bade him farewell, full of sorrow at the abrupt ending of her happy home life, and anxiously counting the days that must pass ere she could join her husband in the land of the Pharaohs.

Two months later, while at a health resort, Josephine was painfully injured by the falling of a balcony, and confined to her bed for weeks. While thus rendered helpless, the ship which was to carry her to her husband, sailed for Egypt. The accident, however, seemed providential, as the vessel was afterward captured by the English.

Like all Creoles, Josephine was superstitious, and alarmed by her narrow escape, she now shrank from crossing the ocean. When Nelson soon rendered the journey impossible, she cheerfully abandoned the project and occupied herself in improving and beautifying her newly

purchased estate, "Malmaison." Napoleon had always desired a country residence, and she wished to surprise and please him on his return.

About her and her lovely young daughter were gathered many congenial friends, and the salon in Paris and the Chateau Malmaison were the scenes of much innocent social gaiety.

Mindful of Napoleon's injunctions, Josephine renewed her friendship with the young secretary of Barras, Charles Botot, and learned much from him concerning the affairs of the Directory. After the news of the battle of Acre, Barras circulated a report of Napoleon's death, so much did he desire it. The assurances of young Botot, however, saved Josephine much mental anguish and torturing suspense, and she could not but welcome him in her salon. In the absence of both Napoleon and Eugene, Josephine and her daughter gladly accepted the young secretary's escort and protection to the opera, theater and social functions which they attended. Josephine also in her visits to the offices of the Directors, to obtain news of her husband, often requested Botot to accompany her, unconscious of the fact that the members of the Bonaparte family viewed her every action with disapproving eyes.

Pauline, it will be remembered, had voiced the belief of an intimacy existing between her sister-in-law and Botot while at Montebello, in Italy.

Events now seemed to justify her suspicions, and to prove their truth, Josephine had, unfortunately for her, entirely forgotten the whole episode. Those who should have protected and warned her, in the absence of husband and son, were among the first to misinterpret her actions and calumniate her. Exaggerated reports of her conduct began to be whispered about, and finally even reached the ear of Napoleon, in far-away Egypt. Bourrienne, then Napoleon's secretary, from his intimate knowledge of Josephine, utterly disbelieved, and took every precaution that the rumor should not reach his master's ears.

But Junot, being of very humble birth, was devoid of the delicacy of feeling and chivalrous sentiment which prompted

Bourrienne to remain silent and spare Napoleon useless suffering.

Devotedly attached to his chief, he did not stop to consider, but, rushing into his presence, repeated the whole story in the baldest manner. "Madame had many admirers, but Charles Botot was the one most favored. She was said to correspond with him regularly. Malmaison and the Paris home were the scenes of constant social gaiety, proving that Madame was making the most of her freedom." Napoleon was stunned; his anger and anguish were terrible. . . .

"I feared he would lose his reason," writes Bourrienne. "I reproached Junot for his unpardonable indiscretion, feeling sure that malice and slander had invented and exaggerated facts, and that it was folly to believe such calumnies of one who had ever impressed me as the most perfect of women."

The mischief was done, however, and Napoleon raged like a caged lion in his wounded pride and sense of helplessness. The thought that Josephine, the woman he loved and trusted above all others, should render his name and himself a subject for gossip and ridicule on the streets of Paris was unendurable. Even if innocent, by her indiscretion she had placed a weapon in the hands of his enemies, with which to smite him! Never could he forgive her!

For ten long months the army was without news of any kind from France, and it was through papers sent him by an English admiral that Napoleon learned of the blunders of the Directory and the loss to France of all that he had gained in Italy. The news threw him into a frenzy of anger and excitement, causing him to decide upon an instant and secret return to France.

His longing to see Josephine hastened his decision, for by now his anger had cooled, and he was willing to believe she had been slandered.

During the long, perilous voyage his thoughts turned to her constantly, and he had decided to believe what she might have to explain and perhaps forgive her! But for his impatience to reach Paris, causing him to change his intended route, he and Josephine would have met, all would

have been explained, and much suffering spared them both.

Although she had been assured of Napoleon's death, and had endured the most torturing suspense, Josephine had never lost hope or the belief that her Achilles would in time return.

While dining at the house of one of the Directors one day, a courier arrived with the news that Napoleon had returned, landing at the little seaport town of Frejus, and would proceed to Paris by way of Lyons. Josephine uttered a shriek of joy, and rising from the table, quickly returned him. Arrived there, she felt that it would be impossible to await Napoleon's arrival, so impatient was she to see him, and decided to meet him on the Lyons road. In an hour she was on her way, accompanied only by her coachman and maid. Laughing and weeping by turns, she could scarce believe in the reality of her happiness.

After a long and fatiguing journey, she arrived at Lyons without meeting her husband, and was informed that he had departed by another route and was now probably entering Paris! Filled with disappointment and chagrin, as well as foreboding, she began the weary return journey, without pausing to rest. When Napoleon reached Paris and found Josephine absent, he was bitterly disappointed, although informed that she had gone to meet him. Two of his brothers, expecting his arrival, were at the house to greet him, adding to the unfortunate *contretemps*. Instead of nobly defending their absent sister-in-law, or remaining silent to spare their brother's feelings, they cruelly repeated and confirmed all the scandalous reports concerning her and Charles Botot.

Napoleon listened in gloomy, ominous silence, asking no questions, but that rage was again consuming him they well knew.

At last he was alone and the hour late, but sleep was impossible. Like a caged lion he paced the floor, his brain a seething caldron of outraged love, jealous anger and resentment. He had longed inexplicably for the meeting with Josephine, had intended to forgive and listen to her explanations, and now his brothers had

again filled his heart with doubt and jealous rage!

Truly hath Shakespeare said:

"To be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness on the brain!"

Midnight had passed when the sound of wheels in the courtyard below announced the return of Josephine from her fruitless journey. Eugene, anxious to greet and embrace his adored mother, rushed down stairs. Napoleon instinctively followed, but checked himself and remained at the head of the stairway. Presently the voice of Josephine, "the golden voice that won all hearts," echoed through the silent house as she greeted her son with a cry of joy. Napoleon stood motionless, his heart torn by conflicting emotions, as, tenderly assisted by Eugene, Josephine ascended the stairs.

Her weary face grew radiant at the sight of her husband's figure, and for an instant his heart leaped to meet her. Then the recollection of the vile slanders repeated by his brothers fanned into flame the anger smouldering in his breast, and his features stiffened into a mask of cold displeasure, as his flashing eyes met those of his wife.

In tones never forgotten by Eugene, he exclaimed harshly, "Madame, it is my desire that you retire at once to Mal-maison!" and retreating to his apartment, shut himself therein.

The cruel words, so unexpected, pierced Josephine's loving heart; she reeled and would have fallen senseless but for her son's sustaining arms. The cry of anguish which escaped her lips reached Napoleon's ears, and love and pride struggled for mastery in his tortured heart. How pale and weary had that lovely, gentle face appeared to his brief glance! And this was their longed-for meeting, after eighteen months of separation! So had Fate cheated them! An hour, perhaps, of profound silence and then his attention was again arrested by the sound of wheels and voices and footsteps in the hall below.

Drawn, in spite of himself, to the landing above the stairway, he beheld, to his amazement, Eugene and his mother in the act of leaving the house! His heart smote him, remembering his harsh words,

and, impulsively leaning over the balustrade, he called softly to Eugene.

Reluctantly the youth paused and slowly ascended the stairs, with downcast eyes. "What does this mean, Eugene? Where are you going at this hour?" demanded Napoleon sharply.

"My mother wishes to obey your commands at once, sire," coldly returned Eugene. "I shall accompany her to Malmaison."

"What, at this hour!" exclaimed Napoleon. "It is not to be thought of! Your mother is already greatly fatigued, and the journey will be too much for her. Remain until morning. Tell her that I desire—I insist upon it."

Eugene bowed in silence; he could not trust himself to speak for a moment. Finally he murmured chokingly, "Your wishes are commands, sire," and returned to his grief-stricken mother below. Worn out with grief and fatigue, Josephine gladly accepted the respite, and in the morning was unable to lift her head from her pillow.

For three long, dreary days husband and wife remained alone in their separate apartments, one fearing to make an advance, the other still proudly resentful, and battling with his tortured heart.

Eugene, his loyal young heart rent with contending emotions, wandered like an uneasy ghost about the silent house. Ignorant of the cause of the rupture, he was too young and inexperienced to attempt the role of mediator.

Napoleon suffered all the anguish of tortured love, but his powerful mind that was to decide the destinies of Europe could not long remain the dupe of malice and slander. Anger cooled, jealousy was shamed by the light of reason, and instinctively he guessed the truth.

His family, ignorant of Josephine's use of Botot as a spy, had used her friendship with him as a pretext to excite his anger against her in hopes of separation. Even if she were guilty, what would life be without her—his good genius! How barren, how empty his own had been of happiness and comfort ere she entered it. No, against all the world, all appearances, he would trust and believe only in her, his much-loved Josephine! The

declining sun was gilding the towers of Notre Dame on the evening of the third miserable day when Napoleon softly opened the door of Josephine's apartment and stepped therein. She sat before her toilet table, having made a half-hearted attempt to arrange the disordered tresses of her beautiful hair, which hung about her shoulders like a gilded veil. The brush had fallen from her hand and she sat lost in a painful reverie. Napoleon stood, silent and motionless, for some seconds, and then said softly:

"Josephine!"

With a start she threw back the blinding tresses, lifted her swollen eyes to her husband's face and rose quickly. Their eyes met, he extended his arms, and in an instant she was clasped to his breast, sobbing convulsively. With loving words and tender caresses he soothed and comforted her, until her agitation subsided.

Seating himself, he drew her upon his knee, and a long conversation ensued, during which much was explained, and Napoleon was convinced that his faith in her had not been misplaced. Malice and slander had exaggerated and distorted actions and words easily explained by her absorbing anxiety and long suspense regarding her husband.

"I was forgetful of all but your interests, *mon ami*," Josephine ended, "and my one desire was to learn news of you, and to obey your request that I learn the secrets of the Directors, and their real sentiments toward you. That you could doubt me for an instant, I cannot easily forgive!"

"The wisest lose their wits under the influence of love and jealousy," Napoleon responded diplomatically.

"Prepare now, sir, to most humbly beg your insulted wife's pardon for your doubts of her," and smiling radiantly, Josephine rose and took a letter from her writing desk and passed it to him. "Read and be convinced, most jealous of husbands," she commanded.

Recognizing the handwriting of Botot, his brow darkened and with compressed lips he proceeded to read a declaration of love and proposal of marriage from Charles Botot for the hand of—Hortense!

"As he cannot have the mother, he consoles himself with the daughter," he jested, striving to hide his deep emotion as he drew the mother to his heart.

"Will she accept him? Has she given him an answer?" he asked after a pause.

"No, Hortense does not love him," Josephine answered softly. "Like her mother, she wishes to only marry where she loves. . . . She aided me in every way to gain the friendship of Botot and the foolish fellow has fallen in love with her.

"By the way," she continued, "Barras has evidently suspected the duplicity of

Botot, for I learn that he has dismissed him from his post of secretary."

* * *

The period following Napoleon's return from Egypt and after he became First Consul were among the happiest of Josephine's checkered life. With restored love and confidence, the reconciled pair were as newly married lovers.

But for the insatiable, consuming ambition which mastered Napoleon, a peaceful and happy old age with Josephine at his side might have been his, instead of the cataclysm of ruin which finally ended his wonderful career.

FRIENDSHIP

By FREDERICK MOXON

HAVE you a friend, one true, strong friend, whose heart beats ever warm;
Whose hand on yours holds fast its grip, however fierce life's storm;
Whose smile makes sunshine brighter seem, whose laugh disperses care;
Whose cheery confidence assures a refuge from despair?

Have you a friend,—one old, tried friend, whom time the more endears
To memory's inward vision, with the passing of the years?
Whose kindness is as constant as the light of God's own day;
Whose thoughts are with you though himself is half a world away?

If such a friend you have in truth, then are you rich indeed,
Although of things men count as wealth you seem in sorest need;
And richer still, in treasure that increases to life's end,
If you unto some brother man can prove that perfect friend.

International Congress of Business Men

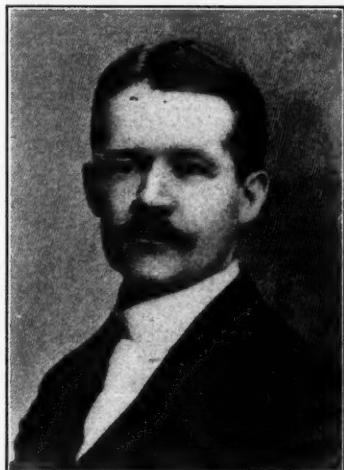
By Robert J. Bottomly

Executive Secretary, International Congress of Chambers of Commerce

THE Fifth International Congress of Chambers of Commerce is coming to Boston from September 24-28, 1912. This is the first time that this great gathering of the commercial organizations of the world has ever met upon this side of the Atlantic. The tremendous interest which it is exciting throughout America shows that it is proving the occasion of arousing American business men to the need of putting their commercial organizations in closer touch with each other, with their Government and with the commercial organizations of the world. The business organizations of the United States have in the past few years failed to keep step with the commercial organizations of other countries, especially Germany and England, in insisting upon the close co-operation of their Government in the enterprises which they have undertaken. The developments in connection with the preparations for the coming Congress clearly reveal that they are arousing themselves to need of constructive action.

Perhaps the best evidence of the tre-

mendous American interest is shown by the personnel of the American Honorary Committee under whose auspices the Fifth Congress is to be held. The American Honorary Committee has as its president Hon. William H. Taft, President of the United States; as its vice-presidents Hon. Philander C. Knox, Secretary of State, Hon. Charles Nagel, secretary of Commerce and Labor, Hon. S. M. Cullom, chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations and Hon. William Sulzer, chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs. Its membership includes the most notable assemblage of the real leaders of the United States which has ever been gathered on one committee. In its number are found the diplomatic representatives in the United States of the leading commercial nations of the world, the governors of practically all the important states which go to make up the Union, the presidents of the leading commercial organizations in practically every considerable city of America, together with some sixty or seventy of the greatest



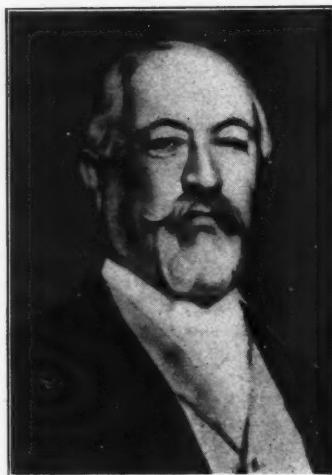
GEORGE W. PERKINS



GEORGE B. CORTELYOU
Photo by Harris & Ewing



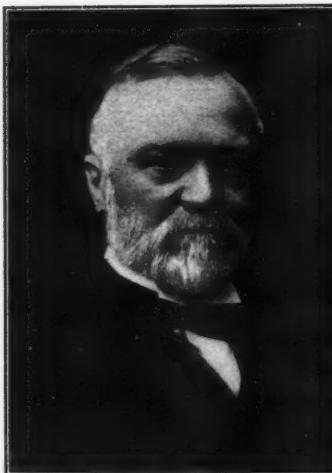
C. H. MACKAY



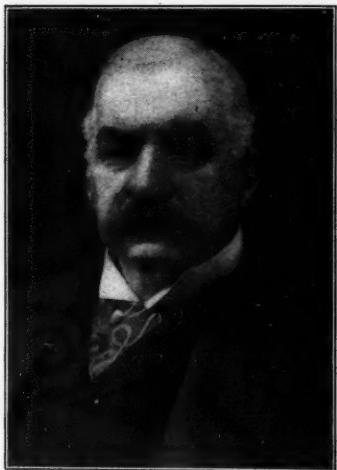
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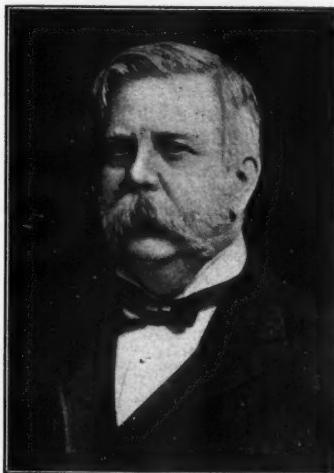
E. H. GARY



ANDREW CARNEGIE



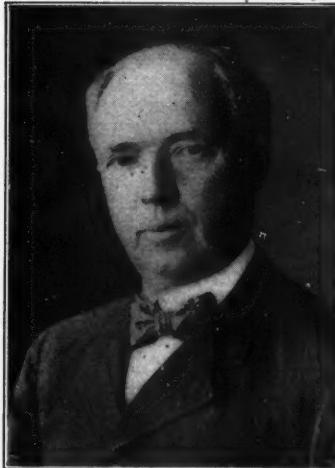
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GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE
Photograph by Patton, Pittsburg



JAMES McCREA



JOHN D. ARCHBOLD



business men whom America has produced.

This American recognition of the value of this great international commercial gathering shows that the business men of our country have not failed to appreciate the notable place which the International Congress of Chambers of Commerce has attained in the business life of Europe.

The First Congress was held at Liege, Belgium, in 1905. This meeting resulted in the appointment of a Permanent Committee, and the decision to hold these congresses every two years. The Second Congress was held at Milan, Italy, in 1906; the Third at Prague, Austria, in 1908; and the Fourth at London, England, in 1910.

The First Congress enjoyed the patronage of the Belgian Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and Minister of Industry and Labor. The Second Congress was held under the patronage of His Majesty, the King of Italy, while the honorary presidents were the Italian Ministers of Foreign Affairs and of Industry and Commerce. The Third Congress was opened in person by its honorary president, His Imperial Highness, the Archduke Charles Francis Joseph. The Fourth Congress in London was opened by the Right Honorable Sydney Buxton, M. P., the President of the Board of Trade, and has as an honorary vice-president the British Prime Minister, Right Honorable H. H. Asquith, K. C. M. P. Associated with the Congress were the English governmental and commercial leaders.

The Congress has given consideration to a large variety of problems affecting international commercial relations. The subjects before the Congress are discussed at regular sessions and voted upon. If the action taken by the Congress is favorable, it then becomes the duty of the Permanent Committee to take steps to make the decision effective. This is done either by interesting some government to call a diplomatic conference of nations or by entering into negotiations directly with the different governments. The method is illustrated by the recent success which the Permanent Committee has attained in so interesting four governments: Holland, on Uniformity of Legislation on Bills of Exchange; Belgium, on Uniform-

ity in Customs Statistics; Switzerland, on a Fixed International Calendar and a Permanent Day for Easter; and Italy, on the Organization and Institution of a Program for an International Maritime Union.

The headquarters of the Permanent Committee are at present at 140 Rue Royale, Brussels, Belgium. Louis Canon-Legrand is the president of the Permanent Committee, Edward A. Fileene of Boston is the vice-president and Emile Jottrand is Secretary-General.

The Boston Chamber of Commerce paved the way for the plans, which now give promise of resulting so successfully, by organizing last summer a tour by a party of some one hundred American business men through the principal cities of Europe, extending a formal invitation to the commercial organizations to send representatives to the Fifth Congress. During the past winter some nine different committees to have charge of the very many different phases of the work were organized. The work to date has been permeated with the constructive enthusiasm of Mr. George S. Smith, who, upon retiring from the presidency of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, took up the work as chairman of the American Executive Committee. Mr. Smith has personally visited the leading commercial organizations in the principal cities of America and made sure of their hearty co-operation. Behind the scenes, the keen judgment and indefatigable industry of Mr. James A. McKibben, the secretary of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, has been pushing the plans on to a successful completion.

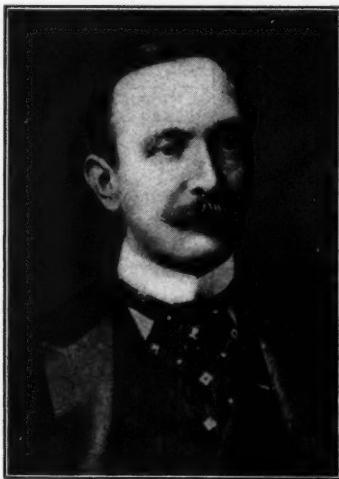
At the conclusion of the official sessions in Boston, the delegates from abroad will travel over the United States in special compartment trains for the purpose of inspecting the principal commercial and industrial enterprises of this country. The bringing of this Congress to America is not only going to produce very tangible results in the extension of the foreign trade of our business men, but is going to produce tremendous results in the remarkable impetus which it is giving and will give to the spirit of "get together" among the commercial organizations of the United States, and of every civilized nation.



JAMES A. McKIBBEN



CHARLES M. SCHWAB
Photograph by Patton, Pittsburg



AUGUST BELMONT



GEORGE S. SMITH



THE GREAT AFTER SHAFT OF THE LOST TITANIC

The TITANIC

69

ARTHUR N. McGRAY

TITANIC — death — destruction — distress—Ocean's supremest catastrophe—doom of man's greatest creation—satisfied maw of the ice-fields—annihilation—unthinkably titanic.

For a full week afterward the giant respirations of the Atlantic ceased—lulled to a trembling, quivering expanse—nursing in grievous contemplation the terrific havoc it had borne.

The whole world reeled from the Titan shock, and all its civilization paused to catch a hopeful word from the scene of wicked tragedy.

Not one among the thousands of adventurous men whose path in life has led them to executive position on the bridge of ocean greyhounds but has felt, aye, known, that in its turn the day *must* come that for its toll would claim a hundred score of human souls and such a wealth of treasure-trove as Croesus never dreamed this world and all its peoples could produce. That dreaded day has come at last—and now is gone—and down the rugged tumult of its wake a hundred thousand mourning people turn their tear-dimmed eyes—and twice a hundred million more are searching all its eddying tides to find a satisfactory "Why?"—for "in the night of death hope sees a star, and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing."

When the last echo of this unparalleled ocean horror has died out of the everyday atmosphere, and the great public are again immersed in its own particular problems, men of the sea will every day be sailing over that invisible cemetery, and each will pause to do reverence to the

gallant sunken dead. He will realize, as few others ever can, that all the incidents of courage and bravery and self-sacrifice which have been told are only mere items as compared with the unwritten history of the splendid heroism that reigned throughout those hours of darkness, exposure and of death. To him, in its strongest, fullest sense, is borne home the re-enactment of this fearful story. It is for him to square his shoulders for the weight of a kindred disaster, knowing full well that any moment may bring him face to face with a titanic-like demand. Moreover, to him it now is that the great public will turn for a safer transatlantic conduct, and this is the vital point.

Over twenty years ago, with the advent of our first "twenty-knotters," many of the then commanders advised their respective managements, in terms of emphasis, that the ocean track previously adopted lay too far north for either comfort or safety, that it was infested with floes and bergs at certain seasons, under a pall of fog whenever the warm southerly winds blew in from over the Gulf Stream, and clouded with snow, sleet, mist or rain when northeasterly, easterly or south-easterly winds should prevail. The various managements gave attention, organized a conference, debated for several years, and finally agreed upon a route so far south that floes and bergs must succumb before they could possibly reach so low a latitude and through a practically fogless zone.

Thereby absolute safety was insured, excepting when nearing the coast, at either

side of the Atlantic, where at certain seasons foggy weather might be expected. But this represented only a small fraction of the sailing distance, and speeds could then be lowered without materially reducing the total "scheduled time"—for it is no secret that the express steamers in the transatlantic service are operated to a fixed schedule—no allowance being made for loss of time by reason of ice-fields or for "safe navigation" purposes.

The new route was about one hundred and fifty nautical miles longer than the old one; it demanded about eight hours more steaming, considerable extra coal, and perhaps two or three extra meals for a thousand passengers. Rates over this longer route remained the same as over the dangerous, shorter one. Competition asserted itself—"ocean races" were a frequent theme of the newspapers. In clear water and under sunny skies the struggle for "the record" was often battled for—side by side—for days by the "ocean flyers" of that time; excitement ran high and delighted passengers thronged the rival decks.

Gradually, however, a change was wrought. One after another the high-speed ships again slashed hour after hour from the "best record," though not over the new route. One by one the companies "countenanced" a gradual return to the shorter one. There was no less fog, no less ice, further north, than there had been before. How, then, had the dangers lessened? They existed then, and the world mourns today because it knows they *still exist*. If proof were wanting that all the important passenger lines have always recognized these great dangers and were well aware of the absolute remedy, note how quickly each has spread broadcast the word that its ships had been immediately ordered to follow a far more southern route.

To see that this new route is *far enough* to the south—that it is made permanent and that all the great passenger carriers be obliged to follow it, under exacting penalties—will require firm and careful attention at the hands of a highly qualified and authoritative commission. To such a board, international in character, composed of past-commanders of express

ocean steamships, the routing of such vessels may safely be entrusted. Among them there would be no appreciable difference of opinion. All these have run the gauntlet of fog and ice, have escaped appalling disaster by a hair's breadth times without number, and *know the facts*.

A titanic voice has spoken, and it has said that government of ocean routes is absolutely necessary, and that its seat should be in the hands of men who recognize and appreciate the perils of navigation. It is incredible that it should have cost the almost immediate demolition of this grandest and most expensive of all marine creations, and over a thousand human lives, to bring this traffic to the regulation point of sanity.

Among laymen there is genuine surprise that on a clear night—dark though it was—a great ship could plow into the heart of an iceberg before discovering its presence. To the nautical mind it is entirely plausible.

At about twenty-two knots of speed, the Titanic was covering nearly a statute mile and one third every three minutes and it takes *time* for a ship nine hundred feet in length and drawing nearly forty feet of water to "swing" on its course line. It takes *time* to stop fifty thousand tons of dead weight when moving at that rate of speed.

In daytime, even, unless the sun is shining brightly against its sides, a berg is not the glaring sheetlike thing that many seem to think it is. On a cloudy day they show distinctly gray and dark, while on a moonless, cloudy night they only, at the best, will show as blackness, more pronounced, against that other blackened screen where murky cloud and murky waters meet.

The newest, whitest, snowiest sails that ever drove a racing yacht to victory show as black as blackest night against a somber midnight sky. In other words, they are invisible a short way off, as was the berg whose jagged and submerged extensions tore the very bowels from this virgin Titan.

Understanding is sometimes helped by figures. Steaming at about twenty-two knots, the Titanic was covering a distance

equal to its 900 feet length every 24 1-4 seconds. On such a night as the best sources of information seem to indicate that it was—and this terrible happening surely substantiates the evidence—a berg showing only fifty to seventy feet above water would not be visible until a half mile or less away. In one minute and twenty-one seconds, the Titanic had leaped that distance. And yet there are any number of intelligent laymen who have criticized Chief Officer Murdoch in not stopping that flying giantess—turning her half around in her tracks, and accomplishing a hundred impossibilities in the few seconds that remained after the tense period necessarily occupied in determining on which side of it his ship might pass in safety, if at all. But there was no time for protective action, and the very sighting of such a berg, so nearly dead ahead, under the existing conditions spelled “unavoidable doom.”

In illustration of the deceptive appearance of bergs, at nighttime, I recall being a passenger on the old Hibernian of the Allan Line when, within two miles of the harbor entrance of St. John's, Newfoundland, on a beautiful May evening, when the decks were crowded with passengers, the ship suddenly lurched and reeled to starboard under the impact of “shouldering” against a perpendicular-sided berg about forty feet in height. This the officers had mistaken for snow upon the near-to hillsides, while experienced seamen back in the “waist” of the ship remarked that there was an unusual quantity of “exhaust steam” from the forward winches, which were naturally being made ready for baggage and cargo handling. Some of the davits were bent inboard and some of the life-boats badly buckled in their “chocks.” Considerable quantities of broken-off ice fell upon the deck, and much apprehension was felt for the safety of the ship until it reached the dock an hour or so later. But the Hibernian was going “dead slow,” or her engines were stopped altogether at the time, awaiting a pilot. The same collision, under full-speed conditions, would have sent her to the bottom almost instantly. It is the contrasting of such experiences with the conditions that beset the Titanic

that enables the seafarer to readily reach a satisfactory “Why?”

When, as an officer on the American liner St. Louis, some years ago, nearing the ice-belt, east bound, with a dense, low-lying fog and the full rising moon struggling to push its way through the mist, the engines running full speed and the engine room telegraph set at “stand-by,” suddenly the fog lifted. Dead ahead, two miles away, fair down the glare of the moonbeam, towered a giant berg. About three hundred feet in height, it presented a broadside to our pathway nearly two miles in length. “Hard a port” came the order—low and tense—from the lips of the veteran commander. The ship swung clear, passengers lined the port hand rails and exclaimed at the magnificence of the moonlit spectacle. Five minutes more of fog and their cries would have carried a vastly different meaning.

At another time and on another ship, west bound, in broad, clear daylight, with half a gale blowing and a heavy sea running, ice was sighted ahead. Apparently the field held two, fifty feet high, bergs, each a half mile long, and laying about four miles apart. Between them was a clear lane of water. To the north of one berg and to the south of the other, heavy floes extended to the limit of observation. Mid-lane was decided upon as the safest and speediest way through, giving each berg a berth of two miles about. Dead before the gale we flew toward the “gap.” Suddenly right before us a huge sea combed and broke, sending its foam and spray mast-head high. “Hard a lee” rang the order, fore and aft. The ship swung head to the wind and “reached” away from the submerged ice-bar which connected the two bergs. Without this warning breaker, in the nick of time, the ship would have been kindling wood in less time than the story could be told. But, with each recurring season the frozen north will continue the despatch of its iceclad ambassadors, between which there will be false channels, and round about them perils indescribable.

Bergs and ice-floes are in a class all their own. The continuous danger of collision with other ships in this fog-infested region has prematurely turned white the hair of

many a hardy navigator, and few there are but can recall a dozen score of times when, every nerve tensed to the breaking point, and every hard-drawn breath seemed tearing soul and body wide apart, they've waited for the "lazy" swing of hurrying ships that barely let them pass—sparing from doom the hundreds sleeping down below.

West bound, and driving down the "furious fifties" through a pall of fog one night, I stood with each hand on the engine telegraph, ready to execute the orders of our alert commander. "Ice on the port bow, sir," roared the crow's-nest lookout. At that very instant we all discovered a kind of gleamy lightness against the blackness of the fog screen.

"Hard a port. Stop the starboard engine, sir," immediately came the firm and deep-toned order.

"Steamer close aboard on the port bow, sir," came the cry from the crow's-nest.

But we upon the bridge had already discovered that what we saw was not the reflection of our lights against a berg, but the blaze of illumination from the great saloons of an ocean liner.

Before the ship could respond to the action of its helm, before the engineers could effect the order of the telegraph, the situation had been grasped, and "Steady the wheel. Full speed the starboard engine. Quartermasters to stations. Burn company's night signal, sir!" came the order, firm and deep-toned as before.

A hurried run to stations, the piercing scream of a fog-siren, the deep, responsive roar of own, a passing sheet of brilliant incandescence, the blaze of the costons, the lurid flare of the rockets, and both ships had shot again into the awful blackness.

Two minutes only had passed from the first reporting to the final disappearance of the lights, but in that time we had met, passed within a hundred feet off, signalled, and received an answer from the Etruria.

As our commander resumed his chosen place near the center of the bridge, he turned to me and hoarsely whispered two short words, "Cunard luck." And that was all. His story of "what might have been" began and ended there.

But the Fates decreed no second chance for the great Titanic. She was given but one opportunity and she failed to "swing clear." Her owners were not given even the doubtful satisfaction of a fog-screen in excuse, and in a marked degree future routings must be governed by this fact.

Those of the voyagers who are alive today are mostly indebted to the exceptionally powerful radio-telegraphic equipment of the ship and to the heroic fidelity of its operators. Through this disaster, too, the time has been hastened when, on all the larger ships, at least, a thoroughly experienced wireless operator shall always be on duty.

So far there has been no satisfactory explanation as to why this great ship had only fifty per cent of its designed lifeboat equipment on board. As a matter of fact, no satisfactory explanation ever can be made, while the prestige of the British Board of Trade has suffered a merited debasement from which recovery will prove a very long road. They grossly violated the trust which the public had reposed in them, and they should be held culpable. Whether they, as a Board, cannot be held responsible as agents of the British government, in suits to recover damages, is an interesting question which will likely have to be answered. That the life-saving equipment of the Titanic was gauged by rules that are twenty years old, rules that have stood still in the face of a great and steady increase in the size of ships, is one of the worst examples of neglect that the shipping world ever had forced upon it.

There is no doubt that a great many lives were lost that would have been saved but for the mistaken impression that somehow has gained quite general credence, that the modern ocean liner is practically unsinkable. There is now no need to utter words in contradiction. There will be no unsinkable ships until a very wide departure has been taken from present modes of construction. There are, however, many practicable changes and additions which could be made that would count for much in this direction. For instance, with the three or four lower decks made watertight, each fitted with water-tight longitudinal bulkheads, and each hold sepa-

rated from the other by water-tight hatches, and we have added vastly to the hours that even a fated ship would remain afloat. All the modern passenger ships would readily lend themselves to the installation of this added safeguard, and the cost would be far from prohibitive.

Invaluable knowledge on this point would have been contributed by the engineering department of the Titanic had any of them been saved. The true story of what really happened to the hull of that magnificent giantess will always remain a sealed book. The only men who knew the details are gone. They were the brave men who worked with might and main to close water-tight doors that had been buckled and twisted by the fearful impact and that wouldn't close. They were the heroes who braced themselves at "collision stations" and drove the mighty pumping equipment against the overwhelming odds of seething rivers that swept in a maddened rush through the jagged rents of the torn-away plating.

It is readily conceivable that Mr. Andrews, the representative of the builders, and the chief engineer of the Titanic were consulting, devising greater emergency means, and directing still greater effort at the machinery when the great ship made its final plunge. That they were even then computing the unharmed air spaces in the ship and plotting their buoyancy against the inrushing weight to those sections they knew to be perforated, is also quite probable. Possibly they had already reached a conclusion as to where and when the settling point would be reached, after which the vessel, water-logged and helpless though she might be rendered, would remain afloat for days to come.

Far down in the uttermost depths of the ship they probably had no warning that the awful end was so swiftly approaching. All of them went down at the post of duty—self-sacrificing to the last—true heroes, every man of them, sublimely, pathetically so.

That so many lives were saved through the mediumship of only sixteen lifeboats speaks volumes in behalf of the superior training, the excellent discipline, and the splendid good judgment of those officers

who directed their lowering, loading, and sending away. Every boat of the sixteen has been accounted for and each saved lives to the average of its working capacity.

Fortunate it was for the survivors that there was little wind at the time and that the sea was smooth. At this season such is seldom the case in that region. Brisk winds to moderate gales are the ruling weather conditions in that locality during the month of April. Had the usual choppy or rough sea prevailed at the time, there is every probability that some of the boats would have filled alongside, that others would have swamped from overloading, and that the total number of the saved would not have exceeded three or four hundred souls.

When all the favoring conditions have been duly weighed and analyzed at the hands of experienced seamen, there is swiftly borne to his mind another, and still unpainted picture, of this matchless ocean horror.

He knows that the rowers in the life-boats pulled frantically to get far beyond the possible reach of suction, when the Leviathan should throw its final death-groan. Gradually it is forced upon him that hundreds of the stronger men, at least, girded about with life-belts, must have taken refuge upon the larger ice-pans after the great ship went down. From this new vantage ground he sees these strong and gallant heroes start again the work of rescue—snatching from the icy waters their weaker fellow-men. How many thus were filled anew with hope no tongue will ever tell.

Time and again the ice-field has played its part in rescue, as well as in destruction, and we all know that men have lived for days upon a drifting floe till succor came.

Ask of the sturdy fishermen of Gloucester how many hours they've known of men to cling to dories, overturned, upon a wintry sea, until the driving snow should clear, that brought relief. They'll tell you, to a man, that it is inconceivable that every one of all the hardy hundreds that were left behind upon that fated ship should absolutely perish in the few short hours that passed between the final plunge and the arrival of the rescue ship.

No man who is familiar with the sea

imagines for a moment that, after the Titanic sank and left a thousand struggling victims in a water all bestrewn with bergs and floes and all the endless quantity of floating things that a great sunken ship at once gives up, not a single one availed himself of any of these means of preservation.

And there are well-experienced men who dare to say that all the fearful cries and moans which floated down the wind and drove a terror to the hearts of those within the distant lifeboats were not the dying cries that people have been made to believe they were; but that, instead, they mostly were recalling shouts, begging the hurrying lifeboats to remain close by, so that when day should break and the Carpathia come upon the scene that those who needed rescue most should have it *first*. But not a single word of this was understood, and onward pressed the boats to meet the "mercy-ship," and so, when they had met, the story went that all the rest had perished, and after steaming back and forth around the limits where the

boats were found, and finding not the slightest evidence additional that there had been a monster tragedy enacted there, headed for port with those survivors she had found.

Unfeelingly cruel as the statement may seem, there is no shadow of a doubt that the Carpathia never visited the actual scene of the catastrophe at all. That through misinformation, or lack of information, or some other equally inexplicable cause, she was never within several miles of where the Titanic went down. That she turned her prow westward, shutting out the last gleam of hope from hundreds of watching eyes, there is absolutely no question.

The veriest novice, with a spark of reason, knew full well that somewhere, within a radius of miles that could be written with *one figure*, there were hundreds of human bodies, *floating*, at all events. Until these floating bodies had been found the search had not begun.

Titanic loss, pitiful, titanic blunder.

WHO SEEKS THE TRUTH SEEKS HEAVEN

E. B. LaCOUNT

A CONSCIOUS goodness, if indulged, decays,
And virtue self-emblazoned may be sin.
No soul is great that yields to fear or praise;
No soul is weak that strives some goal to win.

It is not life to live for self alone—
Joy we desire, for others we should seek.
The used or given is all the wealth we own;
Eternal riches are the words we speak.

In deed, not in event, true motive lies—
'Tis more than victory that we have fought.
That virtue is a vice that can despise;
That honor a dishonor which is bought.

An act, if for reward, wins faded wreaths;
Greatest is he who answers duty's call.
What heart denies, no tongue unperjured breathes;
Who seeks the truth seeks heaven—wins heaven's call.

KIDNAPPED

*by
Jessie Davies Wilddy*

KO ONE noticed when she crept through the back fence, where a panel was missing; no one gave much attention to her in any way, so that she easily made her long-premeditated escape.

The fence, old and ugly, enclosed entirely the dreary House and all its out-buildings; the south corner, where the panel was missing, extended down a dip of a hill, and she might have been seen, easily, by some of them at the main building, and it gave her a thrill, both delightful and uneasy, to think that she was unobserved and almost free!

The outside at last! Here it was extending in all directions, the real sunlit, glad outside, after years and years of waiting, and no one in sight to demand her return to the grim old House on the hill.

Growing along the outside of the ugly high gray fence, were wide meadows of wildflowers bowing their sweet blossoms toward the odd Little Old Lady, who nodded at them in return, courtseying as well as her bent old back would permit. "I just knew you'd all be here," she smiled at them happily, "you've been waiting for me a long while, dearies, haven't you?"

"And here's pussly, sure as ever, growing a-plenty," she exclaimed, delightedly; was it only yesterday or long years ago that she had gathered just such luxurious "pussly" for her white pet of a porker? Gathered it one day out by the stable just after a rain, she remembered, and the thick, juicy leaves were clogged with shiny bits of sand.

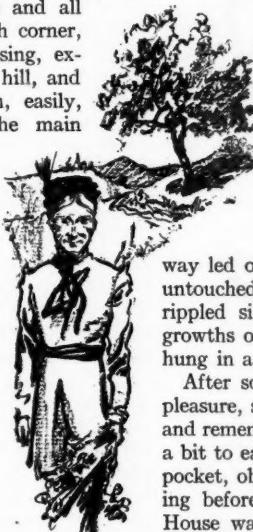
And how that pig did love it! That was when she was a young, young wisp of a bride and the cunning little porker had been a practical present from Uncle Thomas, and how David had laughed at her solicitude for her pet.

Wandering on a little farther she found "butter an' eggs" blooming just as it did in the long ago in the early springtime, shaking their queer little yellow and white blossoms over the meadows. Slowly and gaily the Little Old Lady walked on, happily renewing acquaintance with flowers and weeds and trees, growing in a riot of woodland color; the way led on into a thickly wooded bit of untouched forest where a tiny clear stream rippled silently along, between luxuriant growths of willows and bushes, and vines hung in a tangle of gracefulness above.

After so much unusual excitement and pleasure, she soon became tired and faint and remembered with delight that she had a bit to eat stowed away in her capacious pocket, obtained surreptitiously the evening before, when the scant meal at the House was in progress; a hollow by an old stump, filled half full of soft, dead leaves, gave her a luxurious seat where she rested while she ate her lunch.

She always wore a faded, patched old sunbonnet at the House; now she removed it and flung it as far as she could, chuckling when a venturesome robin near her flew away rapidly into the woods, "I do declare to goodness, if the robins ain't just as tame as they used to be when they built in the old elm by the kitchen door," she muttered reminiscently.

She was occupied a long, long time eating her bit of bread, listening to the soft, cool ripple of the little stream at her feet, watching the birds flitting about her; butterflies, delicate and beautiful,



And I'll be eighty two tomorrow

sipped sweetness from the flowers near her, and the low drowsy hum of bees soothed her wonderfully.

The soft winds stirred the long grasses by the edge of the water, and broad-leaved water plants growing in the stream attracted her. "Land o' livin', if that ain't the very stuff little Joey used to love to play boats with, and how he did love to paddle around in the water, barefooted, and sail his boats." The memory of that time, long gone by, when Joey, her son, sailed his water plant ships, did not sadden



"Lost, ain't you?" he asked gently

her; instead, it was pleasant to remember the sunburned, fair-haired little boy that once was hers.

Purple violets starred the grassy hills and hollows of her forest retreat, and grass—real, live, thick, sweet grass—softened the sound of her slow footsteps as she pursued her way.

"I've always, always wanted to run away way off somewhere, and never had a chance till now, and I'll be eighty-two tomorrow," she breathed contentedly.

She listened often and anxiously for some of Them to come after her and take her away from her woodland wilderness of contentment, but the hours slipped by and no one came; no sound broke the stillness, save once, when a quiet, mild-eyed cow pushed her way through a clump of pale, yellow-green willows near her and drank from the cool little brook.

"Land! if that don't remind me of milkin' time at home," she mused, "and nobody could milk a cow any quicker than I could, David always said," and her memory trailed back across the years to a white, old-fashioned barn, a clean barnyard and the milk cows coming home through the meadows at evening.

She could hear in fancy the clear tinkle of Star's bell, and smell the white cow's sweet, grassy breath, as she came slowly through the bars and up to the watering trough under the elm at milking time.

"Joey would 'a' loved to come out this way and p'tend we was lost," she dreamed; "he always wanted to go away off in lonesome places like this, where they wasn't any folks; Joey and me was just alike always."

An old wagon road wound enticingly between the trees, down the hill and across the stream; hanging in tangles of beauty wild grapevines clung to the trees and bushes, heavy with their sweet fragrance of blossoming.

The Little Old Lady sniffed the air eagerly. "Oh, ganny, I ain't smelled them blooms since Joey and me gathered 'em the year we sold the place, and we went over into the woods by the back pasture huntin' em.

"Joey liked 'em as well as I did, and he was a grown man then," she sighed wistfully, then smiled while she gathered a few pale green sweet sprays of the blossoms.

Having so many delightful experiences and exciting escapades had tired her more than she realized, yet she determined to follow the old wood road as far as she was able, in quest of other sights and sounds that whispered of the long ago.

"And to think that I've waited near forever, almost, to run away and seek my fortune, and now I'm doin' it, and nobody at the House nor anywhere knows where I am, and I'm sure to find my fortune soon."

Her steps were much slower by this time than when she had first gained the glad sweet outside, and she stopped often to rest. She had no idea in the world where she was bound for; she only wanted to run away, somewhere, anywhere, and be lost from Them at the House, and never

have to return; her bright old eyes twinkled when she believed she had accomplished her one great desire; "no livin' person but Joey could ever understand"—and Joey had been lost to her full forty years or more.

A wagon, moving slowly along the old road on the hill above her, startled her; a wagon, drawn by two good strong horses, a gray and a black; it had a high canvas cover and a stove-pipe protruded angularly upward from the back; narrow steps led from the bed to the ground; it looked to be a complete little house on wheels.

A rough-bearded man, no longer young, roughly clothed, sat on the driver's seat guiding the horses; he possessed the contented, restful look of one who loves the solitude of quiet places.

The Little Old Lady was frightened at first. "Of course they've sent him to fetch me back," was her first thought. "Well, I'll not budge from here," and she would not look at the man when he drew up beside her. "By ganny! what's this?" he questioned aloud, looking down at her from his high seat, at the frail little wisp of a figure on the log. "Lost, ain't you?" he asked gently.

She turned her wrinkled, cheery old face up to him, unafraid after hearing his gentle voice, "I guess I be," she chuckled, "and that's what I've always been wantin' to do."

"Tired, ain't you?" he further asked. "What say to me givin' you a lift home?"

Her answer rather startled him. "Can't go *home*, for there ain't any, but I'll ride with you for a spell if you don't mind."

He assisted her up to the seat beside him, adjusting his coat comfortably at her back to ease the jolting of the wagon.

Her arms and apron were filled with wilted wildflowers that she had been gathering all day. "I just can't throw you away, dearies," she whispered, and clung to the withered bits of fragrance with pathetic delight.

The man laughed approvingly as he drove on. "You love the posies, don't you, Little Old Lady? I like 'em, too; always have, ever since I was a little fellow. Mother and me always raised posies at home."

She smiled understandingly; so had she

and Joey loved and tended their flowers in the happy long ago.

"Well, now, this is nice," she said gratefully, for she was very, very tired. She looked down upon the broad backs of the horses below her and was glad that this big, kind-looking man had found her. This was really much nicer than being a runaway in the woods.

"Which way shall I take you?" he asked anxiously.

"Where be *you* goin', home?"

"Well, no, Little Old Lady, not home,



Far into the sunset glow—together

for you see this wagon is *my* home, and I'm tired of people. I'm going straight west till I strike a place that's lonesome enough to suit me where there's nobody, and nothing but woods and birds and rocks and silence; that's what I want, and I'll keep on going till I get there, then I'll unhitch and stay till I'm tired of it."

"Well, if that ain't for all the world just like my son used to be," she told him proudly, "always wanting to get away off by himself somewhere; I guess mebby that's the reason he run away when he was young, and I ain't never heard a word of him since," she quavered.

The man glanced sharply at her and thought deeply; *his* mother must be just about as old as the Little Old Lady sitting beside him; and he, too, had run away from her and his home when he was young.

They drove on under the bending trees, noting the sweet songs of the many birds, the clouds of butterflies hovering close to the sweetest blossoms, and the different sorts of wildflowers scattered through the woodland ways. She talked of many things; confided to him her reason for running away and her desire to go on and on, anywhere, so that she might never have to return to the gray, ugly old House and all that it meant to her.

The bits that he gathered from her story made him rage inwardly and determine that, for his own old mother's sake, Little Old Lady should never go back to the place she so evidently dreaded, if he could possibly help it.

When they emerged from the woods the sun hung low above the purpling hills, and wisps of crimson clouds sailed in a sea of sunset gold; he stopped to let the horses drink from the stream.

"Must I get down now and go back," she asked wistfully, "and let you go on to find the land where the woods and birds and mountains is waitin' for you?"

His eyes dimmed and he answered hoarsely, "No, Little Old Lady, you are going to stay right here with me, and we'll go on and find the woods and flowers and

birds together. When I was a wee bit of a chap," he explained, "my dear little mother and me used to play a game in which I always kidnapped her and carried her away to the woods; I'm playin' the same game now, and I've kidnapped you, fair and square, and we'll find the place we like, somewhere out there," waving his hand toward the sunset skies.

"Kidnappin'!" she paled and trembled, "just like me and dear little Joey used to play over in the north woods."

They looked long at each other wonderfully, the big, strong, weather-beaten man and the frail, world-worn little old woman; then a great understanding dawned upon them both, with the slanting sunlight falling over them, and the soft winds of evening time whispering above them.

"Joey," called gladly the Little Old Lady, extending her arms toward him and letting her precious withered blossoms fall unheeded at her feet.

"Yes, mother," answered her son, the little Joey of long ago, protectingly folding her in his arms.

Then they drove, silently and joyously, down the hill gleaming with evening lights, and far into the golden sunset glow of the west, together.

YOUR CHANCE

By GILLETTE M. KIRKE

FULL well they wrought, those hardy pioneers,
Who crept through forests, crossed wide rivers, 'scaped
A thousand perils from the wilderness,
A thousand from their treacherous savage foes,
To build within the trackless wilds their homes,
And rear their temples, laying broad and deep
The strong foundations of our Commonwealth.
Full well they wrought! Oh, men of later years,
See to it that ye raise a structure fair,
Flawless without, within; for all good use
Fitting and fitted, for their fame and yours,
Upon the broad foundations that they laid,
Nor shame their faithfulness by careless work.

The IMAGE and LIKENESS

by
Lambert Fahey

THE fog lay heavy over Puget Sound, bewildering alike ocean liner and ferryboat, tug and fishing smack as they sought anchorage or swung into the channel headed for other ports. Upon the stillness of the night there broke the sounds and noises of many sawmills, mingled in uproar with the shrieks of whistles and the churning of propellers as orders were given and obeyed. And all the clangor, the tumult, was welded into one vast roar of industry that shook the waterfront and radiated even back to the hills of the city. And there, though hushed to a murmur, it gave evidence that elsewhere men were toiling and struggling through the long hours of the night.

The Governor of the State sat alone in his study in the executive mansion. He could hear the hum and murmur of the waterfront, now loud, now soft, but always it could be heard, and to him the symphony was more delightful than any he had ever heard, for it made him remember that even though he rested, his people were astir and the great industries, lumber and shipping, the life blood of the State, were not being neglected. And it made him proud to be Governor of this great, new State, there on the edge of the Pacific.

Before him were spread many type-written sheets of paper, and always his eyes rested upon them, for they were the

matter in hand and he must deal with them. The life of a man depended upon them and the way he, the Governor, dealt with them.

He was not an old man. There was still a touch of youth about him, though his hair was gray and he no longer moved with the easy confidence of youth. Such problems as this had made the dark hair turn to silver and had furrowed the broad forehead as time had furrowed others. Even at a glance it could be seen that he was good and just; that he could weigh evidence with precision and decide without fear or favor. And he was deciding now without fear or favor.

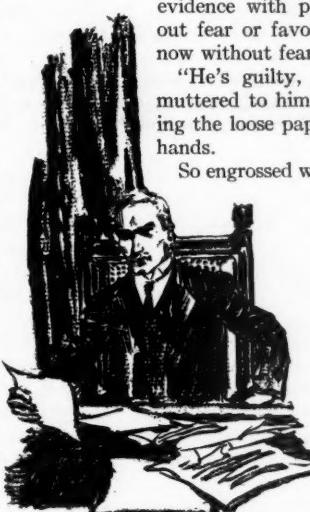
"He's guilty, guilty as the devil," he muttered to himself, shuffling and adjusting the loose papers before him with both hands.

So engrossed was he that he did not hear the door open. The woman who entered was elderly, and she wore a white apron and cap. She did not speak until she had reached the Governor.

"Elsie insists that she will not go to bed," said the woman in a low musical voice. "I can't do a thing with her. And only today Sister Josephine sent me a note saying that she hasn't known her catechism lesson for the past week. She's getting very stubborn."

The governor looked up from his work with a smile. He was amused.

"Getting stubborn, eh?" he questioned.
"Yes, very much so," continued the



"He's guilty, guilty as the devil"

housekeeper. "I think perhaps you had better speak to her. It's almost ten o'clock now and long past her bedtime."

The Governor glanced at the pile of papers. "Very well. Ask her to come here," said he, and turning the woman left the room.

The Governor leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. He laughed. So Elsie was becoming stubborn, he thought. Well, her father had been a pretty stubborn man when he lived. Perhaps she inherited stubbornness from him. How short the five years seemed now since both parents of the little girl had died and left her in his keeping. She was ten years old now. Gad, the years had been as minutes. Or had they passed with such rapidity because his own life had been very lonesome before she had come into his household where there were neither women or children of his own kin.

He looked up startled when the woman again entered the study.

"She says she won't come down to see you," the woman explained as she nervously twitched her fingers. "I don't know what to do."

The Governor arose. There was a smile on his face as when the woman had first entered and taken his mind from the problem before him.

"I'll go to her then," said he.

He climbed the flight of stairs slowly and entered Elsie's room. She was sitting on her bed, crying.

"I won't study my catechism, and I won't go to bed if I don't want to," she cried between sobs.

The Governor put his arms about the little girl and kissed her tenderly.

"Now, now, Elsie," he said softly. "It's long past ten o'clock, and the sandman has been looking for you a long time. Put your feeties in, and I'll tuck the coverings about you."

"But I've got to study my catechism so's I'll know it tomorrow," sobbed Elsie.

"But, my dear," explained the Governor with great dignity, "you can study in the morning before you go to school."

For a moment Elsie was silent. She sniffed as she wiped the tears from her eyes with the end of her night gown.

"I can't study in the morning, Uncle,"

she argued. "I'm always so sleepy when I wake up."

The Governor thought a moment, the woman who acted as housekeeper and nurse to the little girl looking on anxiously. Finally he relented.

"All right, my dear," said he. "I'll let you study your catechism now and if you come down to me in half an hour, and know your lesson, then I'll give you a quarter. How's that?"

"Fine!" exclaimed Elsie, delighted. And she picked up her book from the floor. "I'll be down to see you in half an hour, Uncle dear. In half an hour. Don't forget."

"I'll be waiting for you then," said the Governor. And he turned and left her, going down to his study and the matter of a man's life. This time he did not touch the papers on the desk. Instead he leaned back in his chair and with eyes turned toward the ceiling, thought.

The tragedy was still a vivid series of pictures in his mind and he remembered these pictures well, for this murder case had been the most sensational that the youthful state had ever known. Even the newspapers had not tired of the story but had kept it before the eyes of the public and in this wise stimulated interest.

How well the Governor himself remembered the story. There was Shorty Allan in need of money with which to marry. And then there was the vegetable peddler, Isicoff, reputed to be rich and said to carry huge sums of money about his person. This man had Allan lured to the woods to rob, and, disappointed at finding but a few dollars in his pockets, had emptied the contents of his revolver into the body of the unarmed and helpless man as he lay on the ground begging for mercy. He remembered the finding of the body; the clews of the police and the stereotyped stories of the newspapers, and, finally, the arrest of Allan. All this the Governor had remembered, for he had followed the case, step by step, the defense and prosecution as only a lawyer can.

And then the Governor pictured Allan. He was a big, hulking figure without intelligence or manhood; a man who had always shunned work and relied upon his aged mother for support. The peddler

had been a better man, thought the Governor. He had been married, with many children, and these he had left behind to face the world alone when Allan had killed him for money he did not possess. "Was Allan insane when he killed this man?" the Governor asked himself. "No. No. No," he thought. "He had not been insane for had he not executed all details of his crime with a cunning which had defied the police of the state for many weeks? And if it had not been for the tongue of one of his shoes he had ripped out immediately after the murder, would he not still be at liberty?"

And then, suddenly, without warning, the Governor saw another picture in his memory. It was that of a woman, old and bent and haggard. She was Allan's mother. She had worn an old and tattered shawl about her head when she visited him and with pleadings that came from her heart, asked that he commute the death penalty to life imprisonment. Still he could hear her pleadings: "Don't let him die. He's all I've got in the world. Let him live, even though the remaining years of his life be spent behind prison bars. Give him a chance to make his peace with God. Give him a chance to put his house in order."

And the cries and the pleas of her had sunk deep into his soul. His pen moved close to the paper before him. Should he sign it and let Shorty Allan live? Should he commute the death penalty to life imprisonment, for the mother's sake?

Again he reviewed the case. If he let Shorty Allan live instead of dying, would the law be making an example of the convicted man? Would men have less regard for the law when murder was in their hearts, if they knew they did not face death as a penalty?

The Governor went to the window and threw it open. He heard the murmur of life from the waterfront in greater volume and even through the thickness of the fog he could see distant lights flashing across the stretches of water far below. He noted that the fog rolled into his study thick, like smoke, and he hastily closed the window, taking his seat again before his desk. And the beat, the throb of life from the harbor he heard no more.

The patter of tiny feet caused him to look up and he saw Elsie before him, her eyes flashing like huge jewels in the half-darkened room.

"I know it. I know it now," she cried to him, waving her catechism. "Just wait and see if I don't." She handed the book to the Governor and climbed upon his knees.



She was sitting on her bed crying

"Now ask me the question and see if I don't know it," she commanded.

The Governor eyed the book. "But there's lots of questions here," he protested. "Which one did you have for your lesson?"

The girl traced a pudgy finger up and down the page. "That's the one. The third from the top. Now ask me it."

The Governor drew himself toward the drop-light and moved the book toward and from him until it was in focus. He noted with alarm that his eyes were weakening.

"Hurry up, Uncle," broke in Elsie, "or I'll forget." The Governor read the question and answer through before beginning.

"What is man?" he asked finally. Elsie lifted her head proudly and began.

"Man is a creature composed of body and soul, and—and—oh, let me see! Man is a creature composed of body and soul—" The Governor laughed merrily. "I guess you have forgotten it, girlie," he said while his eyes twinkled. "Better begin again."

Again Elsie began and again she tripped and faltered as before. Try as she might she could not pass the word "and." She was much disappointed. The tears swelled in her eyes and she wiped them away with a sob. She did not dare look at the smiling face of her uncle.

"Never mind," laughed the Governor. And he took a quarter from his pocket. "Here's your money. I'll pay you now if you go to bed. Keep saying the answer over until you fall asleep and probably you'll know it when morning comes." He kissed her.

"Good-night, now. Run along to bed," he said seriously.

"Good-night, Uncle," cried Elsie from the doorway as she threw a kiss at him.

The Governor's smile changed rapidly to a frown when he again glanced at the pile of papers and he arose from his chair and opened a door that led to a veranda. The fog had lifted. He could see distinctly now the lights moving about the harbor and could hear the song of industry with redoubled force.

He was struck suddenly by the quietness of his study in comparison with the roar and bustle of the waterfront. Was it possible that his own life and the life of Shorty Allan were as vastly different, and that by reason of this he had been biased in judging him? Did he really understand Allan and his sphere?

Perhaps not, he thought, and seated himself on the veranda steps. Long he thought, but again came his conclusion: "He's guilty, guilty as the devil."

Instantly he made up his mind that he would not interfere with the workings of justice. Shorty Allan must hang, he would not interfere. He arose wearily from the steps and walked slowly into his study. The papers on his desk he cast into the waste-basket and resolved to bother no more with them. He was no longer interested in the evidence of the case nor in the petition to commute the man's sentence.

And as he laid himself in his bed he knew that before he awoke the next morning Shorty Allan would have paid the penalty the law demanded of him for his crime. He, the Governor of the State, had the man's life in the hollow of his hand to do with it what he wished. And he had willed that the man die, and he knew that he would die.

But as he rolled and tossed, sleep refused to come to him. The matter still was preying on his mind and he suddenly found that he himself was awaiting the hour—the hour Allan was to hang. The newspapers had said that he would die at ten minutes to four in the morning, in the court yard of the State Prison at Walla Walla. In his mind he could see the scaffold and could see the sheriffs leading the doomed man up the steps. He pictured them fastening the black mask about Allan's face. And then the pulling of the lever—and it would be over. The clock in the hall struck one. That was the last he remembered, that it was one o'clock, and then he fell asleep.

He knew not how long he had slept, for he awoke suddenly to hear a voice, soft and low, as from a distance. And the voice was saying: "Man is a creature composed of body and soul and made to the image and likeness of God." And again it said: "Man is a creature composed of body and soul and made to the image and likeness of God."

He wondered if he were dreaming and sat upright in his bed, striving through half-closed eyes to pierce the darkness. Whence came the voice? Was it Allan making his peace with his God? Putting his house in order? And then his eyes opened wide as a tiny hand clutched his knee and he heard the voice again:

"Uncle! Uncle!" He knew now that the voice was Elsie's. "I know it now. I know it now," she cried in glee.

The Governor stared at her. "Well, well, well," was all he could say.

"Now see if I make a mistake, Uncle," commanded the little girl. "I can say it now without stopping. Listen. Man is a creature composed of body and soul and made to the image and likeness of God."

"Isn't that right?" she finally demanded.

"It certainly is," commented the Gov-

ernor. And then he thought he would be stern with her. "Run along to bed now, Elsie. And never get up again at this time of the night. Why, it must be two o'clock."

"But, Uncle," protested the little girl, "is man like God?"

The question stunned the Governor, for he had not yet collected all his senses since his sudden awakening. He thought for a moment.

"Yes, my dear," he said, taking her in his arms. "We are all like God, just as your catechism tells us. We are all the image and likeness of him who walked the earth long, long ago."

The girl's face sobered and her eyes opened wide with wonder.

"And do you and grandpap and pap all look like God?"

"Yes," replied the Governor. "We are all like him so far as outward appearances go. But come now! Give me a kiss and run to bed."

And even after Elsie had slipped from the room, the Governor sat upright in his bed, nor did he think to slip under the covers. He was thinking, thinking hard. Elsie had said that man was the image and likeness of God. He himself was the image and likeness of God. Then, was not Shorty Allan created to the image and likeness of God? And should the work of the Master be destroyed by a hand other than the hand of the Master?

Had it been day the Governor might have passed unthinkingly Elsie's question in catechism. But it was night now, and he was far from the reach of impulses and forces save those that arose within himself. And so he answered the question that had risen in his mind. "No! No hand but the hand of God should destroy the work of his God."

And as the answer, his answer to his own question, pulsed through his brain, he struggled from the bed. Through the darkness he felt his way and reached his desk in the study. And as he seated himself the clock in the hallway struck. He counted the two strokes with a great sigh of relief. He could yet save the life of Shorty Allan. He had nearly two hours in which to do it. He felt for the telephone.

"Give me toll line," he asked Central.

"Hello. This is the Governor speaking. I want Walla Walla—the office of the warden of the penitentiary. I want it as quick as possible. It is most important." He hung up the receiver awaiting the call. It seemed an hour before the bell rang. Central was speaking.

"I can't get Walla Walla," said she. "There's a storm in the mountains, and the wires are down."

He hung the receiver with a bang and



"Read it!" cried the Governor

lighted the huge chandelier which hung from the center of the room. Again he took down the receiver.

"Give me Red 21," he shouted through the transmitter. "Hello, Western Union? This is the Governor speaking. I have a most important message for Walla Walla."

He felt his heart stop beating as he heard the man at the other end of the wire answer, "I'm sorry, Governor, but the wires are down and I can't get Walla Walla right this minute. I'll take your message, but it'll have to wait."

The receiver dropped from the Governor's hand and he sank back into his chair. Still there might be a chance. He picked up the receiver.

"Hello. Couldn't you get Walla Walla some way or other for me before three-fifty. A man's life depends upon it!"

"I might send it by way of Portland," replied the operator after a pause. Better

give me your message and I'll do everything possible to get it there. And I'll call you on the 'phone the minute we do reach him."

"Then here's the message," shouted the Governor. "It is addressed to the warden of the state penitentiary at Walla Walla, and it reads, 'I have commuted the sentence of Shorty Allan from the death penalty to life imprisonment, so there will be no need of making further preparations for his hanging.' Now notify me the second you get in touch with the warden."

The Governor hung up the receiver and settled back in his chair. By the small clock on his desk he saw that it was already half-past two. He knew that the operator had but eighty minutes, or less, in which to reach the state penitentiary and save the life of Allan. He shivered as he thought of the narrow escape the man had had from death, and half aloud he said, "No more men will hang in this State while I am Governor."

He watched the minute hand of the clock as it ticked off the time. It was two-forty now. He looked again. Two fifty-five. Came three o'clock. What was the matter? At ten minutes past three he called the telegraph office.

"Haven't got him yet," the night operator told him. "We're doing our level best. I guess we will be able to do it."

Came three-thirty—three-forty. In ten minutes Allan would hang if they did not get the telegram to Walla Walla. And he, the Governor, would be destroying the work of the Master. Now he was unable to bear the suspense and he again reached

for the telephone. But though he raised and lowered the receiver in an attempt to attract the attention of Central, he could not. Frantically he tried, again and again. And as he turned away from the telephone in despair he looked at the clock. It was four o'clock.

"Too late! Too late!" he cried aloud, and with a sob he fell on the desk before him. And within him there was a voice that sang in words that bit his very soul, "The work of the Master—the work of the Master."

Long he slept there. He awoke to find the sun streaming in upon him. With a cry he staggered to his feet and stretched his arms high over his head. The telephone bell rang, and he answered it. It was a man at the Western Union.

"I've got a message here for the Governor that's marked rush," said he. "Shall I read it?"

"Read it," cried the Governor.

"Here it is," said the man. "It says, 'You must be mixed up, Governor. Allan was not to hang until tomorrow morning. Have arranged to follow out your order commuting his sentence to life imprisonment.'"

Slowly the Governor climbed the stairs. He turned in the door leading to Elsie's room and found her asleep, her golden hair like a band of gold about her head. He kissed her, "God's own image and God's own likeness," he said softly.

And she, awakening, smiled into his face. "I earned my quarter, didn't I, Uncle?" And the Governor kissed her again and smiled.

BECAUSE OF SOME GOOD ACT

LET me today do something that shall take
A little sadness from the world's vast store,
And may I be so favored as to make
Of joy's too scanty sum a little more.

Let me tonight look back across the span
'Twixt dawn and dark, and to my conscience say
Because of some good act to beast or man—
The world is better that I lived today.

—"Heart Throbs," II.

The Five Best Things IN THE WORLD

Rutledge ^{b'y} Birmingham

S AID he, kicking his heels against the porch rail on which he was sitting, and turning his head to look out across the blue sound to Hempstead, green in the distance, with here and there the white dot of a house, "What I like most in this world are freight trains, cows in pastures, hay-ricks and crows.

"The freight trains," he again faced her as she slowly swung in the red-seated Gloucester hammock, "are great. Every time I see a string of them lying at a siding or chugging slowly along, they bring all sorts of imaginings to my mind. In fancy I travel with them to all the outlandish places they have been, see all the things they have seen, and hear all the things they have heard. Yes, they are certainly great, I always kind of thrill when I look at them.

"As for the 'cows in pastures,' what could possibly be more restful to one, what could be more beautiful? To see their brown sides flecked and spotted with white patches, against the green of the fields, is surely delightful. And the smell of them, can you name any perfume that is better? To prove that I am not the only one who thinks this way, look at the number of paintings of them. Just you go to any art exhibit and look.

"Hay-ricks. Can't you see them standing in the farmyard, just outside of the open barn door, chickens scratching beneath them, pigs grunting about their wheels, wisps of hay and corn stalks in them? Can't you see them, and can't you bring to mind all the good times we have had in them when we were kids, with nothing to think about but fun? You do remember those hay-ricks, don't you? That's right, I knew you did.

"Have you ever heard the 'Caw-w-w—

Caw-w-w' of the crows come floating over the tops of the trees? Aren't they the finishing touch to the cornfields, woods and running brooks? They are, there is no doubt about it. I—"

"Jasper Collins, what in the world are you talking about? That is all nonsense, absolute drivel. Do you know, I think that you are a dreamer, and dreamers, Jasper, are no good, no earthly good. Wouldn't you be splendid in case of emergency, wouldn't you though? When you had waked up from your old freight train, and hay, and smelly-cows-in-pastures we would all be dead. You're a disappointment, Jasper, a terrible disappointment." She leaned her little brown face, tanned from constant exposure to the sun, in the flats of her hands and looked at him reproachfully.

He watched her as she swung slowly in the flat red hammock, he regarded her with half-shut eyes. He had not been listening to what she had been saying, had not even caught two words of what she had said. The artist in him had asserted itself, and he was thinking that the white suit, the brown little face, and the red background did not make a half bad picture.

No, he mused, not bad at all, and opening his eyes said,

"What?"

"What!" she repeated, puzzled. "What what?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing at all, I merely thought you spoke to me a while back."

"Jasper Col-l—well, did I ever!" Her eyes opened wide with amazement. "Do you mean to tell me, do you mean to—You are hopeless! I'm angry now, and because I am angry, I'm going to repeat, and I hope it hurts. What I said, Mr. Collins, when you were floating around

in the clouds above, amounted to this: If you should ever, ever, see little me, or any of 'Little Me's' family, in what you might call danger, get out of the way. Do you understand, get out of the way! If you can't do that, stand still, and don't get in the way. Let someone who is capable do what there is to be done."

"That's a good idea, that is, I'll remember that." He wrinkled his brows thoughtfully. "Never did like danger anyhow, hate it in fact. I'd run a mile to—say, see the storm coming."

The girl stood up and looked east with him across the sound to Oyster Bay. For the first time she noticed that the sun was gone.

"Jasper, you don't think it's going to be bad, do you? Dad and one of the twins crossed over to the bay this morning, and you know, Jasper, that launch is terrible. The engine never runs, and she is miles too close to the water to be safe—and neither one of them can swim. They think they can, but they only learned this year, and you know what that means. I'm worried."

Because the lowering mass from the east did look bad he spoke jauntily: "Why, no, nothing serious, just a nice little blow, something to take the dory home in good style." He waved his hand toward the upper part of his dory's sail which could be seen over the tops of the rocks a hundred yards away.

"Come on," he concluded, "let's sit down, nothing like making ourselves comfortable." They sat together in the red swing and watched the storm come rolling in, gray and ominous looking.

With the first heavy gust of wind he rose.

"Well, Miss, I'll be going now. Frank's probably all out of humor, I've been up here over an hour."

"Who's Frank?" she asked absently without taking her eyes from the wind-swept sound. From shore to shore the water now swept white and slate gray, and each moment saw the white become

a little more prominent. The force of the wind could be gaged by the banging house shutters and the light trees bent double.

"Frank, oh, he's the boatman, good fellow, good sailor, he—see, he's taking down the sail, wind's too strong even in the cove." The bit of sail that had been above the rocks disappeared. "Glad I brought him along, I'll need him on the way back. Yep, it's windy out there, very windy. See how the seas smash over Scotch caps, I'll have to borrow a pail from you for an extra bailer—Look! The Bess—there—to the left of that steeple on the Long Island shore, can you see it?—

Wait till she comes up on a wave—Now! You can't? Well, run and get the glasses."

When she handed them to him to adjust she said something, but it was lost in the rising wind, the moan of trees, and the pounding of waves on the unseen shore below.

After she had found the bobbing, speck, they took turns watching it, handing the glasses back and forth without a word. Even he had grown a bit worried, for although he knew that a sailboat, reefed and well

handled, would experience no difficulty, he was dubious about a launch. One or two stories of motor boats came to his mind, stories of where the engine had stopped and the boat, filling, had gone to the bottom. It made him uneasy.

As he again put the glasses to his eyes he found the launch quite near and riding the waves well. But as each succeeding squall tore across the white-crested waves and passed, he saw the two figures in the boat frantically bail. Then it happened, what he had dreaded—the side of the launch was facing him instead of the prow. The engine was stopped, and she was in the trough of the sea, broadside to the coming waves. Yes, there were the oars. That settled it. He could see them trying to get her nose into the wind. Why didn't they anchor, that would ride them through! Did they have no anchor?



"Jasper, you don't think it is going to be bad, do you?"

He stole a side glance at the girl. She knew nothing about boats whatsoever, which was good, she would not be able to realize the danger. He endeavored to keep his voice natural when he leaned close to her ear and spoke.

"Your father has an anchor, hasn't he?"

"Yes—no! It's in the barn."

"Do you know what I'm going to do?" he shouted abruptly. "I'm going out to meet your father. That rough water is too good to miss. Good-bye."

He raced away over the lawn, and as he passed a shrub dropped the glasses behind. It was lucky she had not asked for them, it would not be exactly a nice thing to plainly see father, brother, and boat sink beneath that white and slate gray sound, not a nice thing at all. He swerved down the path that led from the bluff to the shore. A ruddy-faced Swede stepped from behind a projecting rock.

"She's rough, sir, ver rough. Best to reef."

"Can't do it, Frank," he gasped, "haven't time. Cheap launch out there, around the point, engine busted, trough of sea, men can't swim."

"Vell, it's bad combination, maybe they drowns."

But Collins did not hear him, for he was in the dory, hauling on the jib-halyard. The piece of canvas flew up, bellied out, and cracked in the wind. Two seconds later the mainsail, too, was up, and then, with the Swede tending jib and Collins himself on the mainsheet, they were off, frothing out of the cove like a scared gull.

As they left the inlet behind they felt the full force of the wind. The boat keeled over and over, over until the water came swirling in across the lee rail. With Collins' warning cry the Swede let fly his jib and the boat righted. Then the jib again filled and they were off once more, the water curling in over the bow, waves smashing their backs as they leaned to windward, and water slipping in over the leeward rail. Off to starboard, over their shoulders, they could glimpse the helpless launch, rolling loggily and smoothed in flying spray.

"Squall!" yelled the Swede.

It struck, they leaned back, further back, the water poured in, the jib emptied and cracked, and then when the danger of capsizing was great, Collins let the mainsheet run.

"Bail, bail, Frank! I'll hold her luffed."

The Swede bent down and sent stream after stream of water over the under side. A full minute he worked, then jumped to the rail again, trimmed his sheet flat and lay back on it.

Another hundred yards and the sailor leaned close:

"Jasper, boy," he shouted. "Put her



"Squall!" yelled the Swede

about, we kin make it now. Quick! The launch, she begins to settle."

Collins looked over his shoulder. It was true. The Bess, seen distinctly over the hills of foam-capped water, was slowly sinking. He could see the girl's father and brother throwing out thin streams of water, streams that were lashed and turned into spray as quick as they left the bailers. Ten minutes more and it would be too late.

"About, Frank!"

The sailor jumped, the dory pivoted, snapped and banged her sails, and then filled and bore off on the starboard tack with the launch lying dead ahead, lying like a log, fairly hidden by spray. On plunged the dory, sending up clouds of water that drenched both sails and men. Down they ran with an eased sheet,

foaming along with good speed, dipping into hollow and mounting crest. Squall after squall struck and passed, and they never luffed, even when the water came in and still came in. They might founder themselves before they reached her, but it was better to take the water and risk that, than luff and lose time. That would be disastrous.

Right down on top of the launch, now level with the water edge, they boomed and swung into the wind. But a bigger sea than usual came and sank the launch beside them.

Before the head of the older man had even gone beneath, the hairy arm of the Swede shot out and grasped him, pulling him into the boat. Collins went over the side for the boy, and it was small work for the Swede to draw them in also. When they were both in, the boat was bailed, and free wind they flew for the cliffs, both the Swede and Collins trying their best to not hear the words of thanks and praise.

Into the cove they took the dory and beached her at the feet of the girl in white, and while she hugged and re-hugged father and brother, the crew of the dory pulled down their sails. As the last hal-yard was tidied Collins heard the father of the girl say:

"No, not a thing until I am dry. After that ask all the questions you want to, but you won't want to, you will be too busy praising the hero."

After that, father and brother ran on ahead, leaving Collins and the girl in white

to climb the path that led to the lawn. When they were again on top, she looked him in the face.

"Just think, Jasper, if you had not gone out there dad might have had to drift around for hours. It was awfully good of you. And I was worried, Jasper, though I suppose it was foolish, it is such a big boat. What will happen to it now—just drift up on shore?"

He looked at her and then out to the rolling, seething sound. Was it possible that she was joking him?

"Lunkhead, lunkhead," he murmured, "how could you expect her to see things from this distance?" Then he said to her:

"The boat—oh, yes, why, drift ashore, of course, er-er—I'll—" He did not go any further, because he was looking at her. And because she looked decidedly fresh and agreeable, he smiled.

"What are you smiling at?" she asked frowning.

"Nothing, nothing at all," he murmured. "And, oh," he added, as if by inspiration, "I'm glad your folks didn't need any help, because I might have had my mind on those cows and crows and freight tr—"

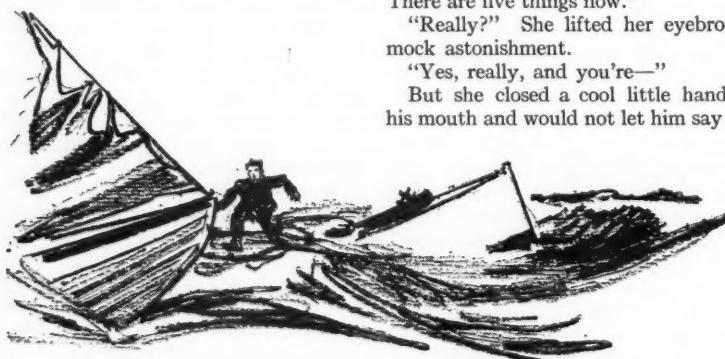
"Do you know," she cut in seriously. "Looking you over as you stand now, all dripping wet and—and nice, you might be able to do something. And really I don't mind your dreaming."

"Well, I'm glad you don't, because, you see, I did some more dreaming out there on the sound. I added something else to the four things I like best in the world. There are five things now."

"Really?" She lifted her eyebrows in mock astonishment.

"Yes, really, and you're—"

But she closed a cool little hand over his mouth and would not let him say it.



A bigger sea than usual came and sank the launch beside them

The Sand Painter

By WILL GAGE CAREY

THE sheriff urged his fast-tiring bronco down the slope from the ridge, then slowed up cautiously as he mounted the crest of the hill just ahead. He was out to "get his man"—Injun Pete—whom he expected each moment to overtake somewhere along the trail leading to Shiprock; but he knew from bitter experience with this particular Navajo that Injun Pete was both wary and elusive.

A solitary figure leaning against a boulder at the side of the trail caught the sheriff's eye as he gained the crest of the incline. He drew rein quickly. As he gazed searchingly at the motionless figure,

he drew his gun partly from the holster, then snapped it back in place with an impatient shove.

"Tain't nobody but ol' man Dawson!" he said, making his way slowly forward, "an' he ain't heard me comin'."

He rode up to within a few feet of the old man and stopped.

"Mornin', Dawson," he shouted cheerily, "how's things?"

The other turned with a start, then recognizing the rider, he exclaimed: "Sheriff, I didn't hear ye, nor that haybird yer ridin'; who be ye after this time, sheriff?"

"There was a little mix-up an' shootin' soiree in the White Elephant last Saturday



A solitary figure leaning against a boulder at the side of the trail caught the sheriff's eye

night," began the sheriff, leaning down toward Dawson's upturned ear. "There was a greaser mussed up consider'ble an' though I think the Mex brought it all on hisself, I'm ridin' out to get that Navajo skunk—Injun Pete—an' bring him in; seen him lately?"

The old man blinked wisely at this in-

formation, though the substance of the sheriff's remarks were clearly lost to him.

"You don't tell me," he said, shaking his head ponderingly, "you don't tell me!"

The sheriff grinned, and gathered up the reins, but the old man detained him.

"I'm getting along purty nicely, too, sheriff. I've jes' been out there watchin' my two dogs at work down through that coulee; ever seen 'em?"

The sheriff grunted disdainfully, then turned again toward the upturned ear.

"What I want to know is this: Have you seen *Injun Pete*?"

"Fine an' neat? You bet yer life, sheriff; 'fine an' neat' is right, for them dogs!"

"I don't care a continental damn about those flea-bitten ki-oodles of yours, Dawson; what I want to know is—"

"Right again, sheriff; *you* know a dog when you sees him! An' that gray hound, too, sheriff; she's fifteen inches high—an' there ain't no rabbit that's got ears can run over *her*! Sheriff, I want you to know she is a moving dog. *Run!* She's a runnin' fool!"

The sheriff seemed undecided whether to go on at once, or to make another attempt at making the old man hear; finally he leaned down low by the bronco's neck, and shouted:

"Dawson, those dogs of yours are all right, far as I know; I'd like to spend the rest of the day here talking to you concernin' them dogs; but unfortunately, I've got somethin' else to do. Now, let's get together—"

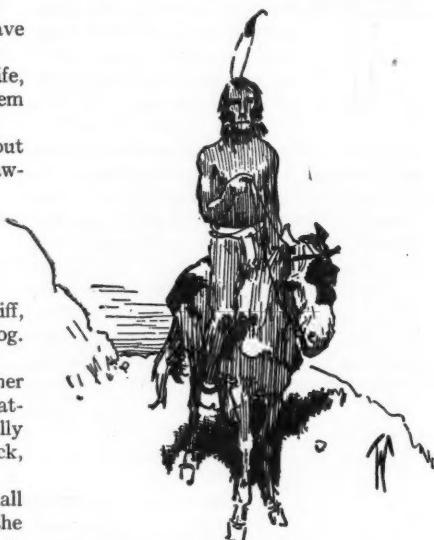
"Work together? Sheriff, them dogs work together the finest kind! The big dog works jes' like a good cuttin'-out pony; uses his head; jes' plays aroun' the quarry like a good cow-horse; but the little one is quick as a deer, an' jumps in jes' the right moment—"

A dark slim form astride a wall-eyed calico pony came suddenly around a bend in the trail just ahead, and came to a quick stop. A second only he gazed at those in front, then wheeled like a flash and started back upon the winding, rock-bound course. There was a sound of clattering hoofs, now, around the bend: not of one horse, but of two; for the dark slim rider, leaning low over the

neck of the foremost horse, and beating it mercilessly with a leather thong, was Injun Pete—and the sheriff was in hot pursuit.

* * * * *

Over at Shiprock, the Navajos had been gathering for weeks, in eager anticipation for the great ceremonial dance—the Ya-be-chi: the full significance of which cannot be realized except by those knowing what this weird tribal event has



A dark, slim form astride a wall-eyed calico pony suddenly came around a bend in the trail

meant for generations to these children of the desert. But there was sorrowing amidst the rejoicing, for now the edict had come from the Indian agent that once more the Ya-be-chi dance would be permitted—then, no more.

Not that there was anything actually harmful about the Ya-be-chi: except that for the nine days during which the dance is in progress no Navajo will till the soil, work the roads or do any manner of manual labor.

And now, in the big medicine hogan, the Shamans were planning the great sand pictures which constitute an important feature of the long ceremonial. Little is known, even among ethnologists, concern-

ing these pictures, because of the jealous care with which they have been ever shielded from the gaze of the white man. As each picture is made, amid appropriate ceremonies, it is gazed upon for hours by the fervid and awe-stricken Navajos; then it is destroyed to make place for the next picture. This is done until six of the sand pictures have been completed, each depicting some portion of the wanderings of the sacred Ya, or god, whose adventures form the basis of the Ya-be-chi ceremony. The sand painters are young men, who have been carefully schooled and drilled in the art by the Shamans.



The sheriff rose in the stirrups

Of the three young men who had been trained by the medicine men to make the pictures, two had but recently been swept away in a great flood along the San Juan; the one remaining was Whirling Horse, known to the whites living close to the reservation as "Injun Pete." And now a new source of worry and consternation came to the assembled Navajos, awaiting impatiently the beginning of the Ya-be-chi; for while Whirling Horse—the sand painter—was with them during the morning hours, now, when he was the most needed member of the tribe, he was not to be found.

The Shamans began passing through the throng muttering hoarse complaints and prophecies.

"Whirling Horse—the sand painter—is gone," they said, "and it is the Great Spirit who has taken him, as he did the

other two; the Great Spirit is showing his children his displeasure, because the white man has forbidden the Ya-be-chi; sorrow is ours—and Whirling Horse will never return to us!"

But high on the ledge above, Whirling Horse—commonly known as "Injun Pete"—was making his way hurriedly through the gathering shades of night, heading straight for the great medicine hogan of the Shamans; and upon his back he carried a burden: a form which swung limply to and fro with the Indian's quick stride; a form from which dripped blood at infrequent intervals, splattering upon the rocky bed of the narrow, winding trail.

* * * * *

Though the sheriff's mount at the start of the chase was the fresher, the pony ridden by the Indian set a pace hard to keep up by the more weighty pursuer. For a time they ran thus at break-neck speed, the distance between them neither lessening nor increasing; then the sheriff felt the straining steed beneath him stagger slightly and swerve, plainly in distress such as portended a speedy ending to the chase.

The sheriff drew his gun, then called hoarsely: "Injun Pete—I come to get you, an' I'm goin' to get you; stop, or I'll shoot!"

The Indian looked back, uttered a mocking laugh of derision, then renewed his efforts with the rawhide upon the dripping flanks of his panting pony.

The sheriff arose in his stirrups, steadied himself as best he could, raised the gun to a level with his eyes, and fired.

A sudden, sharp cry of pain answered the shot. The Navajo swayed unsteadily, almost slipping from the back of the calico pony. In another moment he had recovered himself somewhat; but the rawhide thong had fallen from his fingers, and his right arm hung limp and helpless.

Again the sheriff shouted to Injun Pete to stop.

This time the Indian made no response; he showed in no way that he heard the sheriff's voice, except that he bent still lower over the neck of his straining pony, to be as little exposed as possible to the shower of bullets he fully expected his pursuer to pour in upon him.

Fortune, however, so far on the side of the sheriff, suddenly shifted to the one pursued; for in rounding an abrupt ledge of shelving boulders the former's mount suddenly stumbled, went to its knees—then horse and rider went tumbling together on over the narrow, precipitous trail, plunging, crashing down to the shadowy depths of the chasm below; seeing which, Injun Pete pulled his pony to a stop; then assuming an easy position with both legs resting against the same side of the dripping beast, he calmly rolled and lighted a cigarette with his left hand, and blew forth the smoke in dreamy reflection of life and its vagueness and vicissitudes.

The sheriff was badly hurt.

His fall from the ledge above had been broken to some extent by the growth of scrub pine through which he had crashed, but when he attempted to get to his feet, after the first shock of striking the bottom of the gorge, he sank back again with a



The sheriff was badly hurt

groan of agony. He knew then that his hip was injured—perhaps dislocated—and he was torn and bleeding from head to feet.

From where he lay he could see his horse moving slowly here and there, unconcernedly cropping the short grass of the ravine, and wholly uninjured by the fall from above. He strove violently to get

to his feet again, realizing the hopelessness of his position should the bronco wander away too far. The effort was worse than useless, for it brought forth such a paroxysm of pain that he sank back weak and fainting, with his head swimming



He could see him picking up the colored sands

giddily. When next he opened his eyes to a realization of his surroundings, a blurred form was bending over him, bathing his face with water, carried in a sombrero from a nearby spring. Presently his vision cleared. He gazed up searchingly at the one administering to his needs and distress; it was Injun Pete.

Finally the Navajo stooped over, and picking up, with one arm, the limp form of the sheriff, placed him over his shoulder and started up the shadowy, broken path leading out from the ravine. The sheriff groaned feebly in his agony; then as the cool air from the end of the coulee fanned his face refreshingly, he spoke to his captor: "Is it you, Injun Pete? Where are you taking me?"

The Navajo grinned.

"Where? To Shiprock!" answered Injun Pete.

* * * * *

They reached at length the crest above, then went slowly along the trail, skirting the mountain slopes. In an hour more Injun Pete was beginning with his burden the descent of the incline; down, down he went, silent and staggering under the weight of his load; down to the white sinks below; to the low rises in the desert

basin where the white gleaming sand eddied about the half-submerged rocks, and the sage-brush clung by brown, wing-tugged stocks to the scant soil.

To Injun Pete—with two strong arms—the journey over the waste of sands ahead would have been easy enough, even with the heavy form of the sheriff across his shoulder; but now, with his right arm helpless and bleeding, each stride forward brought its torture. Still he kept doggedly to his course, pausing only now and then to shift his burden, not for his own convenience, but to ease and rest his helpless



captive. And thus they passed on slowly, in silent pain and weariness, to Shiprock.

* * * * *

From the flapping front of his tepee, the sheriff gazed out upon the ceremonies of the sacred Navajo dance—the Ya-be-chi. For eight days he had looked out upon the scene, wondering at the faith and zeal of these simple children of the desert. Now he knew why Injun Pete had sought so strenuously to avoid capture; he was needed at the sacred hogan; he *must* be there, as commanded by the Shamans; for was he not the only one left who could paint the awesome pictures with the colored sands? That is why he tried to escape the sheriff, knowing as he did that he would be wanted back in town because of the fracas in the White Elephant; that is why he would have died rather than to

have submitted to capture. It was the sacred call of the Shamans; it was the spirits of his dead ancestors bidding him be there at the Ya-be-chi, at whatever the cost. And the sand painter was at his post of duty; though he was worn and weary, and one hand hung helpless at his side.

Even now the sheriff could look out and see him there at his work, sustained only by his dauntless will and fervid, fanatical zeal. He could see him picking up the colored sands, and placing them

upon the intricate designs before him upon the ground, while a crowd of his silent, awe-stricken fellow-worshippers watched his every movement. Occasionally the silence would be broken by a sudden chanting; then again a stillness would fall upon the assembled throng such



"Well, sheriff," he began, "I see you got your man"

as the stillness of the primeval desert. Now the ceremony was nearing an end; the exhausted worshippers were already staggering under the strain of the nine days' constant vigil, chant and dancing. It was drawing to a close. The chief shaman, or *quacali*, arose to lead the last chant. The sheriff listened to the mythical tale of the sacred Ya, for knowing the Navajo tongue, he could follow the long, weird chanting recital of the *quacali* "Hear, my brothers—hear, my brothers—of the great god Ya—what he has done for the children he loves—the Navajos. In the Carrizo mountains lived a family of six, a father, mother, two sons, two daughters. The famine comes—they suffer—the sons go forth to slay deer. One is captured by the Utes; he is saved by the great Ya; he changes him into the form of animals—he helps him to escape from the enemies of the Navajos, the Utes." Thus went on the chanter, telling of the adventures of the captured Navajo, and

how the god Ya always comes to rescue him.

Suddenly the entire throng joined in the chanting, and in wild abandon began the dance which terminates the ceremony, but which is kept up until the first faint flush of dawn. The sheriff, now almost healed of his wounds, dropped some wood upon the fire before his tepee, and sat down to watch the weird scene in the square in front.

Half-naked savages, dressed in hideous masks—the presents of the chief gods of the Navajo race—swayed in rhythmic precision to the dull beating of the tom-toms, in the flickering light cast by a dozen great fires of driftwood. Faster and faster the tom-toms throbbed; faster, faster the moccasined feet of the Indian dancers thudded against the hard earth in the dancing compound. One relay of dancers and singers followed another into the blazing firelight, and so it kept on and on. At last, however, when the first tinge of dawn appeared, and in the white light to follow there loomed up the ghostly form of the great ship rock, a dozen miles away across the plain—a monster sandstone erosion, twelve hundred feet high, in the form of a ship with all sails set—the singing and dancing ceased; the last

of the Ya-be-chi ceremonials was over, and forever.

The sheriff watched the weary dancers and singers stagger away to rest. He looked at the spot where he had last seen Injun Pete sitting, intent upon his work. The sand painter had vanished.

"The varmint's vamoosed," muttered the sheriff, "somehow—somehow I expected somethin' better from him than that—after what I've seen."

A low sound behind him caused him to turn quickly; Injun Pete was standing there, holding two ponies.

"Come, sheriff," he said indifferently, "we go back to town now."

* * * * *

Half way back to their destination, they came across old man Dawson again, leaning against the selfsame boulder, and gazing off into the coulee. This time he saw them coming, and greeted the sheriff.

"Well, sheriff," he began, "I see ye got yer man—but ye both looked considerble frazzled up!" Then turning his gaze again in the direction of the coulee he added: "I jes' come down to see them dogs of mine work a bit, sheriff; there's the greyhound now—see her! *see her!* Ain't she jes' kickin' the miles out from under her, sheriff?"

THE FUTURE

TIS well that the future is hid from our sight,
That we walk in the sunshine, nor dream of the cloud,
We cherish a flower, think not of the blight,
And dream of the loom that may weave us a shroud.

It was good, it was kind in the Wise One above
To fling Destiny's veil o'er the face of our years,
So we see not the blow that shall strike at our love,
And expect not the beam that shall dry up our tears.

Though the cloud may be dark, there is sunshine beyond it,
Though the night may be long, yet the morning is near;
Though the vale may be deep, there is music around it,
And hope 'mid our sorrow, bright hope is still near.

—*Heart Throbs, II.*

Beauties of the Noctes Ambrosianae

By Horace Hazzard



PROFESSOR JOHN WILSON of Edinburgh, the leading spirit of *Blackwood's Magazine* between 1825-1835, published therein his "Noctes Ambrosianae," in which Christopher North and Timothy Tickler, with James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, author of "Kilmeny" and other beautiful poems, were supposed to meet at Ambrose's Hotel, and amid Homeric eating and drinking, discuss men, and events until well into "the wee sma' hours." Wilson was the literary giant of his times and country, and Hogg, a man of undoubted genius; and although how much of what is ascribed to him was really his own can never be settled, he undoubtedly was a genius, and filled with the poetry that has always underlain the more sordid traits of the Highland peasantry. The following description of a great musical festival has no equal in any language:

"The Shepherd sings 'The brackens wi' me.'

TICKLER (passing his hand across his eyes). "I'm never merry when I hear sweet music."

NORTH. Your voice, James, absolutely gets mellower through years. Next York Festival you must sing a solo, "Angels ever bright and fair," or "Farewell, ye limpid streams and flocks."

SHEPHERD. I was at the last York Festival, and one day I was in the chorus, next to Grundy of Kirk-by-Lonsdale. I kent my mouth was wide open, but I never heard my ain voice in the magnificent roar.

NORTH. Describe—James—describe.

SHEPHERD. As weel describe a glorious dream of the seventh heaven. Thousands upon thousands of voices—thousands o' the most beautiful angels sat mute and

still in the Cathedral. Weel may I call them angels, although a' the time I knew them to be frail evanescent creatures o' this ever-changing earth. A sort o' paleness was on their faces, aye, even on the faces where the blush-roses o' innocence were blooming like the flowers o' Paradise—for a shadow came ower them frae the awe o' their religious hearts that beat not, but were chained as in the presence of their Great Maker. All eyes were fixed in a solemn-raised gaze, something mournful-like I thocht, but it was only in a happiness great and deep as the calm sea. I saw—I did not see the old massy pillars—now I seemed to behold the roof o' the Cathedral, and now the sky o' heaven, and a licht—I had maist said a murmuring licht, for there surely was a faint spirit-like soun' in the streams o' splendor that came through the high Gothic window, and left shadows here and there throughout the temple, till a' at ance the organ sounded, and I could have fallen down on my knees.

* * *

The mention of the "Mid-day hour," evokes this dainty bit of exquisite description:

NORTH. The mid-day hour is always to my imagination the most delightful hour of the whole Alphabet.

SHEPHERD. I understaun. During that hour—and there is nae occasion to allow difference for clocks, for in nature, every object is a dial—how many thousand groups are collected a' ower Scotland, and a' ower the face o' the earth—for in every clime, wondrously the same are the great leading laws o' man's necessities—under bits o' bonny buddin' or leaffu' hedge-rows, some bit of fragrant and fluttering birk-tree, aneath some overhanging rock

in the desert, or by some diamond well in its mossy cave—breakin' their bread wi' thanksgiving, and eatin' with the clear blood o' health meanderin' in the heaven-blue veins o' the sweet lassies, while the cool airs are playing amang their haflins-covered bosoms, wi' many a jest and sang between, and aiblins kisses too, at ance dew and sunshine to the peasant's or shepherd's soul—then up again wi' lauchter to their wark amang the teded grass, or in the corn rigs sae bonny; scenes that Robbie Burns lo'ed sae weel and sang sae gloriously—and the whilk, need I fear to say't, your ain Ettrick Shepherd, my dear fellows, had sung on his auld border harp a sang or twa that may be remembered when the bard that wauk'd them is i' the mools, and "at his feet the green-grass turf and at his head, a stane."

TICKLER. Come, come, James, none of your pathos—none of your pathos, my dear James. (Looking red about the eyes.)

* * *

NORTH. We were talking of codlins.

SHEPARD. True, Mr. North, but folks canna be aye talkin' o' codlins, ony mair than aye eatin' them; and the great charm o' conversation is bein' aff on ony wind that blaws. Pleasant conversation between friends is jist like walking through a mountainous kintra—at every glen-mouth, the wun' blaws frae a different airt—the bit bairnies come trippin' alang in opposite directions—noo a harebell scents the air—noo sweet briar—noo heather bank—here is gruesome quag-mire, there a plat o' sheep—nibbled grass, smooth as silk and green as emeralds—here a stony region of cinders and lava, there groves o' the lady fern embowerin' the sleepin' roe—here the hillside in its own various dyes resplendent as the rainbow, and there woods that the Druids would have worshipped—Hark! soundin' in the awfu' sweetness o' evenin' wi' the cushat's sang, and the deadened roar o' some great waterfa' far aff in the very centre o' the untrodden forest. A' the warks o' ootward natur are symbolical o' our ain immortal souls. Mr. Tickler, is't not just even sae?"

* * *

The following dialogue over conversation has few rivals in English literature:—

TICKLER. O, my dear James, conversation is at a very low ebb in this world.

SHEPARD. I've often thought and felt that, at parties where ane nicht hae expeckit better things. First o' a' comes the weather—no a bad topic, but ane that town's folks kens naething about. Weather! My faith, had ye been but in Yarrow last Thursday!

TICKLER. What was the matter, James, the last Thursday in Yarrow?

SHEPARD. I'se tell you, and judge for yersel'. At four in the mornin' it was that hard frost that the dubs were bearin', and the midden was as hard as a rickle o' stanes. We couldna plant the potaw-toes. But the lift was clear. Between eight and nine, a snaw-storm came down frae the mountains about Loch Skene—noo a whirl, and noo a blast, till the groun' was whitey-blue, wi' a slippery sort o' sleet, and the Yarrow began to roar wi' the melted broo alang its frost-boun' borders, and a'neath its banks, a' hangin' wi' icicles, nane o' them thinner than my twa arms. Weel, then, about eleven it began to rain, for the wind had shifted—and afore dinner-time, it was an even down-pour. It fell loun aboot six, and the air grew close and sultry to a degree that was fearsome. Wha wud hae expeckit a thunderstorm on the eve o' sic a day? But the heavens, in the thundery airt, were like a dungeon—and I saw the lightning playin' like meteors athwart the blackness lang before ony growl was in the gloom. Then, a' at ance, like a wauken'd lion, the thunder rose up in his den, and shakin' his mane o' brindled clouds, broke out into sic' a roar, that the very sun shuddered in eclipse—and the grows and collies that happened to be sittin' beside me on a bit knowe, gaed whinin' intae the house wi' their tails between their legs, just venturin' a haffin' glance to the howlin' heavens, noo a' in low, for the fire was strong and fierce in electrical matter, and at intervals the illuminated mountains seemed to vomit out conflagration like verra volcanoes. Afore sunset, heaven and earth, like lovers after a quarrel, lay embraced in each other's smile!

NORTH. Beautiful! beautiful! beautiful!

TICKLER. Oh, James! James! James!

SHEPHERD. The lambs began their races on the lea, and the thrush o' Eltrieve (there is but a single pair in the vale aboon the kirk) awoke his hymn in the hill-silence. It was mair like a mornin' than an evenin' twilight, and a' the day's hurly-burly had passed awa' into the uncertainty o' a last week's dream!

NORTH. Proof positive that, from the lips of a man of genius, even the weather—

SHEPARD. I could speak for hours, days, months and years about the weather wi'oot e'er becoming tiresome. Oh, man, a cawm!

NORTH. On shore, or at sea?

SHEPARD. Either. I'm wrapped up in my plaid, and lyin' a' my length on a bit green platform, fit for the fairies feet, wi' a craig hangin' over me a thousand feet high, yet bright and balmy a' the way up wi' flowers and briars and broom and barks and mosses, maist beautifu' to behold, wi' half-shut ee, and through a'neath ane's arm, guardin' the face frae the cloudless sunshine.

NORTH. A rivulet leapin' from the rock—

SHEPARD. No, Mr. North, no loupin'; for it seems as if it were nature's ain Sabbath, and the verra waters were at rest. Look down upon the vale profound, and the stream is without motion. No doubt, if you were walking along the bank, it would be murmuring with your feet. But here—here up among the hills, we can imagine it asleep, even like the well within reach of my staff.

NORTH. Tickler, pray make less noise, if you can, in drinking, and also in putting down your tumbler. You break in upon the repose of James' picture.

SHEPARD. Perhaps a bit bonny butterfly is restin' wi' faulded wings on a gowan, no a yard frae your cheek; and noo', waukin' out o' a summer dream, floats awa' in its wavering beauty, but, as if unwilling to leave its place of mid-day sleep, comin' back and back and roun' and roun', on this side and that side, and ettlin in its capricious happiness to fasten again on some brighter floweret, till the same breath o' weund that lifts up your hair sae refreshingly catches the airy voyager, and wafts her away into some other nook of her ephemeral paradise.

TICKLER. I did not know that butterflies inhabited the region of snow.

SHEPARD. Ay, and mony million moths; some o' as lovely green as of the leaf of the moss-rose, and ither bright as the blush with which she salutes the dewy dawn; some yellow as the long steady streaks that lie below the sun at set, and ither blue as the sky before his orb has westered. Spotted too, are all the glorious creature's wings—say, rather starred wi' constellations! Yet, O sirs, they are but creatures o' a day!

NORTH. Go on with the calm, James—the calm!

SHEPARD. Gin a pile o' grass straughtens itself in silence, you hear it distinctly. I'm thinkin' that was the noise o' a beetle gaun to pay a visit to a freen on the ither side o' that mossy stane. The melting dew quakes! Aye, sing awa', my bonny bee, maist industrious o' God's creatures! Dear me, the heat is ower muckle for him, and he burrows himsel' in amang a tuft o' grass, like a beetle panting! and now invisible a' but the yellow doup o' him; I, too, feel drowsy and will go to sleep among the mountain solitude!

NORTH. Not with such a show of clouds—

SHEPHERD. No! not with such a show of clouds. A congregation of a million might worship in that Cathedral! What a dome! And ie not that flight of steps magnificent! My imagination sees a crowd of white-robed spirits ascending to the inner shrine of the temple. Hark! a bell tolls! Yonder it is, swinging to and fro, half-minute time, in its tower of clouds. The great air-organ begins to blow its pealing anthem—and the overcharged spirit, falling from its vision, sees nothing but the pageantry of earth's common vapors—that ere long will melt in showers, or be wafted away in darker masses over the distance of the sea. Of what better stuff, O Mr. North, are made all our waking dreams? Call not thy Shepherd's strain fantastic; but look abroad over the work-day world, and tell him where thou seest aught more steadfast or substantial than that could-cathedral, with its flight of vapor steps and its mist towers and its air-organ, now

all gone forever, like the idle words that imaged the transitory and delusive glories.

* * *

The Ettrick Shepherd's tale of his first love, Mary Morrison, should never be forgotten—

NORTH. Most of the good poets of my acquaintance have light-colored hair.

SHEPARD. Mine, in my youth, was o' a bricht yellow.

NORTH. And a fine animal you were, James, I am told, as you walked up the transe o' the kirk, wi' your mane flying ower your shoulders, confined within graceful liberty by a blue ribbon, the love-gift o' some bonny May, that wonned amang the braes, and had yielded you the parting kiss, just as the cottage clock told that now another week was past, and you heard the innocent creature's heart beating in the hush o' the Sabbath morn.

SHEPHERD. Whist! whist!

NORTH. But we have forgotten the tale of the haunted well.

SHEPHERD. It's nae tale—for there's naething that could be called an incident in a' that I could say about that well. Oh, sir!—she was only twa months mair than fifteen—and though she had haply reached her full stature and was somewhat taller than the maist o' our forest lassies, yet you saw at ance that she was still but a bairn. I was a hantleaulder than her—and as she had nae brither, I was a brither to her—neither had she a father or mother, and ance on a day when I said to her that she would find baith in me, wha' loved her for her goodness and her innocence, the puir britherless, sisterless, parentless orphan had her face a' in

a single instant as drenched in tears as a flower cast up on the sand at the turn o' a stream that has brought it down in a spate frae from the far off hills.

NORTH. Her soul, James, is now in heaven!

SHEPHERD. The simmer afore she died, she didna use to come o' her ain accord and, without being asked, in a'neath my plaid, when a skirring shower gaed by—I had to wise her in within its faulds—and her head had to be held down by an affectionate pressure, almost like a faint force, on my breast—and when I spak' to her, half in earnest, half in jest, o' love, she had nae heart to lauch—sae muckle as to greet!

NORTH. One so happy and so innocent might well shed tears.

SHEPHERD. There beside that wee, still, solitary well, have we sat for hours that were swift as minutes, and each o' them filled fu' o' happiness that wad noo be aneuch for years.

NORTH. For us, and men like us, James, there is on earth no such thing as happiness. Enough that we have known it.

SHEPHERD. I should fear noo to face sic happiness as used to be there, beside that well—sic happiness would noo turn my brain—but nae fear, nae fear o' its ever returnin', for that voice went waverin' awa' up to heaven from this mute earth, and on the nicht when it was heard not, and never more was to be heard, in the psalm, in my father's house, I knew that a great change had been wrought within me, and that this earth, this world, this life, was disenchanted forever, and the place that held her grave a Paradise no more.



A Romance in Reverie

By J. LEROY TOPE

Of Dinah May's recollections, while maid in the house next door, and written for the sixtieth birthday anniversary of Mrs. Charles B. Burr

WELL, pohn mah wohrd,
Ai jes' done heahr'd,
Dis berry day—naow what yoh done specks
Ai heahr?
Ai clar to goodness, ef hit ain't nigh fohty
yeahr,
Seence dat done happen; an' Ai almos' plum
fohget.
Naow ain't dat queer? Ai specks Ai lose mah
senses yet.
Why Missus Wes'on, when Ai done heah
about dat li'l chile
Ai'd mos' fohgot, Ai jes' weh speechful foh
er whale:-
An' den Ai membehs 'bout dat Romance Day,
An' Ai sez to mahself, sez Ai, why Dinah May,
Pohn yoh ol' brack shinin' soul,
Yoh suah am gettin' pow'ful ol',
When yoh fohgots de greate'st day
What eber happen 'o Dinah May.

Naow Ai done specks
What'll happen ne'
To dem two romanciferous li'l chillun,
Dat Ai'd still know 'mong sebenty millun
Peoples, all spruced up laik er weddin' coon,
Dey's gwine er celerate deh gol'en weddin
soon.
Oh, dat weh a romance, shoh's yoh bohn, Ai
say,
An' yoh don' specks Ai'd fohget dat weddin'
day?
Scrumphshus cashun? Well, Ai done guess hit
bin
'Bout de fines' eber Ai done fisticated in.
An' Ai don' min' tellin' haow
Dat pahson screetch dat weddin' vow,
An' settle dat *romance* day fohe hehr,
When Ollie Ramsey 'came Missus Burr.

Why Wanda, chile,
Hit maik me smaile,
When Ai reck'mbers 'bout dem kids a
co'tin yet.
Oh, yes, Ai seed dem all-taime, an' Ai don'
fohget
All 'baout de taimes dey used ter hab hidin'
roun'
A-hin' ouah grape-vine shadders. Once Ai
done foun'

Em settin' on ouah keetchin doah-steps, one
naight,
A-hol'en hainds, an' lookin' scairt. De moon-
laight
Done tolle me who hit wehr, when Ai looks out
Mah window; an' Ai listen to what dey's
'bout,
Kaise Mars' Ramsey says tuh me,
"Dinah May, yoh jes' kin'er see
Dem kids bin kep' all taime apaht,
Fore Ollie lose hehr li'l baby heaht."

Yaas, suh, Misteh Jack;
Cou'se Ai tuhn mah back.
What fohr yoh s'pose Ai gwine 'o seem so's
Ai tell
Ol' Mars' Ramsey jes' to heahr heem raisin'
'm hell
Jes' foh nuthin'? Ai tuhns may back ebery
taime Ai catch 'em;
Den pulls aout mah lookin' glass so's Ai c'd
watch 'em.
An' Ai done specks dey was de slobbernest
paahr
Dat eber wehr bohn. But anyhow Ai didn't
cahir,
Fohr Ai was'n mah'ied, an' mah heaht seemed
to rise,
Cleah to heaben, when dat Burr, he look in
Ollie eyes,
An' say dat he love hehr, laik pone,
Or possum, in dat lovines' tone,
'Till mah heaht all swell up an jump,
An' choke up mah throat all in a lump.

An' den, Missus Dabis—
Oh, Lawdy—Lawd sabe us—
Dat Burr man get scairt, an' tuhn white laik
er sheet,
An' heem laigs get wobbly, laik as mebby he
done eat
Some pokeberry poison, an' he shaik so he
don' heahr
What Ollie wehr sayin'. Yoh'll haf to 'scusin'
dis teahr,
'Cause Ai'mbers haow dat he done try hit
so often to say,
Dat by'n by he give up, an' put it off to
some odder day,

When he feel raight smaht betteh, 'n him
 laigs'd be still;
 An' he get some dat quinine fohr a-curin' him
 bad chill.
 An' Ai done get disgusted, an said
 I'se gwine raight off tuh my baid—
 'Cause dere weh no mohr 'citement to see,
 An' Ai was 'bout as ne'ous as Ai c'd be.

 What, Miss's Duhfee? Oh, my yes,
 He get ober heem chill, Ai guess,
 'Cause Ai see heem hin' ouah rosebush berry
 nex' night
 Tryin' o say hit ergin. An' pohn mah wo'd,
 de sight
 Ob dat poohr schoolboy a-chokin' an' shakin'
 Jes' maik me feilake gibbin' him a raikin';
 'Kaise Ollie wehr cryin' to hehrsef kin'er low,
 Foh feah she'd foget hehrsef an' mebby say
 "NO,"
 Ef eber he done get to de p'int an' really ast
 hehr.
 An' Ai done s'pose dat been a mos' pow'ful
 missaster.
 Den one day Ai heahr hehr sing an' sing,
 An' Ai rush raight ober to see dat ring;
 An' den Miss Ollie, she done tell,
 Haow Misteh Cholly at las' get well.

 Yaas, Docteh, Ai jes' gotten tell,
 'Baout Ollie paw raisin' heem hell,
 Den sobeh daown, laik he's tendin' dat he
 really cai'ed;
 Mah ol' Missus say she guess de ol' man wehr
 bad scared,
 Wus'n Cholly, fear him bluffin' really would'n
 taik.
 An, 'tenny rate, yoh could'n guess. Yaas, I
 done baik
 Dat weddin' caik. An' shuhr's yoh bohn dat
 maik er fuss,
 'Kaise dat Burr chap wehr a pow'ful 'ceity
 little cuss,
 An' ahl drest up smaht he act laik er highfer-
 lutin' ol' gander,
 An' smaile at me an' wink. An' dat jes' riz
 up Ollie dander;
 An' Ai mos' specks folks sayin' soon,
 Dat Cholly Burr get smit on dis coon,
 Ef dat weddin' day had'n come erlong,
 An' chop off short dat ere pleasin' song.

 An' sech a weddin'! Good Lawd sabe us.
 Hit shuhr wehr scrumpshus, Misteh Dabis.
 Yaas, dey wehr mah-ied at home, nexteh
 ouah house yoh see,
 An' de folks wehr drest up smaht, and deckle-
 day's c'd be.
 Ai sehvde de dinneh, an o' cou'se Ai he'pin
 Ollie dress,
 An' kep deserbin' what wehr goin' on all
 roun', Ai guess.
 When pahton Newton tie dat Preserterian
 weddin' knot,

Ai jes' done sling dat tuhkey on er mos'
 a-pipin' hot!—
 Frow on dat gravy, dish up de taters, stuffin',
 an' peas,
 An' pass 'em 'roun.—An' Lawdy, what yoh
 naow speck I sees?
 Dat mah'eed couple not eatin'. Dey not been
 able;
 'Kaise Ai see down between 'em undeh dat
 er table,
 Dey's holdin' hainds, jes' so lovin' sweet;
 An' Ai don' specks dey caihed to eat.

 Dat wehr Novembuh siz, sebenty one—
 Erzackly when dat er job wehr done;
 Miss Ollie not twenty yeahs ol'—an' Ai
 wehr only sebenteen.
 An' she got fohr chilluns, free granchiles, an'
 heahr I'se been,
 Fohgettin' hehr nigh almos', 'til Ai done
 heahr dis berry day,
 De folks done gedder 'roun' an celerate in a
 fren'ly kin' o' way,
 De day when she wehr jes' a lentle tentle
 pickaninny chile;
 An' when Ai heahs 'bout hit, an' 'members, Ai
 jes' gotten smaile.
 An' ai kin'r wondhehs ef dey 'members me,
 an' dat ehr day—
 Jes' kinder pleasin' laik, an' in a fren'ly sort
 o' way?
 Ai kind o' guess dey does, foh dey
 Allus haid de kaindiest sort o' way
 Foh makin' eberybody happy, brack ohr
 whaite;
 Ai's gwine 'o pray de Lawd to bress 'em bofe
 tonaight.

 Good Lawd, in heaben, stoopen' daown,
 An' 'mong de peoples, jes' hunt 'roun',
 Till yoh fin' mah frens, whehr any ob
 'em be,
 Den bress 'em an' proteck 'em, ef yoh caihs
 for me.
 Kaise mah fren's am all Ai's got on earth
 wo'th whaile.
 An' when Yoh see 'em, Lawd, tell em dat Ol'
 Dinah smaile,
 When she heahs dey's well an' strong, an' all
 so happy yet.
 Tell 'em Ai shuh 'members dem, an Ai's
 gwine 'o not foget,
 Ebery fo'th ob Ma'ch what come 'roun',
 knockin' at mah doohr;
 Dat's de day we bes' remembehr ob all dats
 gone befohr;
 Oh, dat's de day when all life's roses
 bloom;
 An' when Ai'm dead, Ai'll know dat same per-
 fume,
 A-blowlun' cross mah nostrils, up in heaben,
 den some day.
 So don' foget mah frien's, deah Lawd, ef
 Yoh caihs foh *Dinah May*.

Books of the Month

KEEN young men like Mr. Johnny Gamble are at a premium these days, and it is no wonder that a charming young lady like Miss Constance Joy offered to be Johnny's score-keeper, with his capacity for making a million dollars at the rate of "Five Thousand an Hour."*

Constance has been left a round million with the condition that she marry one Gresham, who is as indolent as the average conventional society youth, and maliciously withal. With a capital of one hundred dollars, Johnny sets to work to collect a million in short order. A clever brain and some influential friends do their part, and Johnny makes his million and wins the girl. Johnny Gamble is an honorable young Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford, who will doubtless be more popular with young lady readers than Mr. Chester's great "J. Rufus." That the book is by George Randolph Chester leaves little to be said of its style or down-to-the-minute atmosphere. It is, however, one of the most wholesome and vigorous of this popular writer's ingenious novels.

* "Five Thousand an Hour." By George Randolph Chester. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, \$1.25 net.

LIVING in an entangled civilization, we have come to think things wrong which are not wrong at all. That a strained ethical code is essentially responsible for this condition is the contention of Mr. Chesterton in "Manalive."*

An odd individual, Innocent Smith, creates such a furore in a quiet boarding-house in the suburbs of London that his sanity is doubted. A self-appointed board of alienists conduct an inquiry only to find that Smith, after all, is even more sane than the board that examines him. He has freed himself from the accepted belief that the spirit of an act does not enter into the act itself, and that punishment, because it is the law, should be meted out without reference to the spirit prompting the act. The reasoning is both psychological and philosophical. Science, literature, art and religion each offer a field for

critical examination, in so far as the contentions of Mr. Chesterton hold good.

"Manalive" again shows Mr. Chesterton's versatility as a writer. The same vigorous reasoning that has delighted readers in the past will be found in "Manalive."

* "Manalive." By Gilbert K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Company. Price, \$1.30 net.



GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER
The creator of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford"
and the author of "Five Thousand an Hour,"
a racy, down-to-the-minute New York novel

TO the increasing number of books which treat of Colonial days, Professor Carl Holliday has made in "The Wit and Humor of Colonial Days, 1607-1800" * an interesting addition.

Beginning with the quaint but somewhat repressed humor, traceable in the letters of John Pory of the Jamestown

jest into the vortex of sectarian and political literature, was the Rev. Nathaniel Ward of Ipswich in his "Simple Cobbler of Agawam," 1641.

Almost three hundred pages of pleasant comment, merry quotation and painstaking research, with an excellent bibliography of the important and curious literature on this subject, gives the reader a most interesting book, and the student of American literature an indispensable addition to his library.

* * *

MANY readers have had the opportunity of seeing the dramatization of Louis N. Parker's "Pomander Walk" * while it has played in the different cities; both they and others who have not will enjoy the delightful story from which the play was taken.

Pomander Walk was a picturesque avenue or lane situated on the Thames outside of London. Six brick houses faced upon the Walk, and about the inhabitants therein Mr. Parker has woven his charming romance. The characters are as individual—or as typical, according to the point of view—as are any of Dickens'; and the love story of Jack and Marjolaine has the romance and the wholesomeness of the early nineteenth century.

* * *

SUCCEEDING his "South Sea Tales" of last year, Jack London's last book, "The House of Pride," † is made up

of numerous stories which are both strong and original. Their only fault, if it be a fault, is the intense recognition of the fact that the Hawaiian people are a doomed race, many of them condemned to the living death of the leper's banishment.

* "Pomander Walk." By Louis N. Parker. New York: John Lane Company. Price, \$1.30.

† "The House of Pride." By Jack London. New York: The MacMillan Company. Price, \$1.20 net.



MARJOLAINE AND MADAME LACHESNAIS, TWO OF THE DELIGHTFUL CHARACTERS IN "POMANDER WALK"

settlement, Francis Higginson's "True Relation" and "New England Relation" (1629), in which the professor says that "the sturdy old New Englander came dangerously near joking," he claims that the first New England writer who, with malice aforethought, carried satire and

* "The Wit and Humor of Colonial Days, 1607-1800." By Carl Holliday. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, \$1.50.

The desperate outlaw, who slew scores to escape this exile; the beautiful prima donna who could not escape it, and her gay white lover, who was unmanned by the fear of a like fate; the rescue of a strong and determined man by his friends from Molokai, to live out his life in Asia; and the self-expatriation of a Chinese millionaire to escape the greed and exactions of his grown-up children and their husbands and wives, are, like the title story, all worthy of study as well as entertaining.

* * *

VENDETTAS, practically unknown to the Anglo-Saxon, are not uncommon among the Latin and Asiatic races. The spirits of unburied Orientals fretfully roam the earth until the one responsible for this condition is brought to an untimely end. "The Sable Lorcha" deals with an Oriental vendetta of sixteen years' standing. All of the mysticism of the Orient is brought to bear in the story, and the so-called "Yellow Peril" stands out in bold relief against an Occidental background.

Mistaken for another who had perpetrated a crime against some Chinese coolies who were on their way to America, Robert Cameron, a wealthy New Yorker, is constantly harassed by bloodthirsty Chinese, even in the privacy of his own estate. Cameron is the recipient of numerous anonymous letters. These, combined with many unexplainable circumstances, he reveals to his friend Philip Clyde. Threats become so serious and persistent that Cameron is a nervous wreck. To take him away from his implacable enemies, his niece, Evelyn Grayson, and

Clyde decide upon an ocean trip for him. The happy party had almost lost sight of former misfortunes when a supposedly shipwrecked seaman is picked up off Cape Cod. His condition and appearance arouse suspicion, but even a watch is not sufficient to prevent the kidnapping of Cameron and the escape of the castaway. Miss Grayson and her lover, Clyde, run out clue after clue, and in vain interview the leaders of the tongs in New York. A double of the tortured man appears on the scene, and the excitement continues until the conclusion.

"The Sable Lorcha" is unquestionably one of the keenest novels of the year.

* * *



JACK LONDON

The popular writer of adventure tales. "The House of Pride" is his latest collection of vivid short stories



JIM SOY, THE HALF-BREED, DISAPPEARS INTO A NEAR-BY DOORWAY TO ESCAPE PHILIP CLYDE

FINANCIAL reverses constitute the theme for "A Man and His Money."* The descent from a position in which every whim is gratified

to one of abject poverty is a condition that confronts Mr. Isham's hero. The problem is handled masterfully and confirms the opinion that a man with ambition can make good, although odds are against him.

So far down the social scale had Horatio Heatherbloom gone that he hired himself out to a wealthy spinster as a dog valet. Chance has it that his boyhood sweetheart, Betty Dalrymple, is a niece of his employer, and living with her aunt. Betty is annoyed with the ardent wooing of Prince Boris, a Russian nobleman, who is eager to make her a princess. His suit rejected, the Prince kidnaps the lovely Betty, and Heatherbloom follows. How he rescues his sweetheart, wins her love and makes a fortune is told by Mr. Isham in a most entertaining manner.

The story has strength

* "A Man and His Money." By Frederick Isham. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, \$1.25.

* "The Sable Lorcha." By Horace Hazeltine. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price \$1.35.

and interest; the plot is skillfully handled, and the author possesses a simple, flowing style.

* * *

CONTEMPORANEOUS with the political agitation of the past two years and with the call for a return to pure democracy, there have arisen numerous political novels of unusual merit. In "His Rise to Power" * the author has closely followed the trend of the times and has contributed to fiction a book in which pure democracy (in its generic sense) is the theme.

Actuated by purely altruistic motives and seeking a return to Jeffersonian democracy, John Dunmeade, a young attorney, is selected District Attorney, after a hard struggle against machine politics. On his induction into office he starts a political house-cleaning. No member of the machine upon whom there rests a suspicion of graft or malfeasance is exempt.

Although he is in love with the daughter of the leader of the old regime, yet Dunmeade does not hesitate to bring him to account. How Dunmeade becomes governor of his state, overthrows the state machine and wins the girl of his choice is the story.

With the present political turmoil "His Rise to Power" comes at an opportune moment. Vigorous, direct and convincing, Mr. Miller employs the style that so charmed the readers of his former effort, "The Man Higher Up."

* * *

ZEALOTS in ferreting out crime are by no means lacking in the newspaper world. In "The Trevor Case" †

* "His Rise to Power." By John Russell Miller. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price \$1.25.

† "The Trevor Case." By Natalie Sumner Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$1.30 net.

young Dick Tillinghast, a Washington reporter, encounters a variety of adventures in his endeavor to run down the murderer of Attorney-General Trevor's wife, who is found dead in the family safe. Circumstantial evidence directs suspicion against Mrs. Trevor's step-daughter and her lover. Spurred on by love for a girl who ardently desires the solution of the enigma, Dick gets close on the trail of the murderer and in his quest interviews many high officials, from the President down, and then stumbles unexpectedly upon a Camorrist meeting, where he is saved from an ignominious death by the man who later confesses to the Trevor murder. Every chapter takes one deeper into the mystery, and the outcome is quite as unexpected as it is surprising. The story is intensely interesting and is well told.

* * *

GENIAL relationships between "Sally Salt" * and Anthony Streatham are broken up by the meddlesome intrigue of an avaricious neighbor, who hates Sally for her prosperity and sees in Sally's desire to shield her friend and guest from the law a chance to draw "hush money" from her. Anthony is a delightful character,

but Sally's apparent lack of trust piques him and he refuses to reveal to her the true state of affairs, although he is entirely blameless. He leaves her home, and misunderstandings continue until at last Sally relents and matters are straightened out. Anthony comes into his own and is accepted by Sally Salt as her future husband. Aside from the main plot there are minor love affairs among the gentlefolk and the domestics which are entertaining. The book is restful, and makes comfortable reading for the hot summer days.

* "Sally Salt." By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, \$1.25 net.



IN THE FACE OF DEFEAT KATHERINE HAMPDEN PLEADS WITH JOHN DUNMEADE TO GIVE UP SOME OF HIS POLITICAL IDEALS AND BECOME MORE PRACTICAL



THE theatrical company had arrived, but the baggage car containing the scenery had been delayed. A large audience had gathered at the theater to witness "Sumurun," Reinhardt's famous play, imported direct from Berlin. There was a large and fashionable audience present to witness the new "wordless play," and they carefully read and re-read the notes of explanation on the program. The opening hour passed and many minutes elapsed, and still the curtain did not go up. Then down the aisle came Mr. A. Toxen Worm, and in his genial way he told the audience the whole truth. He hoped even more earnestly than they that the car would arrive presently. The ushers passed the candy and the gum, and the good-nature of an American audience was exemplified.

More minutes passed, and the baggage car continued missing. A second announcement by Toxen Worm grew even more eloquent. There were more chocolates and more gum—and the great auditorium rang with laughter and pleasant conversation while the people seemed to enjoy themselves as much as at a church social. The young man with half his week's salary invested in theater tickets moved a little closer to his companion, and "two heads were as one" poring over the mysteries of the program.

Then for the third time down the aisle came Toxen Worm, and with that benign smile, characteristic of President Taft, and with form and feature also strongly suggestive of the Chief Executive, he made the final announcement—the play would now begin. The actors

entered by an overhead lighted walk, gay with electric flowers, extending down the centre aisle to the stage. This was in itself a pleasing departure from the usual entrance at the wings. The play progressed and the audience applauded, charmed by the beauty of the pulsating pantomime. The first American performance of "Sumurun," however, would never be complete without a record and a reference to the dulcet tones and soothing speech of Manager Toxen Worm as he faced an audience which had waited nearly two hours for the rise of the curtain.

* * *

AFTER a busy day's work at the bank, I found him taking coffee and luncheon at half past three. He was not so busy but he had time for a little chat over the coffee-cup, and as we talked I realized what a panorama of events this man had witnessed in the upbuilding of the great city of Chicago. Born near the very spot where his great banking house today stands, Mr. A. J. Graham knows Chicago as do few other men. He started in business with his father, who had in his own youth been trained by his father, and today Andrew J. Graham has associated with him his own stalwart sons, who have been nurtured in the conservative, business-like banking methods that have in the past and will always be a success. The firm name of Graham and Sons has for several generations stood for much in the banking circles of the Middle West.

In the massive vaults wherein the people of the neighborhood place their se-

curities, at the tellers' windows, at the directors' table and throughout the whole building in West Madison Street, the undaunted spirit of Chicago as expressed in two words, "I will," pervades the executive and administrative power. Several times Mr. Graham has been prominently mentioned as a candidate for the mayor of Chicago. He has always had at heart the interest and welfare of his neighbors about him, whether in the early period of poverty and struggle or later prosperity.

Mr. Graham is a true type of banker

the Field Museum of Natural History since its inception in 1894. While this institution has absorbed his national and honorary interest ever since the days of the World's Fair, in which he played an important part, the Panama-Pacific International Exposition has now been fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Skiff as Director-in-Chief of Foreign and Domestic Participation. Few men are considered greater exposition authorities in the world, and this work is a profession in itself. Mr. Skiff was National Commissioner of the World's Columbia Exposition in 1893, and later Chief of the Department of Mining and Metallurgy and Deputy Director-General of the Columbian Exposition in 1893. He organized the Award System of the Nashville Exposition in 1897; was Director-in-Chief of the United States Commission to the Paris Exposition in 1900; Commissioner Turin Exposition 1902; Director of Exhibits, Universal Exposition, St. Louis, 1904, First Vice-President, Superior Jury, St. Louis Exposition, 1904; Member of Board of Administration Universal Congress of Arts and Science, Universal Exposition, St. Louis, 1904; Commissioner-General of United States Government to the Japanese Exposition of 1917.

Many degrees and honors have been conferred upon Mr. Skiff, among them being Doctor of Laws of Washington University, St. Louis; Doctor of Laws of George Washington University, Washington, D. C., and Master of Arts of Colorado College.

Outside of America Mr. Skiff is a Commander of the Legion of Honor, France; Commander of the Order of Red Eagle, Germany; Grand Cross Order of the Sacred Treasure, Japan; Commander of the Order of Leopold I, Belgium; Commander of the Order of Francis Joseph, Austria; Commander of the Order of the Double Dragon, China; Grand Officer of St. James of the Kingdom of Portugal; Commander of the Order of the Crown of Italy, and has received other Orders and Decorations from Turkey, Siam, Bulgaria, and other countries.

Mr. Skiff received a Gold Medal of Honor from Germany in 1893, and a Bronze Medal of Merit from France, 1900.



MR. FREDERICK J. V. SKIFF

An authority on international expositions. He will be Director-in-Chief of Foreign and Domestic Participation in the Panama-Pacific Exposition

whose broad sympathies take the interest of his customers closely to heart. A keen student of human nature, broad in his views of public affairs, with a life of incessant industry and devotion to his family and his business, he may well be gratified in the greetings of his friends and clients as they pass in and out day by day with a nod and a genial word of greeting for Andrew J. Graham.

* * *

HISTORY of International Expositions for the last quarter of a century would seem incomplete without the name of Frederick J. V. Skiff, the director of

He is also a member of the National Education Association; Member and ex-President of the American Association of Museums, and other educational and scientific bodies; and a Member of the Board of Governors of the American Athletic Union. He is a Member of the Chicago Club and the University Club of Chicago.

With a man of this distinction as Director-General of Exhibits, and familiar with all the details and all the sidelights of exposition-making, the new exposition starts out with every omen of phenomenal success under the auspicious direction of F. J. V. Skiff.

* * *

AN advance courier of the great Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco is the "International Fair Illustrated," under the directorship of Dawson Mayer. It has already stimulated a widespread interest in the exposition which will fittingly mark the new epoch associated with the opening of the Panama Canal.

Mr. Mayer has long been identified with San Francisco and will carry the same enterprise and energy characteristic of his own publications into the "International Fair Illustrated," making it a work of signal merit and attractiveness. It will record from time to time progress of the work on the exposition and the canal, and will doubtless be one of the most interesting panoramic features of the great Panama Exposition. After all, much of the real interest of expositions is embodied in the preparations, and already the "International Fair Illustrated" has presented alluring glimpses of the magnitude of the forthcoming exposition. Elaborately illustrated by photographs, printed on handsomely coated paper, the "International Fair Illustrated" is indeed an interesting and progressive feature of the great event of 1915, which has already cast a shadow before it as one of the coming events of most eventful years.

* * *

FOR the business man of today the treatise on "Science of Organization and Business Development," by Robert

J. Frank, is an indispensable textbook. In the preface to the third edition Mr. Frank expresses the purpose of the book. It is not philosophy, nor does it deal with subtle phraseology, but is a digest in plain English of the science of organization and business development of the times. It is so thoroughly timely that even the later decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States have not in any way disturbed the fundamental propositions outlined and so lucidly explained



MR. DAWSON MAYER
Publisher of the "International Fair Illustrated," an advance courier of the Panama-Pacific Exposition

in the two hundred and seventy pages of the book.

The first chapter opens with the subject of organization and tells in plain language just how to go about it. The subject of financing is treated in the following chapter and tells about stocks and bonds and how to transfer a business to a corporation and the manner of raising additional stock.

It is one of those books that can be read and re-read and referred to frequently. Moody's Magazine Book Department are the sales agents for this

book, and it seems as if no corporation should be without this volume, which could be used almost as a chart for those who may take up the duties and responsibilities of offices, or a dropping out of management, for the duties and liabilities of directors and officers are clearly defined. In a remarkable way the laws of the whole country are treated. A discussion of by-laws, examination of books and records, a chapter on stock jobbing, the promotion of new enterprises, and an illuminating discussion on the best way of promoting enterprises, convince the reader that no person owning stock or actively engaged in the work of a corporation, should be without the knowledge contained in this little book. The appendix is very extensive and gives a form of by-laws of stockholders' proxy, and a synopsis of corporation laws of certain states where incorporation laws are most favorable. The experience of careful and thorough legal investigation is given in this volume, and it also is a most interesting book to read in connection with the evolution in business methods to the present time.

One cannot read it without realizing how much of the blame of injustice and oppression ascribed to corporations is more or less a friction, and that the systems of the modern corporations are not only necessary to secure the investors, but crystallizes even altruistic co-operation into a practically everyday common-sense proposition.

* * *

AT the New Kimball Hotel at Springfield, Massachusetts, a notable banquet was given by the Advertising Club of that city. The business men gathered to hear the bubbling humor and pathetic stories of John Kendrick Bangs, and the practical philosophy of Don Sietz of the *New York World*. Early in the evening the guests arrived, full of enthusiasm, and under the stimulus of song and story they soon dispelled the traditional frigid temperature of New England gatherings.

From Toastmaster Anderson's opening timely words to his closing remarks, there was a zest among the banqueters

that would have graced an occasion of the stirring abolition days, when Samuel Bolles thundered forth in the *Republican* those vital editorials which have left their impress on history. In a spacious bag furnished by Mr. Harris, of the Third National Bank, was an array of souvenirs that would make even Santa Claus envious, but the gentlemen, regardless of reminders from the ladies at home, helped themselves and went forth armed as though from a shopping expedition.

The occasion furnished concrete evidence of the industrial thrift of the towns of the Connecticut Valley, and showed clearly that the literary atmosphere associated with Springfield is not altogether divested of consideration for the practical and enterprising industrial spirit of the times.

* * *

THE literary lights glowed effulgently on the night of the banquet observing the twelfth annual meeting of the National Booksellers' Association, and the audience comprised representative booksellers from all parts of the country—the men behind the books. Since the early colonial period the progress of American literature has been largely promoted by the proprietor and habitues of some famous bookstore, such as the old School Street book-store in Boston where Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier and Holmes used to browse and talk over the new books fresh from the press; the plain, roomy sales rooms and offices of the Harpers of fifty years ago, and even older and more humble print shops, such as those of General Knox, Henchman and Green in ante-Revolutionary Boston.

Many a community has much for which to thank the book-seller. Almost overwhelmed by an avalanche of cheap books and cheaper literature, the bookseller, the only militant figure on the firing line, has had to repel the assaults of the seller of printed works, which sometimes break all bonds.

Around fifty tables laden with the delicacies of the season, these men gathered in all good fellowship. The souvenir napkins contained the motto, "How to behave at a banquet." Dr. Wiley was

to have been present, but on that day a new sun (son) had risen on the domestic horizon, and a new Doctor Wiley kept his father at home. Conventionality was thrown aside. It was "Bob," "Pete," "Joe," and "Jack," and standing, all joined in drinking a toast to President Cathcart. Then tender tribute was paid to the absent and to those who had passed beyond.

Morgan Shuster's address vividly portrayed the strangling of Persian autonomy and independence. With his hands in his pockets, and with scarcely a gesture the former President Treasurer General of Persia told a simple story of the fateful year there in 1911. Dr. Edward Howard Griggs gave one of those Emersonian lectures defining progress. Mr. Samuel Nevin spoke for Owen Johnson, the author of "Stover at Yale," and Meredith Nicholson, the author of "A Hoosier Chronicle," made in an almost pianissimo voice one of the most clever little addresses I ever heard, although those on the outskirts insisted that it was a soliloquy and that he was talking to himself.

As the guest of Mr. Horace Jackson of Bridgeport, Connecticut, one of the best known booksellers of the country, I enjoyed the spice and repartee of trade talk that would warm the cockles of any author's heart, but how these men manage to maintain even a cursory knowledge of the steady stream of books flowing from the press every day of the year and reaching the high tide of holiday trade, is beyond comprehension. It was especially gratifying to find all the booksellers so thoroughly acquainted with "Heart Throbs." The universal verdict of American booksellers from the big firms of New York City to the dealers in suburban towns was that one of the best sellers, next to the Bible, is "the book the people built," so widely known the world over as "Heart Throbs."

Everyone carried home a big box of souvenirs. It looked like a lunch box, but it only contained information on W. Morgan Shuster's new book, a plaque framing one of C. Coles Phillips' drawings, "A Toast to Molly Carter," a little brochure entitled "Cheap Turkey," written

by Ward Macauley, and numerous other mementoes of the exhilarating occasion. This distribution of souvenirs recalled the time-worn text, "of the making of books there is no end," but of the selling the books—aye, there's the rub.

One cannot join in one of these meetings without realizing the difficulties and handicaps of the average bookseller, and if there is any class of men who deserve the everlasting gratitude of authors and publishers, it is the men who fill their shelves with costly literature in trying to meet the public taste and back their opinion with substantial orders.

* * *

HEREWITH are a few comments on "Heart Throbs," Volume Two, clipped at random from some of the leading newspapers of the country:

"The second volume of the 'Heart Throbs,' prose and verse, sent to Joe Mitchell Chapple's National Magazine by its readers is said to be of higher literary order than its predecessor, but the selections in the main bear the same stamp of warm humanity and true sentiment. The list of contents, naturally, is very varied, so many kinds and phases of taste being represented, but the general tone is refreshingly pure and high."—*The Record-Herald, Chicago*.

"A glance through the book will show many old-time favorites, and if one spends more than a glance or two, he is apt to spend the whole evening reading the book and recalling old times when he first became acquainted with the best writings of authors and poets."—*The Brooklyn Citizen, New York*.

"All that need be said of it is that it is a delight to ramble through it. It is like getting back to the old home place and finding there dear, familiar faces and voices."—*The Minneapolis Journal, Minneapolis*.

"'Heart Throbs' defines the contents exactly. The book is beautifully illustrated."—*The Bulletin, San Francisco*.

"This supplement to the original \$10,000 prize book of the same name, bids fair to rival its predecessor in popularity and in usefulness, as it does in merit."—*Rowena Hewitt Landon, in the Saturday Book Review*.

"The growth and tolerance of opinion, religious, racial and political, was never more fully emphasized than in this volume. All barriers are broken down in the sweet fellowship of the songs and sketches comprising the book."—*Press, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

"It will no doubt prove as astonishing as its predecessor."—*Cincinnati Times-Star*.



ANN RANDOLPH is at our women readers' service on any subject that may come within the offices of the NATIONAL'S Home Department. Replies to questions will be printed unless otherwise requested; particular inquiries will be personally answered.

HOW very much, after all, a little encouragement means to most of us. It inspires confidence, and, as Miss Christie MacDonald said to me the other night, "The feeling that people believe you can do your part gives much more confidence than merely to know your lines." She was referring, of course, to the stage, and in particular to her own part in the title role of the "Spring Maid," but she spoke a general truth. Then she went further and told me an interesting little story which she insisted, in her own naive, decisive way, was "just telepathy, and if it wasn't that, what was it?

"In a recent first night production on Broadway," she said, "an old actor, seasoned by historic triumphs, whose mastery of his art is recognized by all, suddenly hesitated in his most dramatic scene, then stopped altogether. While the audience sat in amazement, the stage manager, beside himself with astonishment, whispered the forgotten lines and the veteran was able to continue.

"Later the old actor explained the reason of his apparent mental lapse. He had been all right, he said, until he un-

consciously looked at a certain man in the orchestra. Suddenly the thought possessed him that he could not get through his next speech. While he was striving to get the idea from his head, it began to take possession of his whole soul, and he did quite forget his lines.

"What he said is true," affirmed Miss MacDonald. "I know from personal experience." And she told me of the time when she was rehearsing for her role of Princess Bozena in "The Spring Maid." Some theatrical man who often attended rehearsals had a disastrous effect upon her memory. Whenever he was present she found herself stammering and stuttering and quite forgetting her lines.

"At my request," she said, "he did not attend the opening, and I got along without a single break." But alas, the annoying gentleman appeared at the Wednesday matinee, and caused Miss MacDonald no end of torture in the first act. At the intermission she resorted to her manager, and the disturbing presence left the house. Later, in the offices of her producing managers, Werba & Luescher, the same man told his side of the queer story. Never had he watched Miss Mac-

Soda crackers are more nutritive than any other flour food. Uneeda Biscuit are the perfect soda crackers. Therefore, Uneeda Biscuit.

Though the cost is but five cents, Uneeda Biscuit are too good, too nourishing, too crisp, to be bought merely as an economy.

Buy them because of their freshness—buy them because of their crispness—buy them because of their goodness—buy them because of their nourishment.

Always 5 cents. Always fresh and crisp.

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COMPANY**

THE HOME

Donald perform, he declared, but he had an uncontrollable fear that she would forget her lines. "And now," finished Miss MacDonald, "if this isn't telepathic influence, I'd like to know just what it is?"

She is a very interesting little person, is Miss Christie MacDonald; very natural, very simple, very sweet. I saw her in her dressing-room, where "local color" is usually so strong as to reveal only the actress and not the woman. But Miss MacDonald is quite unaffected. She doesn't talk "shop" or connect herself with any particular cult or ism. She has worked hard, and continues to work hard, but her private life is very much that of the average athletic American girl. Miss MacDonald veritably lives out of doors—she golfs, rows, plays tennis, she walks—tramps might be the word. She has a kindly feeling towards the world, and she makes you feel that she is very much a part of it, and a dependent upon it, especially as audiences go. She admits that her "house" has much to do with the enthusiasm she is

able to put into her acting. Above all, Miss MacDonald shrinks from "an audience that is cold—the kind that sit back in their seats and dare the players to amuse them."

When she said "dare," she stamped her foot and there was a glitter in her clear blue-gray eye which convinced me that if she chose, this charming little lady could take up a dare in good earnest. But I doubt if it is often necessary. The average audience is quickly captivated by the winsome "Spring Maid," and many thousands of people in all parts of the country will await with interest her starring appearance in a new opera which she will decide upon during her well-earned vacation at the Thousand Islands.



LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR the Little Helps found suited for use in this department we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, your subscription must be paid in full to date in order to take advantage of this offer. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your Little Help does not appear it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes unless for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose stamped addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

TRANSPLANTING TOMATOES

By An Old Subscriber

Set the plants in the bottom of the jar or box and fill up to near the top. The roots will come out all along the stem, making much stronger plants to place in the ground.

Substitute for Mince Pies

Cut apples up without peeling, say four quarts, a piece of suet the size of your fist and put through the Enterprise meat chopper. Add a cup of boiled cider, a cup raisins, a cup of English currants, a cup of fruit juice, any kind left from canned sauce, all kinds of spices, salt and cook for an hour.

For Your Chicks

Fill a bucket with oats and wet and keep in a warm place until sprouts get an inch long. Feeding this will increase your egg returns.

ANOTHER DUSTLESS DUSTER

By Mrs. B. E. R.

Make a strong suds of any pure soap, to which add a few drops of turpentine. Let stand three hours, then wring out and dry.

To Fry Mush Brown

Add a half cup of flour to your cornmeal mush and it will fry brown.

TO KEEP RATS AND MICE AWAY

By O. L. D.

To keep rats and mice out of pantry or anywhere they trouble you just sprinkle dry sulphur about on the shelves and over the things which they use. Clean off and renew occasionally as the sulphur loses its strength after a while.

WHITE MOTOR TRUCKS

ARE, without doubt, the best known motor trucks in the United States today. Among the prominent users of motor trucks in this country, the owners of White trucks are by far in the majority.

White trucks are made in capacities of $\frac{1}{2}$, $1\frac{1}{2}$, 3 and 5 tons, making them suitable for practically every line of business.

White trucks are designed and built in the best possible manner for the service they are to perform. They have passed through the real test—the test of service—and have made good. There is nothing experimental about White motor trucks.

White trucks are manufactured by a company which has had the confidence and respect of the industrial world for over fifty years. The name of the White Company is the best guarantee in the world of the sterling quality of White trucks.

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CLEVELAND

Manufacturers of
Gasoline Motor Cars,
Trucks and Taxicabs

THE HOME

TRANSFERRING DESIGNS

By Mrs. J. J. O'C.

To draw off any design for doilies, center pieces, shirt waists, etc., place your linen over the drawing, then sponge it with a cloth dipped in kerosene. Draw off the design immediately while the linen is transparent, then hang it in the air a half day so the oil will evaporate.

Pumpkin Chips

Eight pounds pumpkin cut in thin and rather small pieces, four lemons sliced very thin, five cents' worth of ginger root, five pounds granulated sugar. Put this all together and let stand all night. Next day boil it four hours, then take from stove, let stand until cold, put in jelly glasses and cover with paraffine. This is especially good at breakfast as it makes an inexpensive and very palatable marmalade.

Bridal Lore

To tie white ribbon on a bride's trunk insures happiness to her. It is very unlucky to begin the wedding gown before the day is named.

It is considered lucky for a bride to have her wedding veil torn on her wedding day.

It means good luck for the newly-married pair to keep the route of their wedding journey a secret. A yellow garter knit by a friend and presented as a surprise and worn upon the left knee at Easter will insure a wedding within a year. If a bride wears upon her wedding day some article which her mother wore at her own wedding, she will be insured many years of married life.

If a maiden or widow holds the wedding dress of a friend in her lap for five minutes she will be married before the year is out. Should she make a wish while holding the gown it will be sure to come true.

SEWING ON BRAID

By Mrs. W. C. K.

Take a small piece of celluloid, a piece of an old collar will do, put it in the hem, and hem over that—you cannot take a stitch to show through on the right side of the skirt.

A Request

Will some one send a *sure* help for callous on the feet? The one published some time ago in Little Helps would not help me and I tried it very thoroughly.

HELPFUL HINTS

By M. J. B.

Iron a shirt waist on the wrong side first and it will look much nicer.

Instead of a mustard application on the lungs to relieve congestion, cover a flannel with carbolated vaseline, then grate nutmeg thickly over it. It will not blister.

TO CLEAN A FLUE

By J. M. B.

Save all bits of zinc and put them in the fire and you need not be afraid of the soot catching fire, as the flue will be self-cleaning.

Useful Instrument in Farm House

Every farm house should have a harness needle in it. One of the many uses to which the needle can be put is to sew rips in shoes that may save an extra trip to the cobbler's.

When the Hot Water Bottle Leaks

When the hot water bottle springs a leak, dry it thoroughly inside, then fill with hot sand. Heated sand gives out a much better heat than hot water and retains it longer.

Face and Hand Lotion

To a half pint of alcohol and half pint of glycerine add a tablespoonful of bay rum. If for face only, add ten drops of flake white to the lotion.

When Making Ginger Snaps

The secret to good ginger snaps is to use boiling water when mixing, then cover the dough and let it stand for several hours before baking.

HOW TO KEEP COFFEE HOT ON A FIFTY-MILE TRIP

By Mrs. E. W.

Make the coffee by grinding and placing in a clean pot and filling with cold water the desired amount. Never add more water. Let boil fifteen or twenty minutes. This makes No. 1 coffee. Have cream in a saucepan hot, also jug on range filled with hot water. Jug and cork must be very clean. Empty out the water and put in cream and then the coffee, cork tightly and set in the center of a whole newspaper opened out flat—not one sheet, but the whole of it—a large thick daily. Bring the paper up around the jug all over tightly as possible, and tie or fold it in a piece of carpet-rug or oil cloth, to further insure it, but the thick paper will, if properly put on, keep it very hot. Take domino sugar in a sack, and large flat granite cups—put in the auto or buggy with your luncheon, and you can, if your car is a good goer, eat your dinner fifty miles from home with as hot coffee as you want.

DRIED APPLE CAKE

By Mrs. L. G. S.

Two cups of home dried apples, the quarters cut in two. Let them simmer all day on back of stove; then let stand over night to cool. Add one cup sugar, one cup sour milk, two eggs, heaping teaspoonful soda, spice to taste, a few raisins or currants, flour to make a stiff batter. Bake like any fruit cake. This will make two loaves.